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ays. gratefully & affectionately.
Yours in Jesus & Mary,
Fidelis of the Cross
Passionist

FIDELIS OF THE CROSS

JAMES KENT STONE

BY

WALTER GEORGE SMITH, A.M., LL.D.
Knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great

AND

HELEN GRACE SMITH

WITH 14 ILLUSTRATIONS

SECOND EDITION

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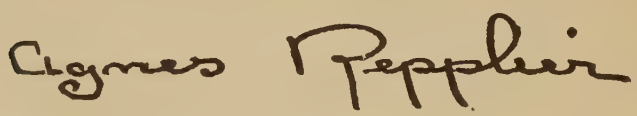
FOREWORD

THERE is a sentence of George Santayana's which conveys to us in a few keen words the vision of spiritual life: "My instinct is to go and stand under the cross with the monks and the crusaders, far away from the Jews and the Protestants who know the world and who govern it."

A strange impulse in the heart of a man who lacks faith and hope; but it marks the distinction of his mind, and his definite denial of materialism. To many sensitive souls comes this call to flight, this impelling summons to swing out clear from the imprisonment of family life, of social conventions, of money-making, of pleasure-seeking, of all teasing and ignoble ambitions. It is seldom heeded because circumstance weighs heavily on all civilized men. A sensible and highly insensitive generation has decided that progress means moral uniformity, standardized thought, and economic independence. Therefore we are unduly startled when now and then *une âme bien née* hears the call, leaves the ranks, and rides like a knight errant, free of all encumbrance, to his goal.

How often in long and perilous journeys, when worn by fatigue and exposure and privation, did Father Fidelis look back on the fire-lit hearths, the pleasant gardens, the agreeable companionship of easier days? So must the Apostles, brave, tired men, wandering ceaselessly on their Master's errand, have looked back on the homely toil and simple comforts of their youth. So must John

Wesley, riding day after day up and down the English country-side (eight thousand miles a year for nearly forty years), have looked back on the scholarly leisure of Oxford, when he was a Fellow of Lincoln. To most of us, who are seeking the indulgences, or at least the amenities, of life, such rigors savor of the miraculous. But it is precisely because the world glorifies its ease that the knight errant rides hard. "It is the carelessness and slackness of the sinner which impose upon the saint the obligation of working overtime."



PREFACE

"GO forth and teach all nations." This command given by Jesus Christ to His disciples was the dominant motive in the life that is presented in this volume.

James Kent Stone, known in his communion as Fidelis of the Cross, obeyed this command literally both as to the spirit and the letter of the law, and during a long and active career gave to it devoted service.

From the crowded metropolis to the farthest limit of the western hemisphere he journeyed repeatedly in the active performance of the high calling to which he had given himself. Again and again he crossed the widest expanse of the Atlantic Ocean; he followed the long picturesque coast line of the Pacific, and he threaded his perilous way, either over the lofty summits of the Andes, or through the storm swept straits of Magellan. There is hardly a great center of population in North or South America where his voice has not been heard, while at the same time he spent some years directing in the high council of his Order from the Eternal City.

Born of gentle parentage, educated among the best traditions of American life, from his earliest youth he exhibited a remarkable energy and perseverance together with an extraordinary reverence and feeling for the higher things in life. In this he was the true son of admirable parents for whom his respect and devotion lasted until the end.

As a youth, while completing his studies in Europe, he devoted his holiday to conquering the passes of the Alps over dizzy heights where, before him, the human foot had never trod. Once when having gone far above the limits of safety to a point where his guide had refused to follow, he was caught in an avalanche, swept from the mountain-side, and, save by the fortune of lodging against a crag, would have been precipitated downward hundreds of feet to certain death. As he lay on his back looking upward at the blue sky with naught about him but vast stretches of smooth ice and snow, he realized the hopelessness of his situation yet, calmly and without excitement, awaited the inevitable. Thus he remained for a very long time. Fortunately the guide, conscience-smitten and unwilling to be faithless to the traditions of his calling, had, after much hesitation, followed far behind in his footsteps. In the distance he had seen the catastrophe and with infinite labor managed to reach a point of safety above his companion and employer. From here he called out words of encouragement and eventually succeeded in slipping his rope within reach of the young man who, though numbed with the cold, had yet sufficient energy to fasten it about his arm and after much toil was drawn upward to a path by which he and his companion could make their way homeward. This incident which he narrated with an offhand and almost jesting manner indicates the courageous spirit of the climber and proves the perils which he faced in those early years.

The great Civil War of America broke out while he was still abroad but, with the same determination that had drawn him among the perilous heights, he returned to his native land and entered the army as a private soldier, serving until physical disability required him to be discharged.

It was after these heroic adventures that he took up the life of religion, following in the footsteps of his father who

was an eminent Episcopal divine. His activities in the Episcopal Church were, for the most part, confined to the management of educational institutions, first as President of Kenyon College and then as President of Hobart College.

Immediately after the war, he had married and became the father of three children. It was while he was President of Kenyon that his fundamental views began to formulate in a manner unsympathetic with the generally accepted doctrines of the Episcopal Church, and as time went on this divergence became greater. His mental processes have been set out in his one great book, *The Invitation Heeded*, and we find him after some years of his Episcopal ministry, ready to join the Catholic Church. It was after he had taken this step that the greatest labors of his life began. He was then a widower with three children. His second child died, and the other two he entrusted to the care of a Catholic family that they might be educated in the Faith of his adoption. Upon entering the Catholic priesthood he accepted literally the severest of all Our Savior's injunctions, "If any man will follow Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me," and again: "Amen, I say to you, there is no man, who hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or children, or lands, for My sake and for the gospel, Who shall not receive an hundred times, as much, now in this time; houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions: and in the world to come life everlasting."

All of these things he did outwardly with full cheer and hopefulness, giving all that he possessed to the poor and entering his new calling with nothing except a heavy load in his heart for the loss of his children which he carried with ever increasing sorrow to within a few months of his death.

First as a member of one of the less austere communi-

ties, and then as a zealous Passionist, he rose step by step in the priesthood until he sat among the leaders of the greatest Christian organization in the world, for he was honored as one of the most distinguished priests of the Catholic Church.

Possessed of unusual grace and a handsome personality, he was able to charm an audience with an eloquence that was irresistible.

Although by nature a stoic he was no Puritan, for his far-reaching humanity prompted only gentle measures towards others, both within his community and the laity for whom he labored. His self-discipline was severe but his nature was joyous. He was borne down by sorrow but his demeanor was happy.

I have seen him standing amid a group of young people, the coarse cloak of his order falling in graceful folds about his tall figure, his animated countenance wreathed in smiles, as he told jokes and asked riddles. He was a most engaging conversationalist, his discourses punctuated by humorous anecdote and experience. His love of nature and of poetry knew no bounds; his whole life was a poem, made so by his sermons and writings as well as his deeds. He hated monotony and he understood well human impatience. "Don't try to say long prayers," he would say, "God Almighty only asks us to remember Him. A little sentence now and then during the day is sufficient. For myself I say repeatedly, 'Sweet Heart of Jesus, be my love and salvation,' that is enough." But his long life was one unceasing prayer. Beginning as a teacher among the highest classes and finally ranging among the simplest orders, he closed his career among the negroes at the very frontier of civilization. He prayed and he preached the Gospel with an erudition, power of expression and magnetism of personality well nigh unequalled in his generation.

The task of presenting this remarkable career to the

public was begun and about half completed by one of his lifelong friends and most earnest admirers, whose life as a teacher and as a lawyer, publicist and public-spirited citizen pursued its course along a path in the high places not unlike that followed by the subject of this work, for it was animated by a self-sacrifice and lofty motive quite as beautiful in the eyes of God as that of the life which he sought to commemorate.

Walter George Smith, the son of a soldier and an ardent admirer of soldiers, the son of a lawyer and a lover of the law, was gifted with a rare eloquence and was a keen admirer of eloquence in others. A devout Christian with an almost super-sensitive devotion and piety, he was a profound respecter of sanctity. After a long life devoted to teaching and the conduct of teaching institutions, to the practice of law, to the compiling of statutes, and to influencing the public in the ways of political righteousness, and in devotion to the pious practice of the religion that he loved, he undertook to present the present work, not as a Valedictory, for he had hoped for longer days, but as an expression of appreciation, and in order that the life of a great and good man might be understood by his contemporaries and not forgotten by posterity.

Walter George Smith commenced this memoir of his dear friend, Father Fidelis, at San Mateo, in the house of Frances O'Connor, younger daughter of Father Fidelis, whose interest in the life of her father was an inspiration for the biographer.

In those beautiful surroundings, where the very gates of Heaven seemed to open to the tired missionary; in the haven of rest where his great spirit was set free to take its flight to the Eternal Justice, the first chapters of this book were written.

A few weeks later, when Walter George Smith made his pilgrimage to Kenyon College, and to Hobart, and had found the early source of the intellectual and spiritual life

of her dear father, Frances O'Connor died. Her death was a poignant grief to her friend and hardly six months later, he also was called to his reward.

He had planned to follow his beloved friend's footsteps to the fields of his great labors in South America, but God willed otherwise. While yet his hand grasped the pen in protest against what he believed to be violence to the fundamental laws of his country, the great summons came. Sitting among the books and papers from which this work and others were being compiled, he bowed his head in eternal rest.

The task of finishing the work fell to his sister, Helen Grace Smith.

A great number of early letters came into her hands after the first chapters were written, and these she has had to insert. It has been a difficult task to do this without changing her brother's plan. He had written a brief record of the life of James Kent Stone as a Paulist. The record of the most active years, and by far the longest and most laborious period of his extraordinary career, has been written by her.

Almost all the letters and sermons and papers relating to these later years had been destroyed. There must have been a large number of letters, for, through the long years of separation, Father Fidelis wrote regularly to his mother, who lived to a great age. It seems to have been his desire that no record of his humble and untiring efforts in the service of his Order should remain for the edification of the world. Those who heard him preach, those who came under the spiritual influence of Father Fidelis, can never forget his extraordinary eloquence nor the depth and strength of his untiring zeal for souls.

Thanks are due to members of the Paulist Order who kindly gave all possible information, and to the Very Reverend Provincial and others of the Passionist Order—

especially to Father Felix Ward, whose admirable work on Passionists in America has been helpful.

Walter George Smith and his sister were most kindly received by the President and Chaplain of Kenyon College, by the President of Hobart College, and by Professor McDaniels, the old time classmate and friend of Father Fidelis, whose beautiful recollections are of intimate value. The late Colonel Benson and his family were also most cordial in their helpful sympathy. Many of the contemporaries of Father Fidelis in the Passionist Order are dead, and because those who are living are too aged or too far away it has been impossible to supplement the material at hand. No doubt there are many events that should have been recounted, many thoughts that should have been perpetuated, but this work portrays with more or less intimate frankness a beautiful life of self-sacrificing service which the world should not be permitted to forget. The recent celebration of the centenary of James Kent, the celebrated jurist and Chancellor of New York, makes the publication of this memoir of his distinguished grandson especially interesting and timely.

Thomas Kilby Smith.

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Fidelis of the Cross

Fidelis of the Cross

CHAPTER I

Early Youth, First Letters

THE influence of heredity is universally recognized. When the record of any man's life is completed, and the biographer begins his work, it is usual to look first to the ancestry of his subject, and then to the early environment and education to account for his characteristics.

James Kent Stone, who afterwards became a Passionist monk, and illustrated his religious name, Fidelis of the Cross, was descended from a long line of New England ancestry. His forebears, on both sides were of pure English stock. His father, The Reverend John Seely Stone, was an honored minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The Stone family traces its ancestry to the Reverend Samuel Stone, of Hereford, England, about 1550. Samuel had seven sons, the fourth and fifth being among the original settlers of Guildford, Connecticut. The ancestor of John Seely Stone was William, the fourth son of Reverend Samuel Stone, who sailed to America from London on May 20th, 1639, and arrived in Massachusetts, July 5th, 1639.

John Seely Stone, the ninth child of his parents, Eze-

kiel the fifth in descent from William, the original settler in America, and Mary Seely, was born at West Stockbridge, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, on October 7th, 1795, and died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, July 13th, 1882. He served in the War of 1812. He married in 1826, Sophie Morrison Adams, by whom he had five children, two of whom, Archibald Morrison Stone and Mary Kent Adams Stone, were surviving when he married for his second wife a cousin of his first wife, Mary Kent, the eldest daughter of the famous jurist, James Kent, Chancellor of New York, and author of the epoch making treatise on the American law, Kent's Commentaries. The second Mrs. Stone was born in Albany, May 19th, 1807, and died in Boston, January 10th, 1901. Dr. Stone was graduated at Union College, Schenectady, and at the General Theological Seminary, New York. After his ordination to the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, he served parishes successively in Litchfield, Connecticut, Fredericktown, Maryland, and New Haven, Connecticut. In 1862, he was called to the rectorship of St. Paul's Church in Boston. He left Boston in 1842 to take charge of Christ Church, Brooklyn, then just completed and considered one of the finest ecclesiastical structures in the United States. From Brooklyn he came, in 1852, to accept the rectorship of St. Paul's Church in Brookline, Massachusetts. This position he held until 1862, when he became Professor of theology and Dean of the Faculty of the new Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge. Although at the time well advanced in years, his age had not affected his vigor, his work in Cambridge being very efficient. By his influence, the endowments of the School were considerably increased and imposing buildings erected. He lectured in the Seminary in Philadelphia in addition to his other works. He was a distinguished preacher and an able Theological writer. He contributed to ecclesiastical his-

tory, *Memoirs of Bishop Griswold and Dean Milne,* and in theology he published three works of importance on the Sacraments, the Nature of the Church, and the Christian Sabbath. He took an important part in the controversies which agitated his Church, his sympathies being with the Evangelical School of Theology, while he was actively identified with the Societies whose aim was to promote its extension. Miss Charlotte Dana, a well-known convert of Boston, in speaking of her conversion, said that as a young woman she went to St. Paul's Church, and heard Dr. Stone eloquently argue thus: "The Catholic Church is so strong today, and it has triumphed over so much in the course of its history—not only external opposition, but, more still, corruption from within—that it simply cannot be of human origin. It must therefore be the work of the devil."

In the memorial sermon preached at Cambridge after his death, it was said:

> At the foundation of this School in 1867, the trustees selected Dr. Stone for the first Dean, and brought him hither from a position of similar labor in Philadelphia. Upon him devolved, therefore, the formation of this Institution and the giving to it of its character. The wisdom of his plans, and the sagacity of his anticipations have since been made manifest, and to the end it will bear the mark of his master hand. It will also ever have a consecration by virtue of the associations with so holy a man, as it will be indebted to the prestige which it derived from his name.

Dr. Stone was not only distinguished as a teacher and preacher of the faith as he understood it, but he was a man of sweet and gentle character. Dr. George Gray, in his funeral oration, said of his closing years:

> They were like the close of a summer day, serene, luminous and peaceful. As we saw him in his home, or here in the

Chapel, in his accustomed seat, and beheld the beauty of his demeanor, the loveliness of that face where white locks formed a halo that put all royal diadems to shame, who has not felt that it was an inspiration to contemplate him, and education to watch him.

Dr. Stone left several volumes of sermons. He was an accomplished classical scholar, having been at one time Professor of Greek and Latin at Hobart College. He brought up his family in the traditions of his Church and in an atmosphere of refinement and Christian faith.

James Kent Stone was the first born child of his father's second marriage and came into the world in Tremont Place, Boston, Massachusetts, on the tenth of November, 1840. His father was at that time Rector of St. Paul's Church in Boston. Soon after, the family removed to the city of Brooklyn, New York, and there were spent the first twelve years of his life.

Chancellor Kent died in 1847, when his namesake and grandson was in his eighth year. The memoir of the Chancellor, written by his great-grandson, William Kent, is a book of unusual interest, especially to lawyers and students of American history. He derived his descent from Thomas Kent, a resident of Gloucester, Massachusetts, in 1644, and was himself a son of Reverend Elisha Kent, a graduate of Yale College, and a Presbyterian Minister of the old school. He left many descendants, all of whom had highly honorable careers. He was not only a great student and writer, but an ardent patriot who never lost touch with public affairs in which he had borne a conspicuous part. He was a close friend of Alexander Hamilton. His analysis of that statesman's character, written at the request of Mrs. Hamilton, is a fine example of his power of analysis, and sums up in brief compass his friend's contributions to his profession and to his country. Chancellor Kent survived, in full pos-

session of his faculties, until his eighty-fourth year. It would seem that his grandson derived many of his physical and mental traits from his Mother's family. She lived to be ninety-four years of age, so that longevity with him might almost be called an inheritance.

It has been said of the Kents that

"during the different wars it would seem that every able bodied man by the name of Kent was in service, many as officers, and several as Commanders . . . All records containing accounts of them, especially during the Revolution, describe them as tall, usually six feet or over, of fine physiques, rather tending to dark complexions. Their characteristics were, I should judge, generosity almost to a fault, keenness of perception, especially as to character in others. In disposition they were sympathetic, high tempered, but of good judgment, and strong believers in justice."

The Chancellor in his old age took great pleasure in a country place near Madison, New Jersey, and there, in his childhood, Kent Stone was accustomed to spend the summer. The beauty of the country left a strong impression on his mind, and in the great crisis of his life he went to the same region, as he says: "to take a little breathing spell, and do a little quiet study." He was prepared for Harvard at Mr. Dixwell's private Latin School, Cambridge, Massachusetts, graduating there as first scholar. Among his classmates were Harry Russell, who made a gallant record in the Civil War, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The first account we have of Kent Stone is a letter written to his mother, when he was but ten years old: a remarkably finished composition for a boy of his years, and of singularly mature sentiment.

Dear Mother,

I wish you a Merry Christmas, and thank you very much for the beautiful presents you have given me this morning and will endeavor to please you as much as I can. As I do not know what book would please you, I might buy one that you would not like: but I think it will be the same if I give you the money to buy for yourself one that you would like; and be at the same time my Christmas present to you.

Your most affectionate son,

James Kent Stone.

(His present of a gold dollar was enclosed.)

A relative, writing to Mrs. Stone of her boy, says:

My Dear Mary,

I must tell you I think your Kent one of the most charming children I have ever known. I hope you will let him come and stay with us, whenever he feels inclined. He gives me no trouble whatever, but is quite a pleasure to all of us. You know I have no faculty to please small children—but when they get Kent's age, and especially if they love reading (as he does) I find them most agreeable companions.

Yours truly,

Helen Kent.

A little later Kent wrote to his mother a letter so full of affection, and so descriptive of his interests and his studies that a better record could not be given:

Brookline, May 24th, 1854.

My Dearest Mother,

I have just eaten my dinner, and come in from feeding my hens and I thought that this afternoon would be a nice time to come in and write you a letter, as you said you wanted me to, before you went away.

I hope you and Father enjoyed your journey to New York

in the Steamboat, and have had a nice time since you have been there. We in Brookline get along very well, except that I miss you very much when I am at home, and when I go to bed, I always wish you were here to kiss me good night.

You know how much it bothers me to write letters, and how nervous I sometimes get? Well—I could not think how to begin *this* letter, and I got very nervous about it, and was just going into your room to get you to tell me how to begin it, when I remembered that you were in New York, and that I was writing to you; so I had to begin it as well as I could, and you must excuse me if my letter is not a good one.

On Monday night, as the boys wanted to go to the Town Hall to see some exhibition, and as Mary did not exactly like to have them go, she proposed that we should stay home and play "charades," and that she, Miss Mary Herring, Bessie, Miss Margaret and Mr. Robert Littell, and a lady who is staying in their house, and who had all come down to our house to spend the evening, should be the spectators. So we staid up till nearly ten o'clock and had a very nice time indeed, and Mary said we acted a great-deal better than she thought we could. The words we acted were Catapillar, Nightingale, Caroline, Hatred, Robin and Bandbox.

I get along very well at school, and our class has got nearly through Prosody. I have just got my Greek Grammar bound and I think it is done very nicely indeed. The hens and chickens are getting along very well, except that I think your hen is not very well, and I don't think it is any wonder, shut up all the time in that little place; however, Mr. Allen brought the posts for the Hen Yard today, and I believe his men are coming pretty soon to make it.

Mully the cow is getting better, and Dr. Dadd says he thinks she will get well in a week or so. Tomorrow the boys have holiday because Mr. Daniels has got to go somewhere, and they are going to take their dinner along with them and spend the day in the woods.

As the school in Longwood did not have holiday on May-day, they are going to have one tomorrow, and Mamy and Sallie Lawrence with the Almy's and all the other little girls in Longwood are going to have a May-party in the woods

and as soon as I come home from school I am going to join them.

But it is after nine o'clock now and I am getting *very* sleepy and must go to bed. I love you *dearly* dear Mother, and you don't know how much I want to see you again. The boys all send a great deal of love and Siddie sends "a kiss to Mama." Miss Herring sends her love and tells me to tell you that I have been one of the best of boys. Give my love to all the folks in Brooklyn. With twenty good-night kisses, your loving son

KENT.

You love me, Don't you?

Excuse the ending part of my letter, for I am *very* sleepy.

He wrote also to his brother, William, at this time and his unusually affectionate nature, and keen intelligence won the entire interest of relatives and friends:

Your ROOM, CHURCH COLONY,
Monday afternoon, August 20th.

DEAR WILLIE,

What a time I have had since you left Somesville! Although it is not quite a week, yet I have done so many things in that time that it seems very much longer, & I begin to feel quite lonely & homesick. You went mackerel fishing once while you were here & caught nothing, did you not? Well, in the same place, the other side of Bar Island, a party of us went fishing soon after you left, and caught 40 mackerel. Almost every day since then a party of us has gone out and caught on an average about *one hundred* mackerel. It is rare sport, & we have totally given up fishing for flounders & Tommy Cod. We have also caught some Haike, Polluk & Smelts. I have caught more fish than any other one in the party so far, generally catching half of the fish caught by all.

The other day we all rode over to "Schooner Head," where we saw one of the greatest curiosities I have ever seen or ever expect to see—A very wonderful & gigantic cave among the rocks, on the sea shore. You look down a perpendicular

chasm, about 75 ft. deep, the same in length, & about a yard & a half in width, & see below a nice, flat, rock bottom. Presently to the great surprise of all, you see "Mr. Church" step out, as if from the rocks and walk along the bottom. The mystery is soon unraveled. There is a "cylindrical" (a pretty long word) passage about ten feet in diameter, & twenty in length, leading from the inside, on the bottom, to the open air, on the sea shore. Soon after we all descended on the outside, & went through the passage into the wonderful cave. It is well worth coming up to Mt. Desert to see.

But the great thing is coming.—Something which I can talk about all the rest of my life. A party of us, myself included, set out on Saturday through unknown regions in the forest, to find a certain lake, & got overtaken by darkness, & had to "Camp out" all night by the shores of the lake. The story is too long & too interesting to be told with pen & ink, so you must wait patiently till next Wednesday, when I hope I shall be able to tell you with my lips. In the meantime, you must imagine all the particulars.

I am very glad to hear you are all so well in Brookline, especially Siddie. I am glad to hear my chickens come on so well, & it seems quite wonderful the progress little Smartie has made. Have they grown much larger? I sincerely hope Bully will come on well. Is he licked by any of the other young chickens? You have not told me which chicken you would like. If you want to write do it *right off*, for I leave here on Monday. . . . Dear little Hal, you'll let me kiss you when I get home, won't you? Do you stick in a word or two next time Willie writes. I sleep in your bed now, all alone.

KENT.

The Reverend E. S. Dixwell wrote of his pupil to Dr. Stone:

MY DEAR SIR

I enclose with this the contents of your note of this date. I believe I have already received the amount of my last bill. It gives me much pleasure to take this occasion to express my

entire approbation of Kent's progress & character. He is a very accurate scholar & wins my regard by his exemplary deportment.

Very truly yrs.

E. S. Dixwell.

Nov. 1, 1854.

And again at the time of his graduation:

Boston, July 14, 1856.

I have the pleasure to announce to you that your son on a comparison of all the recitations for the last year in my school stands no. 1.

I presented him this morn, for examination at Cambridge & in my testimonial of his qualifications had occasion to use the following language: "I know him to be a youth of great promise, of excellent moral character & uncommonly well fitted for admission to any college."

Allow me now in making my final report to you to thank you for the privilege I have had of witnessing the development of his mind thus far & to express the strong desire I have to be remembered affectionately by him & to be of use to him hereafter.

Respectfully yrs.

E. S. Dixwell.

Letters from Flume House, Franconia Notch, N. H., to his mother and sister, show mental and physical development of no uncommon degree:

Dear Mother,

It has been wet & rainy all the morning, & having nothing else to do, I thought I would like to write to dear old home. I have had a glorious time here; but, with the exception of the mountains, it can't be compared to "Sunny Slope." I suppose Mary has told you all about our proceedings of last week; but, if there is nothing else left, I can tell you about

yesterday, Sunday. There is a cunning little chapel near the house, & in it there was service, both morning & afternoon. In the morning, Professor Dunn of Brown University, a Presbyterian, preached, from Mark X. 45. "For even the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." I liked his sermon pretty well; but not near as well as I did Mr. Bancroft's, who preached in the afternoon. His text was from 2 Cor. IV. 2. "By manifestation of the truth commending ourselves to every man's conscience." The chapel was well filled both times. Every one seemed delighted with Mr. Bancroft. We had a good chance of comparing the Presbyterian & Episcopal services, & the Episcopal didn't suffer at all from the comparison, *I* tell you.

Cousin Ben's family seem to be enjoying themselves very much. He & I went swimming on Saturday, in a delightful deep basin in the Pemigewasset river.

I like this Flume House for one reason at least, & that is that all, or nearly all, who come here come to spend the summer. They are very sociable, & we have become acquainted with a good many. I have met several of my boy acquaintances, beside the Amorys & Hubbards. Among them were Frank Bowditch my school mate, & Jimmie Haughton, a great friend of Webber's & a very nice boy. I roll a good deal in the bowling alley now-a-days, & like it very much. The other day I got 128 in one string (if you know what that means).

But much as I enjoy myself here, I often wish I was at home, especially in the evenings. It is much more convenient & *home-like* at home.

How does all come on in Brookline? We came away before Willie's examination was over; but *of course* he got on well. Give him my very best love & *a kiss*, & tell him to write to me & tell me how Pet's black chickens get along. Give my love to all, Harry, Bessie (the Bishop!), Charlie my boy, & darling little Siddie. Tell Willie & Harry that I have got stones for them from the Pool, the Cave, Mt. Pemigewasset & Mt. LaFayette. I went up Mt. Pemigewasset alone last Saturday. The rest of our party are up there now. The mountain is situated right behind the Flume House, & has

a very good view from the summit. I enjoyed the ascent of LaFayette exceedingly. It seems as large & lofty as Mt. Washington, & I like the view from it better.

But I can't write any more, & you must excuse me; for you know I never was famous for long letters.

With more love than tongue (or pen) can tell

Your own boy KENT.—

There now! I had almost forgotten my own Father. Tell him I haven't quite forgotten him, & often miss him when I want to indulge in one of my "he!"s.

August, 1856.

CHAPTER II

Harvard and European Travel

KENT STONE entered Harvard in 1856, in the Freshman Class. He had evidently received a thorough course of preparation in the Classics, both ancient and modern, being particularly proficient in Latin. He had an almost perfect physique, and was equally proficient in athletics and in scholarship.

Just at this time an invitation from his brother, Archibald Morrison, gave him an opportunity for travel in Europe, and, as his eyes gave him some trouble, he withdrew from Harvard, but returned to enter the Class of 1861. Kent Stone's half brother, Archibald, had changed his name from Stone to that of Morrison because of certain estates in England, the title to which had become extinct in the Morrison family. Kent was so young, being only in his sixteenth year, that his formal education was not seriously delayed, and the advantages of foreign travel were too great to be lost. The happy party, Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, Kent with his half sister, Mary, sailed on the *Ericsson*.

This note came back by the Pilot, and was followed by a proud and happy letter from London, full of a boy's enthusiasm for his first experience of sight-seeing in the great city:—

DEAREST DARLING MOTHER & ALL THE CHILDREN:—

We are on the ocean! Sandy Hook is near us, & in a few minutes the pilot will take his leave. This is the last chance

that I will have to send any message of love or piece of news before we reach England, so I must make the best of my opportunity.

I have but a moment of time, as the pilot will soon be off, & I have to crowd all my news into a perfect jumble. Our baggage is as yet in the baggage room, & we have not been able to get at our writing apparatus, so we have had to supply ourselves with paper & pencils as well as we could. I say *we* because I believe *Mary* is also writing to you. O dear me, Mother! How long it will be before I see you all again.

Good-bye!!!
The pilot is going!
With oceans of love.—
Oh dear. Willie, Harry &c!

London, Monday, Oct. 13th, 1857.

When do I *not* think of you?

Now to-day is about as smoky, cloudy, misty & dark as can be well imagined, & I must take care of my *eyes*. Literally it is too dark to read or write, even for the strongest eyes. I must try to get the substance of what I want to say into the smallest possible compass.

Archie & Mary returned from Norwich last Thursday. During their absence, I had the responsibilities here. I assure you I bore them very well, not "sruching" & overpowering myself with them as is Mary's manner. Every day while they were away, I was out from morning to night, walking about sight-seeing. What I have seen I have seen *thoroughly*.—The chief places that I have visited are,—St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, The Tower, British Museum, Zoological Gardens, *Windsor Castle & grounds*, Houses of Parliament, National & Vernon Galleries, Bank of England, Thames Tunnel, London Bridge & Dock, Buckingham Palace, Kensington Gardens, Hyde, Regent's, St. James' & Green Park, London Monument, Custom House, St. Katherine's Docks, Suspension Bridge, Nelson's Monument & Botanical Gardens.—You can sympathize with me in my delight at seeing these

famous places. The first six particularly enchanted me. Yesterday week we went to hear Baptist Noel, & yesterday we went to hear Dr. Cummings & Dr. Reeves, three celebrated clergy-men (two of them *Ministers*). Dr. Reeves preached an especially quickening sermon on the subject of Missions.—

To-day I think I shall go to the Crystal Palace in Sydenham, & to-morrow, I hope, if nothing prevents, to go to Hampton Court Palace.

Dearest Mother, though I have excitement enough here for anybody, I do often wish to be home *so* much. I am dreaming constantly of Brookline & several times I have waked with the idea that I have been in my own little room. God, who has preserved us thus far, will unite us all once more, I trust.

Your truly loving son,

KENT.

A letter from Paris to his Mother shows plainly his enthusiasm for nature and the glory of mountains, and also his painstaking character of description. He is evidently conscientiously making the most of his wonderful opportunity, this boy, so home-loving and tenderhearted, whose after life was to be spent in almost endless travel:—

On Friday, Oct. 31st, the day after I wrote my letter in miniature to Willie, I escorted Mary, Miss Maria & Miss Sue to the *Abbey* of *St. Denis*, 6 miles from Paris, on the Northern Railroad. We had a very nice time indeed, saw everything, the tombs of the old Kings &c. I believe you went there while you were here, didn't you?

On Saturday, Nov. 1st, I stayed at home & wrote, while the rest went to hear the music at the Madeleine for "All Saints Day."

On Sunday, we went both morning and evening to a dear little Wesleyan Chapel, where we have attended during our stay here. There is a very excellent, simple, earnest, young

minister there, & we enjoy his preaching *very* much. We enjoyed a very sweet *Communion* there,—a little band of strangers in a strange land.

On Tuesday, yesterday, I took a trip by myself to the Palace of the Luxembourg, & the Jardin des Plantes. They are near together. It is a good three mile walk there, to say nothing of the tramping after you get there, & I was quite tired when I got *home*. (There I've called *Meurice's Home!*) The Palace of the Luxembourg is very fine indeed, though of course, it can't bear comparison with the Louvre or Versailles. Among other things there I saw the private apartments of Marie de Medicis. The Jardin des Plantes is another British Museum, with the addition of a Botanical Garden. When I got home, what a feast I had of letters! To-day I have been writing & reading "Childe Harold."

Dijon, Friday, Nov. 7th. Here we are safely in old Dijon after a ride of 7 hours, from 11 to 6, in the cars. We get along very well in the cars, just filling one carriage. The ride from Paris here is delightful. There are numerous immense viaducts & a tunnel 2½ miles long. We are cosily settled in a nice set of rooms in the Hotel du Parc. To-morrow after seeing the sights here, we leave for Lyons. *Madgie* doesn't care a fig for journeying (that is it don't trouble her).

Dijon, Saturday, Nov. 8th, 4 p.m. Early this morning we took a carriage & have been riding around Dijon ever since. It is the *queerest* old city I ever saw. We saw Notre Dame, St. Michel & St. Benigne, fine old churches, 700 or 800 yrs. old. Saw the insane asylum, once a convent. Enjoyed a fine ride in the old park. Saw the Hotel de Ville, once the castle of the Dukes of Burgundy. It contains a fine collection of paintings & statuary. The view from its tower is superb. This evening at 6 we leave for Lyons, where we hope to arrive at about 10.

Lyons, Monday, Nov. 10th. *My 16th birthday—Imaginary love from home.* We arrived safely in Lyons at 10 p.m. on Saturday last; but what with getting our trunks, riding to the Hotel, & getting "fixed," we did not get to bed till *one*.—Yesterday, in the morning, we went to a nice little English Chapel here. It was not so nice however, as the little Wes-

leyan Chapel at Paris. In the afternoon we staid at home & read. To-day has been quite cloudy. We found that there was nothing to be seen in Lyons but the view from the heights on the other side of the Saone; so in the morning we took a cab & rode up there. Oh the view is superb! Lyons is the most remarkable city I ever saw; situated on a long strip of land between the Rhone & the Saone, & surrounded by the most magnificent heights. You must remember it however, as Archie says you were here. To-morrow we leave for *Avignon.* Everyone of us is well & happy. How I wonder how you are all getting along at home. I do want to be there ever so much. I send you all nobody-knows-how-much-love.

Avignon, Tuesday, Nov. 11th. We left Lyons at 8.30 & arrived here at 1. The ride here down the Rhone is the most exquisite I ever took. The "Arrowy," beautiful milky-green Rhone, rushing as if it had not yet forgotten its Alpine birth, flows through the most beautiful rocky, precipitous, vine-clad hills, dotted over with picturesque villages of almost *Roman* origin & crowned at intervals with interesting ruins; while occasionally, as the nearer hills opened, we saw plainly in the distance the *snow peaks of the Alps!* As we crossed the valley of the Isère, we had a particularly fine view of these hoary giants. On a clear day, *Mt. Blanc* is plainly discernable, but unfortunately to-day is quite cloudy.

Avignon, Wednesday, Nov. 12. We have spent a most interesting day in seeing Avignon. It is a very ancient town of about 30,000 inhabitants. Its walls & ramparts were built in the beginning of the middle Ages. There are the remains of an old Roman bridge on the Rhone, which we saw. We saw the Cathedral, St. Pierre, & a little chapel whose chief attraction is an exquisite ivory crucifix, said to be the finest in the world. We spent a good while in the old Museum, which is filled with old Roman relics found in the vicinity. But the great sight here is the *Papal Palace.* Here the Popes held their court for more than a century. It is the most enormous massive structure I ever saw. It was the scene of some of the most appalling horrors of the Inquisition, & of the greatest atrocities of the French Revolution. It is now degraded into barracks & lodges several thousand soldiers. Archie & I went

all over it & saw the Inquisitorial chambers & ever so many other horrid places. The view from its tower is superb. Mt. Ventoux, the last of the Alps, is plainly visible.

Nismes, Thursday.—A ride of an hour and a half took us this morning from Avignon here. This is a very interesting old city, & contains the most interesting Roman remains this side of the Alps.—We spent a long while in winding our way through the intricacies & rambling over the ruins of its magnificent *Amphitheatre*, in a better state of preservation than the *Coliseum*, though not nearly so large. We saw its Roman walls & gates & canals, its "Maison Carrée," an interesting Corinthian temple & best of all, its "Tour Magne," an old inexplicable ruined Tower of Babel, built *before* the *time* of the *Romans*.

Friday, Nov. 14th, Nismes. Archie, Mary, Miss Maria & I went off to the "*Pont du Gard*." It is eleven miles from here & we rode in a carriage & spent the day there. It is a Roman aqueduct, built probably in the days of *Adrian*. It is beautifully preserved. It is 180 ft. high & 873 ft. long. It consists of three tiers of arches.

Marseilles, Saturday, Nov. 15th. We came from Nismes here, starting at 9 a.m. & arriving at 7 p.m., stopping from XI to IV at Arles. Arles is a dirty old town, filled with Roman antiquities. We saw its Roman Theatre, Amphitheatre, larger, though not so well preserved as the one at Nismes, its walls, Forum, & obelisk. St. Trophine is a very old Cathedral. We have got a very nice set of rooms here in the Hotel Bristol, the nicest since we left Paris.—

Dearest Mother, this letter has been but a mere statement of facts; yet I want to say ever so much about other matters. The longer I am away from you, the more I long to be back among you all. I don't know how I shall get along for so many months longer. Best love to all loved ones. All send love, especially Mary. Mary is going to write the next letter home. She says it will be a monstrous long one. All are very well. I am thirsting for letters. We have not had any since we left Paris, as all our letters were to be sent on there. What a feast we will have when we get them. We shall probably stay here till next Tuesday. We expect to go to Nice by

Post, not by diligence or steam-boat. It will take us two days to get there.

Your loving

KENT.

Mr. Morrison had taken a villa at Nice, where Kent Stone was for some time his guest, and where life was certainly very sweet to him, as the following letters will show:—

NICE, MAISON GASTAUD,
Dec. 2nd, 1857.

DEAREST FATHER & MOTHER:

The situation of our house can be seen (after some *studying*) from my illustration. It is at the foot of a fine mountain, & about ¾ of a mile from the sea. The view from my windows can also be imagined—mountains on every side, except to the south, & there towards the East, Nice with its bold "Castle Hill," & to the West a country dotted with villas & bounded by the dark blue sea. A few nights ago we had rain for the *first time* since we have been on the continent, & in the morning, the mountains were white with snow. The most northern peak on my paper has been snow-capped ever since we have been here.

The wing on the right of our house is occupied by the kitchen & by the *gardener*, who cultivates the ground on which the house is situated. We have only the privilege of walking through it, & seeing the delicious oranges, without touching them except we pay.

Archie & I went to town the other day & came back with a *foot ball*, & he & I have been made stiff ever since by the murderous assaults which we have made on it. The other day, we saw *Madame Nicholas, Impératrice de toutes les Russies*, riding in her carriage. She is spending the winter here.

Father's most precious letter *all to me* came last week. Oh! how it rejoiced me! I can appreciate it full well, as Father does not often take such notice of anybody. My eyes, I am happy to say, give me little or no trouble. I trust they will

soon be entirely well. I can tell Father that, as far as I can remember, I have only used my eyes twice in the evening, since I have been away;—& those two times were little newspaper scraps.—

As to learning French & Italian, perhaps you will be surprised to learn that Archie has engaged an excellent master to come every Monday, Wednesday, & Father (There! I meant to write *Friday;* but you can see where my thoughts were!) & teach alternately French & Italian, while we stay here. We have already had one lesson in French from him, & like him very much. Dearest "Pop," the longer I stay away the more I want to be among you all again. They all complain that I am getting quite "Solemncholy" & spend half my time in dreamland. Well! It's no wonder! I spend somewhat less than an hour a day looking at all your daguerreotypes. I "thum" sentimental tunes on the piano, & try to play your "I have loved thee," but I can't quite get it. I must get you to send me the notes, as it is the chief means I have of calling you up.

With ever so much *Christmas* love,

Your dear loving boy,

KENT.

NICE, *Christmas*, 1857.

Happy Christmas, dearest Mother!

We have just returned from the English chapel here. The chaplain preached from Gal. iv. 4, 5 & 6. "But when the fulness of time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of Sons. And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father." It was a very interesting sermon. Christmas has a new delight for me now.

To-day is a queer day for Christmas time. The sun is as warm as in our May; the fields are as green & smiling as you please; the gardens are just growing green with young peas, cabbage, & lettuce, & the orange trees stand as fresh & green

as ever, still brightly clinging to their yellow burden. But I hardly like this balmy climate. I get *lazy*, & pine for one of our biting, bracing winter mornings; I long to hear the whistle of the snow storm & to have a good coast or skate with the boys. I suppose they are now having "*times*." I hope you received my letter & Mary's before Christmas in time for the stockings. Since I last wrote *home* we have gone on smoothly & happily as can be. Almost every day Archie & I go into the meadow behind our house & have a game of foot ball & "bat & ball." We split or lose a ball about once a week; but that makes no difference. Archie & I are regular boys. We make kites, & pop guns, & whistles & all sorts of things. Archie is just the boy for me. Mr. Beati, our Italian master, comes regularly three times a week, & I really think that we are making *huge* progress in the language. I take very good care of my eyes & I think they are progressing. We have had but two rainy days since we have been here, indeed since we have been on the *continent*. On one of those days Archie & I put on our India rubber suits, (How well I remember the day when dear Father bought mine for me in Washington St.!) & paid a visit to the *Paglione*, the torrent which runs through *Nice*. That bed usually so dry, was a roaring, foaming, muddy torrent. The scene where the river rushed into the sea was grand in the extreme. The fight between the waves & the rushing stream was terrific. Every now & then some huge fellow would come rolling in, & when it met the opposing current, the mass of waters would rise, the wave would writhe & struggle & "toss his tawny mane" for a few seconds, & then would give way before the resistless invader. The "blue" Mediterranean was transformed into a sea of boiling chocolate for miles around.

The other day Archie & I took a glorious tramp to the top of the mountain back of our house, the largest in the immediate vicinity of Nice. It is about 4,000 ft. high, which is pretty decent, as it is on the seashore. It is about 7 miles from here to the summit. We started immediately after breakfast accoutered with spy glass & lunch basket, shawls & sticks. The first half of the journey was up an easy ascent, covered with venerable olives, with their tortuous, knotty

trunks. The second half was not so easy. We scrambled along a sterile, rocky ridge for about 2½ miles & then went *straight* up the rocky *cone*. I was awfully hot; so was Archie—almost as much as Father was when he came down Mt. Rigi! But the view when we got to the top was pay for all. To the South there was a gentle "sunny slope" terminated by *Nice*, & beyond that the broad, majestic expanse of the Mediterranean, dotted here & there by some small white sail, while away off on the horizon rose the dim, blue hills of *Corsica!* To the north the scene was far different. Below us was the wild, deep gorge of the *Var*, which separates France from Sardinia; over against these rose height on height, each grander & more aspiring than the one before it, while overtopping all else rose the snowy, dazzling range of the Maritime Alps, & the Col di Tenda.

Ever yr. loving son,

KENT.

DEAREST MOTHER:

After a long consultation we came to the following conclusion. From Genoa we expect to go by sea to Naples, stay there about a month, & then come north so as to be in Rome for Holy Week, which is this year about the first of April. After Rome we intend visiting Florence, Pisa, Leghorn, &c., until we get to Genoa again. After which we are to shape our course for *Switzerland*, by way of Milan, Venice & the lakes. According to this arrangement, we shall probably reach Switzerland about the end of June. Such is our new plan. There is no telling how soon it may be changed, as in an hour all our former plans have been entirely disarranged.

On Tuesday Eve., Archie, Madgie, Mary & I went to drink tea with Mrs. Blatchford, at her rooms in the Hotel Chauvain. We had a very pleasant evening. Miss Blatchford played & sang for us, & showed us an exquisite collection of pressed flowers which she had made from various parts of Europe. Wednesday was the important day which saw such a change in our plans. Mary spent the evening in reading to me in

Dr. Antonio, the book about which we've heard so much in all our letters. Mary is something of a jewel. She has read the "Improvisitore" to me, & we are far advanced in Dr. Antonio.

Palmiro has gone to town to secure a Vetturino. He has his eyes upon one, who he says is the best in all Italy. He showed us his "recommendation" book. There are recommendations from numbers of great persons; among them Martin Van Buren & Lord John Russell.

How does all come on in Brookline, dear old Brookline, where I've left my heart? Tell Willie that last night I dreamed I was fighting the Indians out West with him. He fought bravely, like himself; & we took turns in rescuing each other. For Harry's benefit, I will say that the common oranges, of the country round here sell in the market at 3 sous per dozen. Fine Sicily oranges sometimes reach the exorbitant price of a sou apiece.

Tuesday, Feb. 10. The last day that we shall probably spend in Nice, dear old Nice. We are all getting ready for the departure, & enjoying each other's company to the utmost. I feel quite melancholy, & the fact that I have just read in Dr. Antonio, does not tend at all to diminish the feeling. I am taking a last look at all the familiar places.—This is the last day for letters that we shall have at Nice; but no letter has come from dear Mother. Well! I'll wait for Naples——. By-the-by, Mary tells me she has said nothing about the meetings at Mr. Childers'. That's funny. Every Thursday evening Mr. C. has a meeting of his congregation at his house, where they consider certain portions of the Bible & talk freely about them; a sort of large Bible Class. They are very interesting. The usual attendance is about 60. There are usually about a dozen clergymen present, & they are the chief talkers. Archie has (since his conquest of course) made the acquaintance of some of them, among them Mr. Stevenson, author of *Christ on the Cross.*

A letter from Rome to Dr. Stone tells him that Kent's eyes were not yet perfectly well, and one to his Mother is full of charm and naïve delight in the discovery of Michael Angelo, and Raphael's famous Madonna della Sedia. It

was in Florence that he made his first acquaintance with a Catholic Monk. He went to Fiesole and was looking at the ancient Monastery during an early morning walk, when he saw a lay brother sweeping the vestibule steps. At the Brother's suggestion he went into the Chapel and received there an impression that lasted the rest of his life.

In a letter to his Father from Lake Como, it is easily seen where his heart's desire drew him—Switzerland and the snow-peaks, the avalanches, and everlasting solitudes called him, emblematic of the eternal vision of God that beckoned him through all his life to the well-nigh inaccessible mountain of his spirit's repose:—

Rome, Apr. 8th, 1857.

My own dear Father:

I believe your good-for-nothing boy has not once written to his dear Father since he left home. What will he think of his forgetful boy? He must think that he loves him better than ever, despite the little notice he takes of him. Now at last I am going to write to him from old Rome. I am not, however, going to tell him anything about the glorious sights we have seen,—I leave that for Mary to do,—I am only going to say how much I love you, to tell all about my eyes & to ask advice about my return home. I am really glad, Father, that I had to leave college as I did last Fall. Not only have I gained much since I left home, in knowledge, experience & enjoyment; but when I come to look back upon it I think I was entering college too young. I was hurrying on to my studies, full of excitement & ambition, & I fear that perhaps in the all-absorbing race I would not have given sufficient attention to things of infinitely higher moment.

Now I have had time to cool down, & reflect upon what people ought to go to college for, & how such opportunities ought to be employed. I would like very, *very* much to return home next June or July & enter the next Freshman Class at Cambridge. I think I could easily regain what I have for-

gotten (though I fear I have grown pretty rusty), & then too it would be very pleasant to have the same companions & friends that I had at Mr. Dixwell's. I only hope my eyes will be able to bear the renewed strain upon them,—but this is what I want to tell you about. I know you will be very sorry & I fear disappointed to hear that my eyes are not yet perfectly well, though much *better*. No one can grieve over it more than I have done; for I had set my whole heart and soul upon entering Harvard next year.

FLORENCE, May 6th.

PRECIOUS MOTHER:

How do you think I've enjoyed the two weeks we have been alone in Florence? "Untellably"! It has been quite a revival of my old London experience. I have been out most of the time by myself, hunting out the places of interest & then enjoying them to the full. We have been so long under the motherly care of couriers, guides, Ciceroni Co., that it is really quite refreshing to be free & independent once more, & to have nobody to follow but your own inclinations; and your *nose*.

I have enjoyed it much more than London, too. The streets are not so dirty & crowded, the city so large, or the objects of interest so inaccessible. And then too, in Florence we have not been blessed with the dreary, chilly, rainy, drizzling weather which good old London rejoices in. I think Mary gave poor Florence rather a hard squeeze when she said it might be seen in a week. I have been going pretty smartly for twice that time, & haven't seen it yet.

Michael Angelo is the presiding genius of Florence. You can scarcely enter a building of any sort here that does not contain some monument of his towering genius, either in its architectural design, or in some production of his stern pencil or powerful, fevered chisel. I have taken a great fancy to him. He is my favorite among the old masters.

Another of the interesting places I have visited is the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities. In a room behind the

Museum is the Last Supper of *Raphael*, a very fine fresco, very much resembling Leonardo da Vinci's great picture on the same subject. Judging from the engraving we have at home, I should say Leonardo's was the finer. If I were to choose the sight which pleased me most in Florence, I should pick out *Artists' Studios*. Nothing delights me more than seeing artists actually at *work* on their compositions. If I had any genius in that line, I think nothing would please me more than to be a sculptor.

Powers' Studio interested me by far the most. I have heard of him so often that nothing could have pleased me more than to visit his studio. It is very extensive, & swarms with lovely, fairy forms. You might imagine yourself in a marble fairy-land. Besides countless exquisite busts, there are numerous fine full length figures. His *Fisher Boy* is there; & two noble figures called *America & California*. America is just proudly shaking from her lifted arm the shackles that once bound it; while California holds the magic divining rod that finds the hidden gold. All Powers' figures are beautiful; but they all appear to me to have the *same kind* of beauty. I saw there too the original models of his *Eva & Greek Slave*. It made me feel really proud to think that Powers was an American, a real Yankee. Young America is as forward in the high arts as she is in all her other precocity. However, no one now can come up to the works which artists of by gone times have left. "There were giants in those days."

The Museum of Natural History was very interesting. The boys would have liked it, I know.—The collection of minerals was very fine & wonderfully, surpassingly beautiful.

Yesterday I took a walk by myself to the top of the hill of Bellosguardo, a very lovely hill not far outside the Walls of the city. It reminded me very much of home, & I tried to imagine myself walking up Corey's Hill. When I got to the top, what a lovely prospect lay before me! I don't know whether it was a finer view than that from Corey's Hill or not. Perhaps my love for the latter prejudiced me in its favor, but I should say that this view was fully equalled by the one from my dear old Brookline Hill.

Here I saw below me beautiful Florence stretched out on

its sunny valley, & guarded on every side by the circling Apennines, not harsh & rocky as the mountains at Nice, but rising in soft & gentle undulations, richly cultivated far up their sides, & covered with rich & mellow sunshine. Here & there some peak rising higher than usual, wore on its head a cap of pure white snow. The Arno flowed out from a gap in the hills, & after winding through the city & valley, lost its way again among the distant mountains.

But I would willingly exchange all this for another view from Corey's Hill, such as I got on a sunny day, last Summer. There I would see on one side, hills not quite so lovely as the Apennines but still richly *wooded*. Massachusetts hills, with Mt. Wachusett in the distance, & on the other four cities with "old Boston in their midst," & beyond, something that Florence cannot boast of,—Boston Harbor & its islands.

But what have I been doing! Giving a description of the view from Corey's Hill while in Florence! What a queer idea—I must come back to my proper sphere.

Mary & I spent this morning at the Pitti Palace, the winter residence of the Grand Duke. Its great attraction is its valuable Picture Gallery, one of the very finest in the world. It would be of no use to give a list of the pictures I liked most; I will merely say that *Raphael's charmed* me. He is such a lovely heavenly painter; & nowhere does he show himself more lovely than in the Pitti Gallery. Here are some of his sweetest Madonnas. The one called the "Madonna della Sedia" seemed to me the loveliest. I don't believe anything could be painted more heavenly than that picture. I guess you have seen an engraving of it. It is a small, circular picture. The Madonna is seated, & looking towards you. She holds the Infant Saviour in her lap, Who also looks at you with a most heavenly glance. Little John the Baptist is in the background. I think I saw an engraving of it before I left home.

P.S. I have spent a most delightful day by myself in an excursion to the Church of San Miniato, an interesting building of the 10th Century, on a noble hill some distance out of the city. How is Arthur Fay now?

Cadenabbia, Lake Como.
June 11th.

Dearest Father:

Writing with such a scene before me, it seems as if I ought absolutely to be *inspired.* Lovely Lake Como! What a heavenly place it is! You have seen its bright waters, so pure & so sparkling, & those peaceful green mountains which slumber round it; if you had not, I fear I should go wild with desire to describe it. Oh, what lovely spots there are hidden away among the wrinkles of old Mother Earth! Lake Como is one of the loveliest, don't you think so, Father? At any rate, I've spent one of the *loveliest* mornings imaginable. Archie & I have been off all by ourselves *rowing*, among the bays & along the green shores of the Lake. Wasn't it glorious! A month on such a lake would make me as hardy a boy as there is in all Massachusetts. The boys must envy me my "times." No wonder! Rowing is capital sport at any time, & when you have such water to row on, & such mountains as these to look upon, it is to me the ne-plus-ultra of enjoyment. I only wish I had the little fellows with me. It would do Willie good; he & I used to go so well together at Mount Desert, too. But I suppose you would like to get some idea as to our whereabouts? When you were here, nine years ago, you staid at Varenna, did you not? The tiny little village of *Cadenabbia* where we are is almost exactly opposite, with the Promontory of Belaggio between. They are both lovely situations, as I can testify; for Varenna was one of the spots visited by Archie & myself in our row this morning. We only arrived here yesterday afternoon, & even then we came earlier than we expected. Archie has got decidedly *sick* of city sight-seeing, (so have *I*); so he left *Milan* suddenly, after only four days stay there. We had a delightful journey here. Two hours by railroad brought us to the town of Como. Here Archie & I took a peep into the fine Cathedral—by the way of filling up time,—& then we started up the Lake in the little Austrian steamer. What an incomparable sail it is! I should think no one who had ever seen it could forget it. The mountains are all covered with such a rich & vivid green, looking as if they were so to their very *core*, & dotted all over with

pretty, white hamlets; the water too is such a transparent yet doubly-rich *green*, not pale & sickly, but a rich, full chrome almost making one suspect that the Lake had dissolved the roots of the green mountains, & got its color from them.

You don't know, dear Father & Mother, how much more I enjoy this place from the fact that *you* have seen it before me. Every mountain top & every white cottage which dots its sloping sides now has a new interest for me. *Milan* had attractions which Rome & Florence had not. The Cathedral there, bristling with its vast, upright icicles, & the ruined, yet doubly interesting Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci had an unseen spirit hovering around them which drew me more to them than many another object.

In a few days more now we hope to be in *Switzerland.* Switzerland! Are we really so near? I can hardly trust myself to believe it. So near the aged Alpine monarchs, those snowy peaks which have always towered above all else on the horizon of my hopes & desires; which I always *longed*, yet never hoped to see. I'm so glad you & Mother have been to Switzerland also. When I stand on the summit of the Wengern Alp, or the great Mer de Glace, I will think of who has been there before me, & wish they could be with me then to enjoy it again. There is only one thing wanting to our travels, —i.e., you & Mother to travel along with us.

Oh *Switzerland! Switzerland!* How I long to be there! My very dreams are of glaciers & everlasting snows, fathomless gorges, & tameless torrents. Dearest Father & Mother, if you only knew how much I longed to have you with us, with *me* to enjoy my pleasures—Oh! if you only *did!*

June 22nd.

Where am I *now*, Father? Sitting at a table, in the very self-same parlor, in the very self-same Hotel de Lecu, in the very self-same *Geneva* where my own dear Father & Mother were, nine years ago! We have crossed the *Alps* by the glorious Pass of the *Simplon*, & had our first taste of Switzerland. I've seen my first *glacier* & made my first Alpine snowball.

Oh Glorious! Glorious! I'm afraid I'll lose my heart in Switzerland. But Helas! I've lost my heart in another direction. I never was so *homesick* before! No! not *homesick*, either, for it is not so much that I want to get home, as that I want you away from home & here. I almost *cry* for very wishing. But alas wishing will do no good; all I can do is to try to get as much enjoyment & profit out of my stay here as Mother & Father could wish, both physically & mentally. And yet it will be almost *too hard* to write home about the glorious places I visit with the thought that you long so much to see them & cannot. When we get home what *glorious* times we'll have talking about Switzerland,—about Chamonix & Gründelwald & & & &.

There are two things, however, which I must at least *mention*. One is the view which Archie & I got from the summit of Mt. Salvadore, on Lago Lugano between Como & Maggiore; far the finest, I ever had, & according to *Murray*, equal to the Rigi. Above & below us on every hand were those softly green mountains of Italy, & its incomparable valleys, brightened by patches of no less than six crystal lakes; to the South lay the "waveless sea" of the Plains of Lombardy, bounded by the dreamy Apennines; & to the North, towering above all else, was *the whole of the main chain of the Eastern Alps with Monte Rosa at their head!*—the queen of the Alps & her giant train in all their snowy grandeur.

The other is the view from the Grand *Hospice*, with its St. Bernard dogs, on the summit of the *Simplon* Pass. I *almost* went crazy there. Whew! No wonder! Bristling glaciers & cloud-wrapt snow peaks guarded us on every side, & before us was our first view *into* Switzerland. Six thousand feet below us in an almost perpendicular line, lay the valley of the Rhone; & opposite us, rising like a giant wall on the opposite side of the valley lay the whole chain of the *Bernese Alps*.

I can't tell you any more about it. You must imagine it. How I did envy a mountain eagle which we saw soaring high above the magnificent valley! All I wanted was wings.

Tell the boys that a sad catastrophe has happened to me & them in the *curiosity* line. During our last journey a bottle

of water from the Tiber broke in my trunk & well nigh spoiled a quantity of pressed flowers that I had. Also some ashes from Vesuvius were spilled & some shells from Venice & pottery from Naples *broken.* However, I've got a good many things left yet. The water did no harm to anything else. I have *not* seen the oculist yet. I shall see him on *Wednesday.* I will keep my letter open & tell you what he says about them.

Wednesday.

Archie & I have been to the *oculist.* The result is more unfavorable than I had expected. He says that the eye is perfectly sound & that my trouble is a chronic affection of the *eyelid,* which will require some months of active treatment to overcome. I am troubled & much perplexed to know what to do. However, Archie's letter, which accompanies this, will tell you all about the matter; so I refer you entirely to him. Well my dear, dear Father, I must take my leave now. Please answer Archie's letter as soon as possible, & give your opinions & directions about my *eyes.*

Ever your dearly loving boy,

KENT.

Evidently Dr. and Mrs. Stone came to Europe to meet their children, and Kent returned with them to America, entering Harvard for the second term of the Freshman year. A letter to his parents expresses his delight in anticipation at meeting them.

Later from Harvard he writes to his Father a very characteristic letter about studying for rank in College. All his life he hated display or any sign that rated him above his fellows, though he was peculiarly fitted for leadership, and from his earliest childhood he was as Saul among his brethren. His course at Harvard was again interrupted and he spent the Summer of 1860 among the high Alps:—

LAUSANNE. July 30th.

DEAREST FATHER & MOTHER:

Archie has just returned from Geneva, &—without you! You don't know how disappointed we all are. Where have you been all this time? The *Ericsson* arrived in Liverpool long, long ago, & you have not yet come. Why we've already seen half of Switzerland,—crossed the Simplon, descended the Valley of the Rhone & fair Lake Leman, spent *three* most delightful weeks at Geneva, & two more at Chamonix under the shadow of the Great Monarch of mountains; & all without *you*. *Do* come & join us! You don't know how we long to see you. Leave Geneva & Chamonix for *our* (yours & mine) return, & come straight on, without stopping, & join us here at Lausanne, or at least at Berne. I can't do without you. If you are not here before Monday, they will certainly have to drag me off by main force. Do come.

Sister *Sue* is in *extacies* that Miss McCulloh is with you.

Your loving boy,

KENT.

CAMBRIDGE Dec. 12th. 1859

MY VERY DEAR FATHER:

Witness another instance of my forgetfulness. I ought to have asked you more than a week ago for the money to pay for my half-term's board. The result is that I have been fiercely dunned by the landlady & the butcher. Please release from all fear of attacks by forwarding as soon as convenient through the Post Office the sum of $30, (thirty dollars). This sum is just three-fourths of what I would have had to pay at Mrs. Upham's.

I may as well take this opportunity, dear Father, to relieve my mind on a certain subject, & to ask your permission to do what I have deliberately determined to do. I have determined, so far as lies in my power, to forget that there is any such thing as rank in College; & more, to forget that any of my friends are in the slightest degree anxious about my rank in College.

It may seem a little thing about which to come to so pompous a conclusion, but it is a weighty thing to me. Nothing has made me so miserable for a long time as this same idea of rank kept before my mind; it has been a bore, a bugbear. It has injured me by, in effect, tying-down & restraining my ambition, narrowing the limit of its vision; it has injured me by keeping my detestable self so perpetually before myself, for it is for my *own* rank I must strive.

I want to be working for some great life-long purpose, without continually troubling myself about the temporary position of a little name in a little College list.

Besides, I hate to have the character of one who studies for rank. Of course, I have no jealousies towards my rivals in the class; but I hate to meet our first scholar & have the consciousness that he is thinking, "there is the man who is trying to take my place from me."

And then, failure meets no sympathy; if I study for rank & don't get it, I only get my deserts. Often after some streak of ill-success, I have sat up late at night, studying in very desperation, urged on by voices of disappointed friends in the imaginary distance, until in perfect disgust I have tossed my books away & gone to bed to forget all in sleep.

No don't be frightened dear Fa, & think I'm going to disgrace myself & my friends. I shall do myself more credit than I should otherwise do. And I shall stand high enough, pretty *near* the head. I could not very well help it, even if I forgot all about the matter.

Perhaps all this is a mass of very foolish words, dear Father, but I don't feel it is so. I feel very stupid to-night, & have not expressed myself well.

At any rate, I shall feel better now, & be more of a man.

Good-night,

KENT.

CHAPTER III

The High Alps and Göttingen

IT was an accomplished traveller who left his parents and home in the summer of 1860, and with high hope and joyful spirits went to the lands of his heart's desire, the glorious and stupendous mysteries of the Swiss Alps.

He writes from London to his Mother of his preparation for his great undertaking, a wonderful expedition for a lad of nineteen years. He says of himself:

I made several passes and ascents never before accomplished, among the latter was that of Blümis, the summit of which mountain I reached in company with Reverend Leslie Stephen, a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, England.

In recognition of my valuable service to mankind in thus subduing nature, I was honored with an election to the English Alpine Club, of which renowned society I am supposed to be the only American member.

From Switzerland I went to Germany, and spent the greater part of the year in nominal study at the University of Göttingen. My time, however, was fully occupied in enjoying German student life, and admiring German literature. I returned to America in time to celebrate Class Day and attend Commencement exercises with my class."[1]

LONDON, July 11th, 1860.

MY DEAREST MOTHER:

The remembrance of your kind face—so loving and sad, as you kissed me "Good-bye" at the front door,—has been

[1] *Genealogy of the Kents*, edited by L. Vernon Briggs.

haunting me over the ocean & even while I have been threading the busy streets of this great city. When my thoughts have hurried on ahead of me & have been wandering among the great hills of Switzerland, *that* has called them back & compelled me to remember the home & the loving friends I have left behind. And now it is reproaching me that I have not yet sent a single word across the water. Dearest Mother, & all, every hour I have been sending kind *thoughts* back to you, & have been longing for the power to see you face to face that I might empty myself wholly.

There is not an unpleasant incident to remember in connection with those eleven days on the sea. And—to make all complete—I was not only well but uncommonly well. Though we had some rough & stormy days, I was not disturbed by the most distant waiving of sea-sickness, from Boston Harbor to the Mersey. Probably I have become seasoned.

How well I do remember that first afternoon! Not long after Father had left me & I had parted with Mary & the three Harrys on the pier, the stately ship swung out into the river & we rode gallantly down the bay. Soon we were threading the channel among the lower islands, & then we were standing out to sea; and all the while I was leaning over the taffrail & watching the dome of the dear old State House. It seemed to cover all that was dear to me, & I looked till the very cupola had sunk below the glassy waters. Then I put on rough sea-clothes & paced the deck, & thought & *thought.*

On the fourth day out Mr. Greene began a Prayer Meeting in the lower cabin, & it was continued every day till we landed. There we met heart to heart. Such meetings I have not seen before, I think not even in our dear Chapel at home. With such fellowship you can understand why the voyage was delightful.

During the last week on Ship I was very busy about some very pleasant business. If you had walked by chance into the Saloon, probably you would have seen in one corner a "fellow," completely surrounded by papers & pencils, maps, guide books & travels. I was engaged in tracing out that course which would enable me to see & enjoy most with *just so much* money. I confined myself mainly to Switzerland, &,

I tell you, it was almost as good as the actual presence of the glorious white monarchs. All the books which could be raked together on Shipboard I collected, & then revelled in them. I have faithfully perused—among other volumes—*Peaks, Passes & Glaciers*, & Tyndall's *Glaciers of the Alps.* By-the-by, I would advise Father to get Professor Tyndall's work. It is the work on the Alps of the most literary & scientific value of any I have yet seen. I don't know that I had better tell you of my prospects yet; I'll wait till I see if I can carry them out. Suffice it to say that my first object is to get as soon as possible to Chamouni. Then away!—as a plan, mine is a grand one. Probably I shall be most of the time alone with my Chamouni guide; but I shall be very cautious & take care of myself. Nay! There will be One to take care of me.

Let me see, I have not yet got myself off the ship. We arrived in the Mersey shortly after midnight on Monday morning (only 9th). It was a bewitching moonlight night, & I stayed on deck till long after we had "rounded-to" & sent off our cannon & rockets.

The custom-house officers came on board by six o'clock, & then, with rather a sad heart I said good-bye to the Greenes & the rest of my fellow passengers, & pushed on by the first train to London—alone.

And there I have been for two days, as busy as it is possible for man to be. My headquarters are at Nelson's—my old Hotel,— and I have felt at home wherever I have gone. My money matters & my passport business I have fully settled. So if you should send on my American one, it will come for naught. Then I have expended those fourteen pounds, which I consider comparatively my own, in a grand & substantial outfit. Here are a few items:—Swiss felt-hat, light sack-coat for the mountains, Snow leggins, Knapsack, pocket thermometer & compass,—flask, handbook, Keller's & Stüder's map, 36 feet of rope (!), woolen socks, flannel shirts to take the place of white ones, etc. I have ordered a grand pair of English half-boots, with hob nails; they will be finished to-morrow. I don't think I shall indulge in any more outfitting expenses while I'm away. So much for such things.

I leave for Paris tomorrow. The rest follow next Monday. I don't know when I shall see them again; for I expect to leave Paris before they arrive.

God bless you all at home; write all of you often, won't you? I shall need your letters.

The story of the year in Göttingen makes a long chapter, and a very charming one. There is a delightful intimate tone in the letters to his father, not boastful, but triumphant in his accomplishment of Alpine feats, and then to his mother, assuring and comforting.

The letter to his dear brother, Will, his intimate brother, is beautiful in its protecting love and tenderness, and that to Hal, the younger brother, is discerning and devoted. The little brother, Philip Sydney, comes in for his share in the story, and then follow the descriptions of the old, sleepy Germany University town.

We could smile at the anxiety of the New England parents over their first-born, the young eaglet who had left the nest and was soaring so fearlessly beyond their affectionate vision. His defence of his "wild ways," his smoking and beer, is admirable in its downright simplicity. Indeed though a less discerning youth might have imbibed the false philosophy that has wrecked the spiritual and intellectual viewpoint of this later generation, a less guarded vision might have tempted him to seek the hollow and untrue, but we are filled with admiration for the high ideals, the reverence and loyalty, the trust of that family circle, giving entire liberty of action to the youth, while holding him in absolute control through affectionate respect.

It is almost impossible to give extracts from these letters. They are all of compelling charm and interest:

GÖTTINGEN, Oct. 12, 1860.

Well Father! you are thinking it is high time I should render an account of my doings.

Dear Father, I have a long story to tell at some time or other; but just now, when I call you by name for the first time in so many long weeks, I can command nothing but thoughts of tenderness & love towards those at home,—longings indescribable to see & speak with you all face to face.

What a blind fool I was not to write to you as soon as I could lay hands on pen & paper! I have just taken from the Post here a letter from you & Mother, dated Sept. 12th, so full of loving-kindness & sweet anxiety for my welfare that I stand still, quite conscience-stricken & sad, when I think how I have neglected you all. Yet perhaps it was because I have been so lightly remembered myself that I remained so contented in silence. Why had you not written to me oftener?

Three months and a half were a long time to pass without letters. I thought so when I started out from Geneva with my knapsack on my back, but I remembered the feast that would come in the end, & went on singing "Gaudeamus Igitur." That banquet came off at Lucerne, & was almost a Barmecide dinner. Two letters there were, one from Mary, dated three days after my departure , & one written by a combination of young gentlemen & ladies in the White Mts. I ought not to have expected more than two such kind letters,—but I did. I was full of home thoughts. And yet, in the bustle of travel & the pleasant companionship of my kind friends, the Greenes, I could not collect my thoughts as I wished. I wanted to be alone & at my journey's end. And here I *am* alone. I left the Greenes yesterday morning at Strasbourg; they went Westward, I Eastward. And now, as the night closes in on this quaint old German city and the students go home arm in arm through the streets, I cannot but realize that both my home & my heart are far away.

What have I done, Father, do you say? Truly I am not ashamed to answer to the question, for it is well with me in body & mind. Certainly I was never before so vigorous & strong. And yet, I hardly know how to speak of my climbing in the Alps. I have passed a strange, wild summer. I wonder as I look back—I wondered at the time,—how I could pass through so much without flinching. For I have not merely accomplished that which, though it sound terrible, has been

done by many an adventurer; I have done what (so far as I can learn) has never been done by Alpine traveller before.

You probably know from some letter of the Greenes' where in general I have been; but from them you can hardly have gained a full knowledge of the magnificent & terrible experiences through which I have passed.

I believe I "used-up" one of the stoutest guides in Switzerland. Towards the end I had to lead the way myself on the slopes of ice & snow. Why I went to work so wildly I cannot well tell you. I heard something continually whispering within me, "The Mountains, Kent,—the mountains," and I followed the voice eagerly. From Mont Blanc to Monte Rosa & over to the heart of the great Oberland. I know every wrinkled glacier and every proud summit. I made the Alps my friends, and when I came out from them, & from the parapets at Berne watched the distant sunset on their long, white line, I felt sorrowful as though parting with those whose faces I should see no more. If any of you at home ever come to Switzerland, look more kindly at the snow mountains for my sake. I am sure they knew me and were glad to have me among them. I *chose* my summits well; I thought that if any of my friends ever visited the Alps, I sh'd like them to be reminded of me, so—while I took the unexplored regions for myself—I climbed also those peaks which are best seen from the commonly visited valleys & passes of Switzerland. The Mont Blanc I had already secured; but now I have very much more. The battlements of the Col du Géant that overhang Courmayeur,—(the dome of the *Vélan*, which crowns the Grd, St. Bernard,—the white cones of the *Altels* on the Gemmi Jungfrau, the glory of all the Oberland,—the Blumlis-Alp, the grandest mountain in the view from Berne, Thun & the valley of the Kander—the two great ice fields seen from the Eggishorn, with the summits from which they come,—are all my own, and every traveller in Switzerland must see them.

As for that great Panorama from the Gorner-Grat, look from West to East & see where I have been. Between the Dent Blanches & the Matterhorn lies the wild pass to Evalena, then come the tooth of the Petit *Cervin* & the crest of the *Breithorn*, then the great Col leading down to Italy between

the Lyskamen & Monte Rosa 1500 feet, (at least), higher than any other pass in Europe; next the Hochste Spitze of Monte Rosa itself, next the wavy line of the old Weissthor,—then the *Strahthorn*, & last the ice wall of the Adler Pass.

I need not say that I have enjoyed myself in the mountains. I think that as much pure happiness can be secured among them as from anything else on earth. Of course, I do not mean that the Alps can themselves give peace. Had Childe Harold plunged into the Alps as I did—even as he scaled each summit he would have sighed "Altius!" and written on the snowy crest "vexation of Spirit." But, you know, it is said "the mountains shall *bring* peace." They seem to me to be the holiest as well as the highest things of God's creation, & in the midst of their purity & solemnity one seems very near to Him who is "Higher than the highest of His works." What enabled me to enjoy my tramps to their full extent was that I never for a moment felt any fear. Many & many a time I have broken through the snow-covering of a crevasse, &, while hanging by the rope, have stopped a moment before scrambling up to wonder at the "Sunless pillars" of ice sunk so mysteriously deep below me. No doubt in many a moment of danger, my fearlessness saved my life; but it was no virtue of my own, for it seemed I was *kept* from being afraid.

I suppose you know I have gained "renown" this summer. I regard it as a good joke, the better because unexpected. When I came down to the plains, I heard my name mentioned in hotels & in a railway car, and I was told that some exploits were noticed in the Swiss & Italian papers and the London *Times*. The English climbers have made me a member of their Alpine Club. Certainly in my one season I have done as much or more than the best of them in their 10 or 20 Summers. Stephen or Hinchliff, Hudson or Kennedy, Wills or Tyndall cannot show a better list of names than my own. That is what I meant by saying I had done what no one else has done,—I have done more in one summer; every guide mountaineer I met told me so. By the way, I made friends of a great many Alpine Club men this summer. They were without exception, very fine men, fellows of Colleges, members of the Royal Society, etc. You cannot imagine how

cordial & kind they all were to me. If I return to England I shall not be at a loss where to turn, so many invitations and addresses have I in my pocket-book. Some of my acquaintances have contributed to that book which Mr. Brown gave you. That *Peaks, Passes & Glaciers* contains some fine accounts—(& I know them by heart)—but I could put together myself a series of exploits which, if described by experienced writers, would beat the whole. Well, I have kept up my spirits till quite late at night by losing myself among the mountains. All is still and dark now. I feel that I am far away from the Alps, & far away from my nearest friends. Of a truth I must go to bed.

Oct. 13th. Dear Father, I have been looking over what I wrote last night on Switzerland. Verily, I have sounded a trumpet before me.

Nevertheless, how could you, my responsible parent, have known what I had been about, unless I had told you plumply? Göttingen is looking very pleasantly this morning. The sun has come out, & the little fair-haired children are running about the streets, & the fruit women are busy around the fountain in the old market place. Heaven grant that the weather this winter be not as it has been all summer! The storms have been a perfect curse to the countries here. Many of the valleys in the Alps have been flooded, roads & bridges swept away, etc. Travellers grew disgusted and went home; not a climber was left after the last day of August. Foolish enthusiast that I am, I stayed & went climbing on all the month of September, "alone but with unabated zeal." I have been caught in a snow storm, & spent the night in a lone cow-shed, 8000 ft. above the sea; I have gone to sleep under a rock & found the clouds around us in the morning & the snow deep over our feet. Once I froze two of my fingers so that they were sore for a month, etc., etc., etc. I see I am going back to Switzerland again. That won't do; it is of more importance to you to know why I am here & what I am going to do. I cast about in my mind for some time before it became clear to me where I should spend this winter. I could not go knocking about with the Mumfords; that would be too expensive, & I could do very little studying under such circumstances.

Besides I have no idea at present as to the whereabouts of my esteemed chum; he may be in Europe or in Hades for all I know. I wrote to him in Paris, but have received no answer. I desired very much to settle down somewhere in Germany & see something of life & student-life there. I thought at first of Munich; but that is evidently no place for study. I wanted a University town. So I set before myself four places, Heidelberg, Halle, Bonn & Göttingen. I chose Göttingen, as being the most central, the most quiet, the most thoroughly a students' town & the best place for acquiring some knowledge of pure German. I hope neither you nor I will have cause to regret my choice; for here I mean to stay all winter. I am going to attend several courses of lectures & make myself, as far as possible in a short time, a thorough Deutschman. I shall be able to lay myself out here just as I choose. I have plenty of money. If I stay till next May & then go home, I shall probably reach Brookline without having spent in all as much as $800. That is $300 less than my allowance, is it not? And you will not be pinched so much as you expected. If I spent my whole $1100, I should probably be able to stay & have a "toot" with Morgan Hart in Switzerland, next Summer.

Thus far I have spent between $400 & $500,—less than I expected. You see, I laid myself out deliberately for a high old time in the Alps this summer. I took half of my money, laying aside as much for guides as for all my other expenses. I calculated closely for this winter; but I find living here even cheaper than I expected. Room, meals, fuel, attendance, etc. for *six months* will only come to 135 Thalers, or about $100. Bremen & Hamburg are each but a few hours from here in the cars, & a passage from either of them to New York is but $100 more. The lectures here are very cheaply attended; only a *Louis D'Or* for each course! I wish you would tell me as soon as possible how you wish me to go to work. If you wish me to rejoin my Class at Harvard, I must study in English & in such a way that I can hardly take advantage of the opportunities here. And then I must go home early & cram up on metaphysics, etc. for examination. For myself, I care less than a snap of my finger whether or not I take my Cambridge

Degree. I got a great deal of good from the old College, more than most fellows do in their four years, but now I am gone, & I feel as if my place there would know me no more. But just as you think best, you are wiser than I. I will gladly study for the next summer's examinations at Harvard, if you say so though I might find it hard. I should prefer to change my style, my life & study with a will along with the students here.

But I will write soon again & go into business matters more fully. I have hardly left room, dear Father, to speak of home & friends. Gladly would I linger with each dear one & say a few words to them, as, in imagination, I hold their hands & look into their eyes. Give kind messages to one & all. Great love to dear, kind Mother & to Mary—above all. Make them all write to me, Father; I know I am a "cold-blooded, self-sufficient fellow," (as you once carelessly called me), but really I cannot do without letters. Perhaps more letters have been sent to me this summer than I have received. They must direct plainly.

I should like to know two or three things about Harvard. How do the first few names on the rank list stand? Had I been there to the end, I think they would have been (? Alden) 3 McDaniels, 4 Garrison, 5 Mumford. If my name is down now at all it will be low, for I missed two weeks of review & those big farces, examinations. Who took Mathematics for this year in '61? Who took the prizes in the last Boylston Declamation? Who are the Editors of the Harvard Magazine? Who is Valedictorian in the Junior Exhibition? But enough. Remember me to friends, too many in number to be mentioned. Thank Miss Susan Littell & Miss Cornelis Fay very kindly for remembering me in the letter sent from the White Mountains. I carry continually in my thoughts, when I wake & when I sleep, the dear little church at home & all that centres around it. It shall ever be to me the dearest spot in the wide world. May I be permitted to see it once again? Dear Father, I have not said half that I wish to; but I have certainly put together enough words to fill an envelope.

P.S. I have been the first to climb one great mountain and cross one great pass, & in many other places my foot has been the second to tread. Many of my wild feats I have not men-

tioned in this letter. I am the youngest member of the Alpine Club, & the only foreigner in it. Why not stay in Harvard, if I study only what they study in the Senior year there?

Direct to (Poste Restante) Göttingen, Hannover, Germany.—Term begins next week; I am just in time for the course. I am going to be "Matriculated" right away. There are five or six Americans here & one Englishman. Have been introduced to some of my countrymen. I have engaged rooms for three months to begin with. Cap. Greene is bringing home my Alpen stock to you; it is a famous one; I'll tell you its history hereafter. Leben Sie Wohl.

Oct. 22, '60.

Dear, dear Mother:

I have just been arranging my rooms, & now that they are finished to please your eyes, I must call you to come & look at them. Isn't this a real cosey little study? Let me describe it to you, & see if you don't say yes. It is just small enough to be large enough; not square, but quite diamond-shaped. It stands on a corner, & there is a window in each outside wall, one looking out on the town-terrace, the other into a shady garden. There is plenty of furniture in the room, all old-fashioned & comfortable; dark chairs,—a dark sofa—a neat round centre table covered with a white cloth, a tall German stove in one corner, & a study table in another, with a bookcase just above it, & a small but rich mahogany bureau to give an air of aristocracy. A good brass study lamp, like the one Father had in Brooklyn, stands on the study table, & the bookcase is quite well filled with maps, catalogues, dictionaries & books that I have brought & bought. Schiller's, Goethe's & Heine's poems, handsomely bound, lie on the centre table, with a tumbler of fresh roses & mignonette among them. One can see I'm a German student; there is my pompous matriculation paper over the door, & on one wall between the windows a large engraving of students in uniform over a bonfire, with the music of "Gaudeamus" underneath. You could tell I had come from the mountains, too, Mother. Over my bookcase, (where I can see it most often) is the rope, in the very coil in

which Simond twisted it after we had come down the ice-wall of the Adler Pass; the veil, leather gloves & compass hang with it, & below are my spectacles, glacier-drinking cups & match-box. My brandy flask hangs by the door, and Keller's map with my track marked on it hangs there too. My larger & finer maps I did not dare to expose. There are a few things that speak of home,—the shawl & overcoat that are thrown across the sofa, my fur skating cap & the pretty one that Alice Almy made for me, & the old blue shirt that hangs between the two. The boating-shirt—I could not part with it for anything now. I have had many a good time with it on Charles River or in the White Hills & now it has been with me to the tops of the Alps. Annie Dunham sewed a string on it once, & now it has the buttons & band that Margie McCulloh put there. I have two fine little photographs. One reminds me of home; it is the taking of Jerusalem, that hangs over Father's mantelpiece. The other is pinned on my right hand as I sit here by the table; it is a favorite of mine—the scene from Midsummer Night's Dream; I think, too, that its spirit suits well this strange German land. There is no need of going into the bed-room; it is an ordinary little apartment, opening into this study.

Say now, Mother, don't I know how to make a room cheerful? It has not cost me much either; the furniture was "furnished," & the rest I got far cheaper than one could get them in America.

Here I am. I am looking just now at the sunlight that falls through the branches without onto the floor by my feet. It is very strange to watch the shadows of the leaves as they move. Motion without sound is always mysterious; & now, though the yellow leaves rustle outside, it is very still in here. It seems like the light of other days. Sometimes the sunlight dies out, & then the floor looks so dreary.

The house where I am staying is right pleasant. Madame Heintze, the lady, is a cheerful old (?) widow with one wee daughter,—very fond of old traditions & anxious to do all in her power to please. Two other fellows have rooms here. One of them is an American, Anson Stephens of Brooklyn, N.Y. He has a vast beard & is studying chemistry; but a better-

hearted fellow I never saw. I did not know a student could pass the age of 20 & be so ignorant of how to go to work to do wrong. We are great friends. The other boarder is Elliot, an Englishman; he has not yet come back for this term, but I hear good accounts of him. You see I have got into quite an English-speaking community. Elliot is the only Briton here. There are four other Americans, all of them I know quite well already. Greene is a law student from Brown University. He is evidently talented; but he is supercilious, & I look down on him. Collins is from Amherst; he is poor & quite aged, but he is a grand, good fellow. He is pitching into Medicine with frantic zeal. Harvey & Slocumb room together outside of the city. Their tastes are more like my own; they are studying Philosophy & Philology. Harvey is a weak specimen of a Virginian; but Slocumb is a Massachusetts man & I think I take to him more than to anyone else in Göttingen. I said I had got into an English-speaking community, but one must learn German here very fast. The students all speak German together for practice, & then the lectures, the sermons, the land-lady's conversations, etc., offer very good & constant exercise. I can read German decently now & I hope soon to speak it readily. I am going to engage a Deutsch teacher today, so as to start myself by a few lessons.

And now, Mother, I want you & Father to decide a question for me right away. Shall I study for a *degree* here or not? I will tell you honestly how the case is & how my wishes are. I think you will agree with me that in any case, I had better make the very best use of the "splendid" advantages here, without regard to Harvard. Then if good Cornie Felton cares to give me my degree, well & good. I should *prefer* to study here somewhat less than two semesters, then take a ramble across the Harz Mts., & go home in time for your next summer's vacation. Too long away from home, I should grow weary; & in my one year I shall have learned almost enough to return home on.

But then, if you wish me to take a degree here, I can do it. Slocumb is studying for a degree in Greek. He graduated at Amherst, but I am already far ahead of him. You know Greek was my great gun at Harvard. To take a Ph.D. (the only

degree given here) a man has to pass examinations in three studies, special prominence being given to *one*. I should take Greek with Latin & History as minor studies. I think I could take my parchment in two years. Living & studying here are cheap enough; the degree itself would cost 100 Thalers, or about $75.00. What say you? If you decide for me to stay, I wish you would send me one or two things; a recommendation from President Felton & one from Professor Goodwin; also the rank list for my Sophomore year. The latter must be somewhere in my college things which were brought home.

Out of the endless list of lectures, I have chosen three. (1) Modern Philosophy down to the latest times, by the great Prof. *Ritter*. (2) German History, by Prof. Waitz. I wanted to take the History of Europe from the 16th to 18th centys.; but the lecture on that subject came at the same time with No. (3)—Exposition of Thucydides, by Prof. von *Leutsch*. I chose Thucydides because I am pretty well acquainted with the fellow already, on the "multum non multa" principle. Knowledge of one author is better than a smattering of many, (as has been said 50 times). Thucydides is the hardest Greek, you know, & the most beautiful & impartial history in the world. Demosthenes copied all the works of the old master Historian *five times over* before he trusted himself to write an Oration of his own. There are grand orations mixed with the annals of Thucydides.

Meanwhile I am going to enjoy myself here as much as possible. The German students don't take much care for their bodies. However, . . . & I have persuaded the rest of the Americans, & we are going to patronize the gymnasium that belongs to the town school. I am going to take fencing lessons & riding lessons of the University "Professors." "And just be aisy" about my purse. I'm going to stay till July, take a trot in the Harz, (D. V.) & all for scarcely more than $800. See if I don't.

I want you to remember me kindly to the many friends in Brookline & in the church, Mr. Amory & his boys, Mr. Tileston, the Littells, the Mayers, the Lawrences. Congratulate Robert L. in the wildest manner for me; success & happiness to my good friend.

Jim Fay, whom I have kept for the *last*—tell him, Mother, that I have not forgotten the note he wrote me from Thomaston. I will write him when I get more settled. What can you do for him for my sake? And at home don't forget Miss Hering, & the girls, Jane & Eliza. So farewell. Dear Mother, I put my arms lovingly round your neck & kiss you quietly. Don't think I have forgotten where a man must keep in order to live rightly in this world.

Oct. 30th, 1860.

My dear Brother Will, perhaps it is foolish—& yet I cannot help telling you of a dream that I had this summer. It was so vivid that it has haunted me often since, & it will show perhaps a little of what I care for you. The loftiest mountains in Switzerland are the Pennine Alps; they are the boundary line between Northern & Southern Europe. The great snowy mountains break suddenly off here, so that from the soft plains & beautiful valleys of Italy, the Pennine Alps look like a giant wall built up to keep out the rough winds & storms of the North. Mt. Blanc stands at one end of this wall & Monte Rosa at the other. Mont Blanc is the highest single peak, but the mountains around it are not nearly so lofty & magnificent as the group that clusters about its rival. Monte Rosa has nine summits running in a line nearly N. and S. From the middle summit, the "Parrot-Spitze," a long sharp mountain runs to the W.; this is called the Lyskam, & is itself higher than several of the peaks of Monte Rosa. It is 14,900 ft. high. The Col, or depression, between the Parrot-Spitze & the Lyskam is by far the highest pass in Europe, being nearly 3000 ft. higher than the Col du Géant, the great pass of the Mont Blanc range. It is about 14,000 ft. above the sea. This pass has been made but once before,—by Mr. Mathews of the Alpine Club, in '59. I was fortunate enough to be the second fellow over it; I made it on the 13th of Aug., passing in one day from the Inn on the Riffleberg (R) to the village of Gressonay in the Val de Lys. I shall never forget the view from the summit of the pass, nor how wonderful the

Lys Valley seemed to me with its wild, lavish beauty. The contrast between the sternness and bleakness of the North & the luxuriance of the South into which I had come so suddenly was more strange than anything I have seen in the tales of Fairyland. Well, Will, now you will be able to understand my dream & why I dreamed it; it was on the night after I had reached Gressonay. I thought that we were all at the Riffleberg & that you were very, very sick. They said there was no hope, unless you could reach the warm valleys of Italy, & from them the cruel mountains kept you back. There are several much easier passes from Zermatt to Italy, but to me the Col between Monte Rosa & the Lyskam seemed the only one; I knew the way over this & I said to myself I would carry you over to Italy. Then suddenly I found myself in my dream high up among the terrible glaciers of the pass. I had thrown my Alpenstock away & was carrying you in my arms. *You lay very quiet*, & I carried you as easily as if you had been a baby, for you were very weak and slender. But somehow the evil-spirits seemed banded against me; masses of black cloud were around us & the wind howled wildly, & all the crevasses & precipices seemed more terrible than I had ever known them. Yet I never slipped. I went upward with a feverish power. I would place you on some ledge above me, then swing myself up, & then on to another. And oh!—at last I stood on the summit of the pass. Then all at once the wind ceased & the sun shone out warm & still. I laid you down on the little plateau of snow, & pointed you to Italy. I held you & watched you as you looked on the wonderful scene,—the glaciers clinging to the huge cliffs far, far below us, the torrents that seemed to dangle like threads on the mountain sides; the rainbow colors that filled the deep air, the rich green that made the wild gorges look so soft, the peaceful villages that looked like white specks down in the bottoms of the valleys. But it was too late. You said nothing, but turned & looked at me sadly, yet gratefully. And I twined my fingers gently in your soft hair & longed that I too might go then & there, from among the summits of the great Alps to our Home beyond the sky.

Yes, Will, I think you were about right when you said in

your letter from the White Mts. that we were closer friends than brothers usually are. I always had an especial fondness for you,—a sort of a protecting fondness,—though that may seem funny now when you are big enough & strong enough to protect *me*. Well, let us shake hands now as big brothers, & vow to keep close together in heart as we knock about the world, even though an ocean should always lie between us.

I'm sure I don't know how well you are "posted" with regard to my adventures this summer. I fear that even the home people have been kept on very poor diet & that the best of them feel quite hungry & cross towards me. I submit to my fate, consoling myself with the reflection that I have done the best I could under the circumstances. From the hour when I wrote my farewell note to you on the soup-plate in the Court St. Restaurant, to that in which I found myself landed in this funny little hole of a Göttingen, I was on the go-go-go. You know what tricks I played with the grim old mountains,—pulling their hoary beards & patting their pompous white heads in a most patronizing way. I guess they won't soon forget the young scamp that took such liberties with them, & got off before they could nab him. To talk in a matter of fact way, the summer was a most unusual one. I mean unusual as regards weather, the *state of the glaciers*, etc. There was more snow on the mountains than has been known in this generation. This snow helped a fellow somewhat, by filling up & *bridging over* the crevasses in the neve, on the upper parts of the mountains. But, as you can readily see, it also made climbing dangerous. All the many accidents in the Alps this year happened from this cause. They all occurred on quite ordinary passes. The Glissade on the Col du Géant was merely a slide in soft snow. And yet I say confidently that if all the six men who perished on the Alps this summer had been *fit men* for the mountains & had taken proper precautions, no death would have been recorded. No one should venture on the High Alps whose head will swim or hand tremble for an instant. I passed over the fatal spot on the Col du Géant & know it well; & terrible though it might seem, I would let Father throw me onto the slope and agree to stop myself with my baton before I had fallen 200 ft.—We used no

rope there & trod over the snow in perfect security. As for poor Mr. Watson, who was killed in the Tyrol, why didn't *he* use a *rope?* Don't say "physician heal thyself"; I used the cord very little, I know & yet always when it was necessary. Reason first & experience afterwards will tell a man when such is the case. I believe that a good guide or a good mountaineer would *smell* danger on a glacier slope that contained a crevasse big enough to swallow a man in the midst of a glissade! But I did not mean to enter upon this subject & must not go any farther. My "hair-breadth-escapes" are over now, —probably forever.

Alas, alas! dear Will, I have left no time or space to speak of what I most wished,—of my thoughts & hopes about you, of the way in which I want you to make use of me at Andover & Yale & wherever you are in this world. Write to me again, Will, as you did before & see if I don't have something to say another time. May the Lord take care of you, & keep you always near Himself. Don't let worldly wisdom cheat you of simple faith, Will. Remember, "the foolishness of God is wiser than men."

Your fond brother,

Kent Stone.

To His Mother

Nov. 3rd, 1860.

One of the reasons, dear Mother, why I do not want to stay in Germany is that I do not wish to be kept too long away from the influence of Home & Church. I want to live in a land where the "Power of the Bible" is felt & the God of the Bible acknowledged. Not that I think I should be led away at all; do not be afraid of that, Mother-dear. I know I shall never forsake the Guide of my youth. Nay! In a land where man's philosophy is made the only guide, I shall cling more closely than ever to the simple Word of God. If I give up the Bible, whither shall I turn? No, Mother, don't be afraid of any such result. But I do not want to live in coldness & loneliness. I want to be where I can at least find Christian friends

by seeking for them. It is strange to see how universally the Christian system is looked upon here only as a Philosophical Theory. Men talk of the Bible almost as we would discuss the Koran. Lecturers compare the doctrines of Christ & Aristotle with a most singular impartiality; for they find as many faults with the one system as with the other. Even the Reformed & Lutheran churches here are quite lifeless. I have attended service, but it is quite all forms. The Ministers who have preached on Sunday morning generally spend the afternoon in the Gardens with their pipes & beer. Well, well! when I look round on all this, I can only say as Arthur Wilkinson did when he read Thorndale: "One thing ye have taught me, that I cannot do without my Bible."

My dear, dear, happy home! How I shall look back upon it all my life long, & treasure its every memory, for I shall never find another like it! Thank God for making my youth so happy & for bestowing on me friends whom I love so unspeakably. May God grant, Mother, that we, your children, may be true men & women in this world, & do our parts faithfully till we all come in oneness of faith to the union of a better family above.

Apart from the want of a primitive Christian Spirit here, all is very pleasant for me, Dear Mother. When I went away I told you I knew "what I was about," & believe me I am much better off than I could have been at Harvard. I am studying here in a much better way & a way that is far more pleasant to myself. For one who knows how to use them, the means of gaining knowledge are far more abundant here than in any American College. And the system of the German Universities seems to me much more manly than our own. Harvard College made boys of us all & was partial to us at that. To be sure I had all the benefit of the partiality, & yet it seemed "belittling" to me.

I have my mornings all to myself. When I get up I find my "parlor" nicely warmed, & coffee & biscuit waiting for me on a little tray. That is the way the Germans take breakfast. I generally spend the first hour or two in reading & writing. I have a good stock of literature borrowed & bought. At present I am not reading German (as I ought to be) but am

deeply interested in Hume's *History of England.* Then I take some exercise, whether it be walking or riding or fencing. From 12 to 1 I go off & take a German lesson of a Divinity Student here, & then come back to dinner. We are all together at this meal, & Herr —— being a German, dines with us. After dinner we have coffee in our rooms. My three lectures come from 3 to 6 P.M. It is surprising to myself how well I can understand the lectures. In each hour I contrive to take several pages of notes. I wish you could see how important I appear as I look up at the Professor with my pen in hand & my little inkstand stuck into the bench before me. Ritter's lectures on Modern Philosophy I like best. Ritter is one of the most powerful men I ever saw; he is short & crooked, but his hair is quite white & his forehead the loftiest I ever beheld. He is now on Justin Martyr & Tertullian.

After lectures I have an hour to spare either for the little Gymnasium or the big Reading Room.

The evening I intend to pass henceforth in drumming & dreaming over the piano. You see I am determined not to make a martyr of myself, for here is another source of amusement & enjoyment. The little instrument that fills a very important corner of my apartment is a new addition to my furniture . . . I intend quite sincerely to learn some music, Mother. —— happens to have quite a stock of elementary & simple music, & there is a famous young musician of Leipzig here who will teach me, at 4 Thalers for 16 lessons,—if I see fit to make use of him.

I will make no reproaches about letters, although I feel very miserable about them. I have been in Göttingen between three & four weeks & have received nothing from home since the day of my arrival. I suppose I don't deserve to get letters.

While I am writing to you, Mother, I feel as if I were close by home and you were all remembering me; but when I have closed my letter I shall feel alone again & far away. The Lord be with you, dear Mother.

KENT.

P.S. I keep up with "the times" here,—am posted on Garibaldi, Lord John Russell, Warsaw Conferences, Prince of

Wales, Elections, etc. Any piece of American news gratefully received.

Nov. 17th, 1860.

My dear Brother, Hal: I have just been reading over the letter which you wrote from the White Mts. three months ago, in which you describe so enthusiastically your tramps in the wild regions there. It has suddenly occurred to me that you have never had from headquarters any sketch of my wanderings this Summer. You shall have one, old fellow,—you especially, for the last news I have from home is that you said "Mischief!" when you heard I had been up some hill or other in the Schweiz. It may prove so much Greek to you. But never mind that; it will interest Father. As for a chart, Mr. Greene has good maps, if Father wants them.

Ahem! On the 18th of July, I set out on my travels, my feelings better to be imagined than described. Mt. Blanc was clear all the way to Chamonix, & I was carried back to the old times when Archie & I went along the same road & wondered whether it would be possible for us to ascend the monarch of mountains. That night I found Pierre Simond & engaged him as guide,—or rather as companion, for he had never been away from Mt. Blanc. I was glad of this, for I wanted to exercise my instinct & be as much as possible, my own guide. To begin with, we made a three days' journey round Mt. Blanc to Courmayeur. On the 23d of July, I went up the Col du Géant & higher to a plateau which I saw between two of the great Aiguilles. I remember dislodging a large stone & watching its dizzy leaps as it flew down a snow slope below us. Little did I dream of what would so soon follow that stone in its terrible descent! The next day I went down to Aosta & up to S. Remy on the Grd. St. Bernard; so that on this day I was at noon among vineyards & ruins, & at morning & night in the midst of the desolate Alps. Next day we went over the G. S. B. in a terrible snow-storm, stopping for night at a hut at the foot of Mont Vélan.

Next day up the Vélan; I ought not to have started after

the storm of the day before; the mountain was all ice, & before we were half up I froze two of my fingers & grew so faint that I had to lie for an hour on a shelf scarcely big enough for a cricket-bat. However, as I lay there & saw the frowning summit above me, thinks I, "Old Gentleman, do you expect me to cave in this way? Nous verrons!" And when I stuck my baton into the crest on top, we *did* see, & a great ways, too. We descended the Eastern side of the Vélan, to a very savage gorge between it & the Combin, called the Val Soré. We found a cow-hut there in which we put up for the night. Then came the most perilous & startling of all my passes; from Val Soré to Val de Bagnes, over the summits of the Maison Blanche & Combin de Corbassière. No one had ever been here before, not even the famous chamois hunter, Louis Dorsaz, whom we took with us. Mr. Mathews of the Alpine Club, indeed, ascended the Combin de Corbassière in '57; but he went (I think) up by the Gl. de Corbassière, a route very different from both our ascent & descent. You cannot trace this pass on any of the maps; even Studer is entirely wrong. We had many narrow escapes here, indeed the chasseurs of Bagnes wouldn't believe us when we pointed out our track to them. More of this when we meet. There is no finer scenery in the Alps than in the Val de Bagnes; but it will be a long time before it is accessible to ordinary travellers. I found that Mr. Mathews was the only adventurer known in the valley.

In this valley I took Bernard Trolliet, the chasseur mentioned in *Peaks, Passes & Gl.*, & went over the Col de Mont Pleureur, a pass (as far as I can ascertain) known hitherto only to chamois-hunters. Here we were caught in a snow-storm & had to spend the night in a hut, which, by some good chance, had been built on the side of Mt. Pleureur close to its glaciers. This Col took us down into the Val D'Hèremence, a valley without the slightest sign of habitation, running up among the wild glaciers of the Pigno D'Arolla & Mt. Blanc de Cherbon. How we were to get out of this valley, I did not know; however, Trolliet took us up the Gl. de Durand & showed us a notch in the chain of the Arolla, which he called "Pas de Chèvre" (see Studer's Map). Here we left Trolliet; he may be a very good chasseur, but he is certainly a slow guide.

The "Pas de Chèvre" & Gl. D'Otemma took us down to Handères in the Val D'Erin. From here went over to Zermatt by the Col D'Erin, between the Matterhorn & Dent Blanche. This was a magnificent pass. We were favored with another snow-storm & were sometimes above, sometimes below the clouds. Here for the last time I took a local guide. Poor fellow! Simond & I left him far behind, & he came into Zermatt alone & utterly crestfallen. He was the "Fullonier" mentioned in Mathews account (*Peaks, Passes & Gl.*). Zermatt! Riffleberg! What memories hang round those names! The Riffel is my Alpine Home; here I first met English Travellers, & here I first made most of my Alpine Club friends. Of course, the first thing I did was to go up "Monte Rosa." It is a grand mountain, far more dangerous & exciting than Mt. Blanc & commanding a finer view than any other peak in Switzerland, excepting perhaps the Jungfrau. But, I went up Monte Rosa on a lame knee & so laid myself up for a week. This week I occupied in more modest excursions with Hinchliff, Stephen & the rest of them, to the Weissthor, Hochthaligat, etc.; I showed ladies up the Goiner Grat, watched sunsets, & all that sort of thing. Hei! but it was luxurious. But I was soon game for first-class work again & had to quit my Capua. I went out in gallant style, over the great Col du Lyskamm, to Gressonay. Here I was, in Italy again, (Aug. 13th). But this pass I mentioned in my note to Will.

As I expected, Hal, my story has spun itself out so that I have not carried you through the first month of my journeyings. I must reserve the rest for some other letter.

Meanwhile, Hal, will you let all this expenditure of time & paper go for naught? I am very weary & listless today, & writing is really hard work. If you stop to reflect, you will see that I have put myself to exertion with the simple hope & purpose of obtaining some notice from you. You are an army at home, while I am but one. Moreover, you young ones have very little to do; you, Hal, above all eschew digging on principle. Then why can't you now & then or a little oftener make use of pen & paper? Look upon me as an object of Christian charity. By-the-by, I don't believe you are taxed much in the benevolence line. So here's a chance to

exercise that duty & the smallest charity expended in this direction will be of more avail than a cargo of handkerchiefs sent to the darkeys.

All's well & as usual in Göttingen. I'm studying pretty hard.

Success to your eggs & nests & other wonderful things; & take care of yourself, Hal. See to it that you are doing something in the world.

J. K. S.

At the top of this page, I notice a delicious confusion of *you* singular & *you* plural.

Nov. 26, 1860.

My Brave Boy Charlie:

If my memory is not very bad, today is your Birthday. I did not remember my own, the 10th of November, till the day was almost gone, & then only because someone happened to mention that it was the Birthday of Luther & Schiller, two great men whom you will learn about before long. But of your *26th* I have been thinking all the morning. I'm sure I don't know how old you are,—somewhere between 9 and 13; but you know a person's age does not always depend on the number of years he has lived. After I was reminded of my Birthday, I felt very queer. I lay on my sofa almost all the night, looking back over the 20 years through which I have come. I thought I ought to be a great deal older than I am. I want you to be very old, Charlie. That's funny, isn't it? You know I don't mean big & grave & solemn, but a very *wise* little fellow. You know how to begin, Charlie. What did the wisest man that ever lived say was the "beginning of wisdom"? To-day I have been looking forward into the future. I have been wondering where we shall all be on your next Birthday. Dear little Brookline—wouldn't it be strange if I should never go back to it again? But then you know what Father & Mother have said about going away.

I hear some sleigh bells. It has been snowing all day—very softly, and the trees & the chimneys & the funny little

lamps that hang in the middle of the streets are covered with beautiful white caps & dresses. Do you remember the little piece of poetry that begins—

"The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field & highway
With a Silence deep & white.

The rails & posts by the highroad
Were fringed inch deep with pearl,
And each little twig of the forest
Wore ermine too dear for an Earl."

You ought to read it. Gloaming means the quiet, dusky twilight of a cloudy evening. We have had snow here nearly all the month,—more than in a Boston November. The snow doesn't come here as it does at home, in great, rough storms, but in a very quiet, old fashioned way. It makes me think of those little stories that you know so well,—about the Christmas tree & the poor little Match girl who sat down in a corner of the street & lit her matches to warm herself by—when each match as it flared up showed her the way to Heaven.

This isn't much of a letter, I know, Charlie. But it will show you that I still think of you as my own little boy.

I *do* think of you very often. Won't you write to me as often as you can? Really you will give me more delight than you can think.

Your brother,

KENT.

Here's some Postage stamps for you. What do you think of the Duels that I told about in my letter to Father?

Nov. 28th, '60.

DEAR PHIL-BOY:

I was lounging on my sofa just now, thinking what a "jolly queer world" this is. All of a sudden thinks I "this won't

do! I must *do* something. I guess I'll write to Phil." So up I jumped in altogether too much of a hurry, for—over goes my table, bang go lamp & inkstand on the floor, crash go shade & chimney, & away go oil, & ink over books, paper, table-cloth & all. Yet so great is my desire to "do something" & write to Phil, that I merely set my lamp & inkstand calmly on their feet again, pick out a piece of paper which ink & oil haven't quite spoilt, & go to work.

Three cheers for *Lincoln*, Phil! The news about the election & the excitement & the rows in Charleston came here some time ago. I'm very glad that what I think is *the right* has gained a victory. But I want you to give that old Hal a "blowing up" for me. You are not a voter, Hal, nevertheless, why did you throw yourself away on a one-horse ticket, whose only recommendation was the good moral character of its candidates? Stick to your *principles*, man! Don't be afraid of a party, because people call it hard names. Stick to your *party principle*. How can principles be embodied, except in a party? Isn't the Church a party? St. Augustin said so, anyhow.

All this big talk is meant for big Hal. It may seem very funny, but I mean it.

Just as I was sending off my last letter, Phil, I received one from Mother. Tell dear Mother I am very sorry that they all, or *you* all, felt so anxious about me. I thought it was all right. Before I set out for Switzerland, I said I did not expect to write till October, & I thought you could trust an old stick like me. Besides, I knew the Greenes would report me as signalled & in good condition. There is something to be said on *both sides*. However, that's all past. *Now* I am wondering why something don't come acknowledging my first letter from Göttingen to Father.

Dear little Phil, do you remember the day when you walked with me to Cambridge & saw my room & the Printing Office, & then rode to Boston in the Horse-car & went to Vinton's & saw the pictures at Williams & Everett's? I have no little fellow now to walk with me & catch hold of my little finger, & then pull my arm & look sheepish if I laugh at him. I have no spoiled little brother either to be restless in Sunday-School Class. Well, well.

I have sent some postage stamps to Charlie. If you are making a "collection" also, Charlie may give you as many as his generosity will allow.

Give my love to all at home. I beg Isabella's pardon for not bidding her good-bye. Really, I was in such a hurry I didn't think of half the things I ought to have. Tell Miss Mary Hering I often think of her & Arthur Wilkinson & old times.

Good-bye, you big little darling.

KENT.

Nov. 30th, 1860.

DEAR FATHER:

I hope you & Mother are quite at ease about my course in coming to a foreign University, & feel no regret that I did not stay out my time at Harvard. I do not think my change of place argues any instability of character. All is well here, Father. I am doing my best to gain a varied experience & a sound education. I feel very much the trust you have reposed in me, & to deserve it I am studying very hard. . . .

Thus far had I come, dear Father, when there came a knock at the door, & the welcome Postman entered, bringing your letter of Nov. 12th. Was it the first written after receiving mine from Göttingen?

How glad I am that I have heard from you at last & *know* that *you* know where I am!

Left so long to my own imaginations, I had begun to think *for* you & to fancy you sometimes as approving, oftener condemning me in what I have done. You can see in the beginning of this letter a half-attempted justification of myself. Now, however, I can see more clearly.

My heart is so full, dear Father, that it will seem rather lifeless to spend this letter in practical talk, but your letter & questions are here before me & I ought not to delay a reply.

The whole question as to my stay in Germany seems to hang upon the value of a German *Degree*. Of course, dear Father, you know the value of such a thing better than I, & by your opinions I shall abide. But if the matter were left to

myself alone, the question would soon be settled. By the unceremonious way in which I left old Harvard you can estimate the worth I attached to my parchment there. For a German Degree I care even less. Even were I to stay here several years I should prefer to come home as I went, rather than with a University title; & I'll tell you why. I don't doubt a degree is a very good thing in life; it gives influence, saves trouble & all that sort of thing. But I am also persuaded that I, J. K. Stone, here *in Germany*, would have a better education without a degree than with. In the first case my aims would have been directed at knowledge itself, in the second at its certificate. This is not the twaddle that it seems: let me be plainer. If I were expecting to be a scientific man, a chemist *e.g.*,—or a professor of one of the Dead Languages then I should pitch in for a Phil. Doc. as hard as I could. For then in getting the title I should have acquired at the same time *exactly the knowledge which I desired.* (I must learn to write more carefully; I make a mistake in every line.)

In following out *one branch* of knowledge systematically & thoroughly, the Germans cannot be outdone. And a Göttingen Degree is an excellent certificate of proficiency in one branch. But—only one branch. The fact is, a degree here requires such early *perfection* in *one* department as to leave little room for thoroughness in any other. I am quite sure of this. Here's a sign. —— is the only fellow here from England or America who is not following *one* study, & he is the only fellow whom I cannot handle as I please in all ordinary conversation. The degree is given for "standing" in one study; upon this study an essay must be written and printed, which requires six-months labor; & the examination in two other required studies is merely nominal. Now if I should stay here—say three years—no doubt, I should talk Greek in my sleep & be ready to edit a Homer; but what meanwhile would become of all those other accomplishments which I long so much to acquire. I want a good *general* literary education; & I'm afraid I should find myself a pedantic old misanthrope. As for some ticket to help me through the world, I shall take immense satisfaction in letting the world

find out for itself what there is in me—provided always there is anything to find. This is very foolish, no doubt.

I have spent a great deal of paper upon a question which I declared I would leave entirely to your decision. "Pretty well, Jim," you will say.

The information you really want I can sum up in a few words. Upon a pretty accurate calculation, (thorough calculation I mean) a student can live in Göttingen in a comfortable, gentlemanly manner upon $400 or $450 per annum,—say $450. In this everything is included.

As to the practical effect of the German Philosophy and manner of thinking, I think I can "stand it," Father, "yet so as by fire." In my theoretical belief, that which I have learned from you, I am sure I can only be strengthened. I know more and more that left to himself, man is at his wits end, & that if man is to be elevated & saved, God's own arm must bring salvation. When I see the effects of this earthly wisdom, I long more & more for that heavenly wisdom which is "first pure." But I'm afraid that I shall suffer somewhat in life. Such utter coldness as this cannot but have some effect on the spirit. This is looking the matter as well in the face as I can. God grant me His own grace, which shall ever be sufficient.

I find the Germans as you speak of them, speculative and sneering. German student life is certainly very peculiar. Those who don't dig, drink & fight. But then, this dueling is a much more innocent thing than people outside imagine.

There being no classes or literary societies here, the students band together in "chors" for social intercourse,—which social intercourse amounts as before said, to drinking and fighting. There are seven Chors here & each Chor is distinguished by the color of its cap & band. Twice a week the various Chors have "Kneipe," social meetings at which they drink beer & —nothing else. However, the Deutsch take to beer naturally. The duels supply the students with their chief source of exercise. As a matter of course, each Chor challenges every other Chor & very frequently, too. Consequently there are fights nearly every day. I saw four, the other morning. The fellows seemed to look on the thing as we would on a game

of ball. In fact there is little danger. The Schläger are sharpened only six inches from the end & the combatants are so padded and wadded that it is impossible to cut any where but in the face. Bad cuts are very rare; a fellow lost an eye the other day, but it was "an unheard of thing." I quite enjoyed the duels I saw & felt like taking hold of a Schläger myself. But this comes from a natural combativeness which has always troubled me. There is no doubt that the duels are very low & wrong, & they lead to fighting in a more serious way,—in return for insults. I have been asked to join a Chor myself, but of course I have modestly declined. (Theological Students belong to Chors as much as any other class. ——, an acquaintance of mine in Theology made the best fight that I saw, the other day.) . . .

The University Government winks at the Duels. A fortnight ago, Petri, the best fighter in Göttingen, who had fought his twenty odd duels, was insulted in the street. Instead of challenging his insulter & cooly cutting his cheek open, he knocked him down by a good Anglo-Saxon left handed "straight from the shoulder." He was instantly *expelled*.

It is time to seal my well-filled envelope. I fear the letter is already double.

Good night, dear Father, precious Mother & all, all, all.

The students have many very queer expressions, in which they reverse the natural order of thought. They talk of man "putting himself *outside* his dinner," "putting himself behind a cigar," etc.

The Catalogues for the winter term have come out in due form. "Stone, J. K." is put down as from "Brooklin, Am."

"Studirender der Philosophic."

(The Göttingen "Lieder-Bruder" had their anniversary supper the other night. As I had an "invite" from one of the Brethren, I went. The fellows sang magnificently, as well, I think, as the Orpheus Glee Club.)

Only a few words to you this time, Darling Mother. All is passing quietly & pleasantly;—winter is at its coldest, the holidays are gone, & we are all at work again. Your dear

letter of Dec. 18th came two days ago, bringing with it great joy. Honestly, my letter days mark my calendar here, & I divide my time into cycles of fourteen days each. For the sake of all that's imaginable, never omit to send a letter at its time;—a letter from *someone-or-other*.

I am the youngest American in Göttingen, Mother. It doesn't seem so at all. It is far better here than at Harvard in almost every way. As far as I can see, there is more sincerity & warm-heartedness among the fellows. This is natural enough as far as the Americans & English are concerned, so far away from home, they are thrown very much upon one another. —— is a fine fellow, & is as partial to me as I am to him. He is a chemist, & expects to take his "Doctor" next term. He is a very good, practical man; but not master of the Mathematics of Chemistry. I was well up in that at Harvard; so that now & then I have the supreme pleasure of helping the dear old fellow in his calculations. Frau Heintze tries to be a Mother to us all, apparently spending her whole time in devising ways to please us. She is as well-read a woman as I ever met with. Poor Frau Heintze! She is a "von"; her husband was a Baron & they lived together in Weimar, mingling in the same society with Goethe & other great men there. But the Baron von H. went to America with his two sons & when he reached the new land, he threw his German wife away, & for three years has sent no tidings to her. And now his German wife takes boarders in the old University. She often interests us by anecdotes of Goethe & tales of their good old times. Her daughter is in Warsaw, teaching some Polish "Countesses." Naturally, Frau Heintze is on good terms with many of the Professors' families here so that through her we see something of Göttingen society, being invited to tea, etc. . . .

Good-bye for two weeks more, darling Mother.

Dec. 15th, 1860.

Who was the man who carried on a connected & eventful life in his dreams, & finally came to such a pass that he doubted

which was his true living history & never knew at any time whether he was awake or asleep?

There is a meaning in the old fable & I doubt not there are times to each of us when the sudden thought startles us in the midst of our quiet occupations—"was all that a dream? Or was I living both now & then?" Here I am, Mother Dear, leading a life that has certainly a marked character & is wide awake enough for the liveliest. I am in a country that is old & learned; & yet has life as truly as if it were young. I go with the crowd into the Lecture Room & hear wise men talk, or into the Library & read what the wise men have written. Or I sit at home in my little room & lose myself in the dreams of the past & the tales of the beautiful story-tellers. We go off arm in arm to the Concert & hear the Fraulein from Braunschweig or Leipsig sing; or we get together—half a dozen of us—& the big pipes are lighted & through clouds of smoke we talk about the United States of America & the prospect of a French Invasion of the Rhine Provinces. So was I sitting this afternoon, Dear Mother, when I remembered it was Saturday & thought instinctively, "I must write to Mother." That name, floating into my mind, acted like a spell. The smoke wreaths curled away, & I saw the sun shining upon a beautiful home, a "sunny-slope," & upon a little church that stood close by:—and with the sight came the feeling that dear friends were near at hand, "shadowy faces." It was then that I thought, "which is my dream life?"

O Dear Mother, do not imagine that Home is so little thought of that its memory has become indistinct. Too often do my thoughts wander. Too often have longings for you all rendered me unfit for any enjoyment here & become an unspeakable sadness to me. Often have I said, "This must not be! My thoughts shall go across the waters no more," and I have laid absent friends aside & forgotten them. Forgotten them for *a while*, for I give myself certain hours of remembrance. I devote certain times to old friends, & in them my thoughts wander as they list. These I consider my best moments. I have no fear in banishing this home-memory; for I know that should they lie untouched for a hundred years,

they would lie safely & be taken up bright & distinct as at the first. . . .

Dear Mother, your letter gave me ever so much comfort. I treasure it. You know you used to call me your first pet & would tell me I never could have but one Mother. I begin now to appreciate this fact more than I used to. Heaven keep my own Mother.

By the time this letter reaches you, Christmas will be over & the holidays nearly finished. The New Year will perhaps have arrived. The Christmas times are the pleasantest in the year. Do you remember how beautifully Washington Irving has caught their spirit in his sketches? I hope you will have a "Merry Christmas" all-round, the Church be neatly dressed, Saint Nick be jovial, the dinner genial, & many returns!

I shall be glad to have seen a German Christmas. The Germans make the day a more general Festtag than we. You know all our Christmas stories—(or most of them)—are translated & *Kris Kringle* & even "Twas the night before Christmas" are borrowed from the old Fatherland. The three weeks holidays are close upon us, the market place is filling up with the little green fir trees, shop windows are stocked with wax candles & silver spangles, & the little chicks are beginning already to dream of the strange good times that are coming.

The other day I had a letter from Archie, a very kind one. He wants me to write about Switzerland for the *Sun*. I should like to oblige him or help him; but about my Alps I cannot write for anyone. By-the-by, you don't know the History of my Alpenstock, do you? Father knows from *Peaks, etc.*, the name of Mr. Mathews, Jr.; he is "the active member" of the A. C. In his account of the Grapfenèire, I think he mentions the name of Jean Batiste Croz. At any rate, Croz has been with Mathews on all his late expeditions, & is now the swell guide of Chamonix. Croz has had this baton made for himself at Zermatt, & lent it to Mathews in all his climbs. Simond is Croz's brother-in-law, & got the stick from him; & so it came to me. Have I told you all this before? I'm sure I don't know. I'll bet a hat I have. I saw *Hyperion* in a student's room the other

day & opening it to the Alps, found at once two mistakes, for which I take Mr. H. W. L. to task. He speaks of seeing from Interlachen the March & Jungfrau "standing like St. Francis & his Bride of Snow." Sorry to spoil the figure; March *can't be seen.* Again, from one of the peaks of the Turca, (I'll lay a groschen Flemming didn't go ten steps off the mule-path) the hero indulges in sentiment over the distant Jungfrau. It wouldn't sound so pretty to say Finsteraarhorn, would it? From the whole of the Grinisel & Turca region, the Virgin is hidden by her rival, & Flemming must have gone spooney over the grim old codger himself.

I want you to give my especial love to my sister, Mame. My next letter shall be all to her. I want her to write to me, no matter what she writes. I have thought about her a good deal lately, & have been haunted by memories of Italy, where she & I were together. One day, I seemed to be again in the wonderful, still, clear atmosphere of Nice, walking among the old olive trees, & climbing over the cliffs which run out in the direction of Villa Franca, looking off towards Corsica & listening to the dashing of the blue waters. If I were with you in such places again, Mame, I should know better how to improve my good times.

I wonder what you are doing to-night, Mother. I am not feeling very well to-day & when anything is the matter with me, I always think of home.

Jan. 11th, 1861.

This is the first letter I have written in the New Year, my dear Brother, Will, & may a Happy New Year come with it to you & all at home! I do not know how to answer a letter like your last, Will;—so full of love & tenderness. Ah, darling! it seems as if everyone were conspiring to heap kindness & affection upon me, who have done so little & deserved so little. It is very sweet to me to have it so; & yet when so many look to me & expect so much from me, I feel sorrowful lest after all I should give disappointment. I cannot reach

the mark of my own longings; that hope I gave up long ago. And I fear sometimes that I shall not fulfil the expectations of my friends.

Oh Will, if you have not learned the lesson yet, you will learn it soon,—you will learn how sad a thing are longings that cannot be satisfied. The more we live & feel & the more we read & think,—the more do we desire an unbounded knowledge & an absolute power of mind & soul, seeking ever after a strange something that shall make everything clear to us & easy. And because we cannot find it, our hearts grow restless & weary, & long for peace even from their very longings.

In reading the works of great minds, you will find out more & more how many, many there are who have felt this feeling of unrest. There is danger in it; for very many noble men have yielded to it & gone mourning all their days. It is a hard lesson to learn to walk by Faith, to put our hand to what is before us & do what we can do well,—leaving all "wherefores" & the mysterious future to One Who sees & knows all things.

If a man is without belief in God, well may he despair & find everything "dark, dark, dark"; for, Will, it is only the Bible that gives any solution, any satisfaction to these deep & continual desires. I have no doubt that, did we make the Bible more our own, all our yearnings would be changed to hopes,—glorious & sure hopes,—that should draw us ever towards Heaven. Perhaps these feelings belong to those which tell us that this world "is not our rest." We may & ought to look forward to a time when all shall not only be clear & easy, but glorious and triumphant. Then shall we "see face to face," & all weakness & all that is wrong shall be done away with. When you see some very quiet & yet beautiful & sublime scene, do you not often feel an undefined looking forward to some better revelation?

The other day I walked to the old castle of the "Plesse," & saw the sunset, & the clouds looked so beautiful that I could not help thinking of a little verse the poet, Uhland, wrote. I must make a translation of it for you and it will show you how the German poet felt. It is called "Evening Clouds"—

I see the clouds at Eventide
  All in the sunset floating wide,
Clouds now in gold and purple dyed
  That hung so dark & hoary;

And my dreaming heart says,—Wait!
  A sunset comes, though come it late,
That shall Life's shadows dissipate,
  Light up its clouds in glory.

But, perhaps, dear Will, I am only wearying you with my "lubrications." You see, old fellow, I have suddenly found a treasure, or rather I have suddenly discovered that I have long been in possession of a treasure. You know I always used to "like" you, but I used to half *pet* you, as little "Bill." And now, all on a winter's morning, I wake up & find you a grown-up brother, as much a man as I am, & as able to shake hands & look me in the face as any friend in my possession. You don't know what a "magnificent" feeling I have when I think of my brave young fellows all growing up on the other side of the water. How proud I shall be as I watch them one after another putting away childish things, & becoming men, stepping out fresh & fair onto the great platform where the world is at work, & carrying their foreheads high so that none may look down on them. You are the first of my brothers, Will, to come up into the new life. So here's a hand & three cheers for you, old fellow! Start better than I have done, with more single & honest purposes & God speed you. So you want me to write & tell you "how I have *succeeded*," do you, Will? Succeeded! That sounds very strange. Why, I think very often that my life has been only a failure, or two-thirds a failure,—a flash in the pan. How often have I looked back & thought that if I had only put my "talent" to a better use, I should be far ahead of the place which I have reached now, & be of more worth in soul, mind & body. Ah, yes! Will, you may ask me your questions in good faith & earnestness, & yet it sounds to me almost like a reproach. Well, never mind—a fellow must not trouble himself on such

a subject, nor stop every day to calculate his latitude & longitude, but go manfully & gaily ahead, redeeming the time as he best can. It will be time enough to take our observation when we have done our best to spread the sails & speed the ship onward; so let us forget those things which are behind. Will, I'll tell you two simple rules,—which you know well already, but which can be repeated a hundred times over. Do what you know you can *do best*, & do what you *can* do *well*. The motto which you chose for your class seal is as good a rule for conduct in life as could be picked out. *Specta, Statuo, Fac.* First consider, examine & weigh everything well; then make your choice discreetly & wisely; & lastly carry out your determination nobly & bravely. Keep your eyes open, Will; don't do anything, old fellow, without knowing why; never mind public opinion, but know your own mind & maintain your opinions "modestly yet firmly"; have a will & power of your own which those around you shall feel & acknowledge.

I hear you are getting to be a great gymnast, old boy. I have a most profound respect for any one who can swell in a gymnasium; although for my part, I never can enjoy exercise taken *for the sake of exercise*. The red octagon at Cambridge used to give me the blues. Climbing mountains, skating, riding, boxing & fencing—they are what I delight in. You delight in them, too. You're a funny fellow, Will. "Do you think I could have accompanied you in any of your Alpine feats? No! you are" etc.—As to health & strength, I have no doubt, old fellow, that you are at least as sound as this old stick; & if you ever lose your senses to a sufficient extent, why, I suppose you could do as wildly & recklessly as I did this summer. I should have a cold, sickening feeling at heart if I ever knew that you were climbing a first-class Alp alone; yet, when I was in dangerous places I never thought how you might all feel for me. Perhaps I did wrong; but that's the way of the world. My "exercise" now is of a more innocent nature & is taken in skating & fencing. I've just finished a course of riding; that was good. They ride without stirrups & the "Professor" is one of the best in Germany. But fencing is better, although it is rather rough play. I received quite a

cut on my wrist the other day. Don't let Mother get frightened & call up all sorts of sanguinary pictures. It is true that in Göttingen the students fight more than in any University in Germany; but I despise the whole practice and have nothing to do with it. Besides, I am not practising with the vicious little schläger, but with the heavy officer-sabre.

I wonder what sort of a winter you are having at home. I expected something quite mild here, after having been used to the Boston winters; & in any other year, my expectations would probably have been realized. The past summer and the present winter, however, have been the coldest known in Europe for a quarter of a century. We haven't had a melting day for over a month, & many times the Thermometer has been below zero Fahrenheit.

You must be having high old times in the Model Republic; for even here in Europe the Spread-Eagle is already pulling his tail. Oh! If the Republicans only *won't* back down & won't make any compromises! If they will only keep a stiff upper lip & stick to the right & take the worst! The *Great Purpose* which raised up that mighty free Nation in the West, will not let it come to naught because the people of it make a strike for truth & right. We have very good and frequent information here from over the waters & perhaps can judge of matters from a distance as well as if we were in the middle of the muss.

Many of the Americans here are speculating as to how soon they will be called home, either to fight or because their money shall have been swept away. Well, well! All this lies in Higher Hands than ours.

Jan. 14th. I've just had the gayest afternoon imaginable; been skating outside of the town, on the meadows. Ice good, plenty of ladies & gentlemen, & the whole concern very much like "Stearns' Meadows," as they were at their best two or three winters ago. Not a fellow on the pond could go the roll backward, & none *decently* even forward. But I must reserve room in my envelope for a few words to Mother. So farewell, dear fellow, & take care of yourself.

KENT.

Jan. 28th, 1861.

The letter came two or three days ago, Darling Mother, which was directed by your hand, but written by the children & Miss Mary Hering (I shall answer Miss Mary's note) during your absence in New York. I was long prepared for the news of Uncle William's death & I presume that to you at home it was by no means a *sudden* blow. Nevertheless a bereavement of which man has been notified beforehand may be none the less hard to bear. Dear Mother, another has gone home to the rest whither we all hope to be gathered in at last. I only pray that all my own at home may be left until my return. I want to see you all together once more. Time is flying very, very quickly, Mother, & summer seems appreciably nearer than it did when I wrote two weeks ago. . . .

Our first thaw has come, a thorough January thaw. To-day the snow is almost gone & the air is spring-like. I heard a little bird singing this morning before I was thoroughly awake, & I thought or dreamed that I was off in the Desert Island where we were six summers ago. The sudden arousing & finding of myself in Göttingen was quite startling. The growth & development of five years took place in the twinkling of an eye, & I had a tangible mathematical means of discovering how much older those five years had made me. This is a queer life, isn't it?

Elliot's birthday came a few days ago, on the 25th. We had a high old time, loading a little Christmas Tree with presents, cutting a Birthday Cake, etc. In the evening we all went off to hear the play. They have quite a good little Theatre in Göttingen, built by George IV, King both of England & Hanover, & this winter, by some fortunate accident, we have one of the best companies in all Germany playing here. I spend a very pleasant evening now & then, listening to a German Drama. I hope you find no fault in this, dear Mother. You know a well ordered life must have its recreation, & here I am deprived of the manifold social pleasures which I had at home. However, I should not indulge in this enjoyment if I thought it at all hurtful. I think I get pure pleasure & solid profit by it. A theatre in this

quiet, learned little Göttingen is not like one in gay Paris or Vienna. The best people go, & there is no loose & seductive atmosphere about the place. The students go in cliques & we sit together & have rare fun. For learning German & German life, the theatre is invaluable. For solid-worth I should choose the knowledge gained from one play before that to be learned from three lectures. (In the theatre also one learns the great German Dramatists. I've heard Schiller's "Kabale & Liebe" & "Rauber," some of Benedix's comedies, etc.)

Talking about "dissipation," I may as well make a clean breast of everything now & so be at ease hereafter. Hal accuses me in his last note of smoking. I do smoke a good deal here, & have already fallen fairly into the *habit*, not from any mere conformity to custom around me but from the comfort of the thing. When a fellow is out of all sorts with the world & himself, I don't know of anything that will sooner vindicate the poor world's character & make him contented with himself than to sit down & light a good pipe & read Goethe. My two pretty pipes, each over three feet long, hang on my wall on either side of my Swiss Shirt, & I look up at them often with a great deal of pride. Really, Mother, smoking does not interfere with my duties in the least. With a cigar in my mouth I can read or write more absorbedly & better than without. (I'm smoking now as I write.) As for a social help,—when half a dozen fellows get together to talk over matters & things, what can they do but smoke? How stupid any talk would otherwise be! Strange to say I fell into the habit this summer among the Alps. In the quiet evenings & during the rainy days, when we had "nothing to do," it was very hard to stand & do nothing when the merry guides & all one's jovial companions were sitting around puffing away at the jovial cigars. But now, Master Hal, what do you mean to insinuate by wishing you had seen me just after my first cigar? If I had found smoking uncomfortable, I should not have been fool enough to persevere in it. No, my dear fellow, I never experienced the slightest trouble & my first cigar was a luxury. Nevertheless, young man, I would not advise you to learn how to pull a pipe, unless you are very studious & feel a longing after some Gemuthlichkeit, as the Germans say,—

some *comfort*, though that is not exactly the meaning of the Deutsch. In America the habit would be useless, & I mean to leave it off when I go nome—if I don't grow too much attached to it.

You see, dear Mother, I have gone through the stereotype lecture upon the use of the "weed." Every smoker finds an excuse for *his own* case & then eases himself of the responsibility of example by telling everyone else that the habit in general is bad.

I've only one more confession to make, Mother dear,—& that is no dangerous one. When our "clique" gets together once a week or so for an evening discussion, we have each our bottle of beer to fill up the cracks & keep time from getting dry. These little things are peculiarities of German life & when taken in the right way, may be found very *agreeable* peculiarities. A German student lives carelessly, comfortably, quietly & learnedly. For me the life has a sober fascination, if I may put two such words together.

Great men, both good & bad, must tell their secrets. Augustine & Rousseau both wrote Confessions! And so, Mother, this great young man must relieve himself by telling his Mother a great many stories which he might just as well have kept to himself. But I always like to stand fair & square with those to whom I owe anything, & to you I owe confidence. You understand me Mother; you know I have had some lessons in the art of taking care of myself.—Never fear.

I have not spent so much time lately on my University studies. I find them rather stupid than otherwise. Most of my zeal is expended on reading. I'm afraid to say what I've gone through & mean to go through for fear it would sound lofty. Goethe & Schiller have written enough to keep a man going half his life, & to leave Goethe & Schiller aside & talk of Lessing & Jean Paul & Heine & Uhland & Kainer & Geibel,—that would sound swelly, wouldn't it, Mother? If Mary has not read Goethe's *Hermann & Dorothea*, I want her to take it. It is short & easy & the most exquisite epic I ever read. I believe Mary was reading "Undine," just before I came away; I came across it the other day, & a

neat little thing it is. Perhaps I shall have some readings with Mame when I go home. Goethe's *Faust* & the *Walpurgis Nachts-Fraum* I take up continually. It is to me a wonderful creation.

I don't use my piano so much as I might. I have lessons twice a week & practice somewhat; but I am too fond of playing by ear rather than by note.

By the by, talking of music, I had a gay time the other night. Four University Concerts are given here every winter, alternately instrumental & vocal. Last week they had the second Concert, in which Student "Singenverein" & a choir of young ladies sang; & if you had come into the pretty little Göttingen "Museum," you would have seen J. K. on the stage in white kids & a swallow-tail, singing away or growling away on the 2nd Bass, as lustily as the lustiest. How I ever got there I don't know; it was not my own fault certainly. Now & then I sing with the students, & so suppose they thought I must sing with them before the crowd. So the American Colony got me up & sent me in to sustain the honor of the Stars & Stripes. Stephens lent me his coat & Tappan a neck-tie; & the fellows got together in one corner & sported Opera glasses & did their best to discompose the poor fellow who was trying his best to sing Deutsch, & then clapped the loudest when we were through. And when it was all over we went off & got a glass of beer. Well, well, some day or other I suppose I will look back upon Göttingen & think it was the cosiest, merriest place on earth. It *is* a pleasant place; the people are all thrown & drawn together; there is a great deal of refinement as well as learning, plenty of pretty Frauleins, & all that sort of thing.

. . . Farewell for another two weeks. May God take care of you all till I come home. I want a letter from Father.

KENT.

On February 27, 1861, he writes to his Mother:

Although it is still winter, spring has already come. We have warm May days, and the little city is quite thawed out and begins to pour itself out onto the meadows and in among

the hills that surround it. Every day you might meet parties of students in their roundabouts and gay colored caps, going through the town gates on their way to some of the ruins in the neighborhood. These good easy German students, what a merry life they lead! German comes right gay to me now."

I have the same hopes and desires for this world and the next that I had when I left home, and my belief in my early teachings has been rendered only more sure and safe. . . . Once I was afraid to look at the teachings of the unbelieving and worldly wise. I clung to my religion but dared not turn round and look the enemy in the face for fear that he might prove too strong for me. I believed, but with the thought that I was not believing quite fairly, and with the foreboding that some day a struggle might come. Now I have met the adversary in my own heart, and find him not so terrible as I expected he would show himself. I feel all the safer now. Does this seem strange to you, dearest Mother? Is it not as it ought to be? . . .

I want to come home, Mother, in time to pass a last vacation with you all before you have left Sunny Slope and the dear people who live around it. Moreover, I want to say good-bye to all my old classmates at Harvard, before they part and scatter all over the wide country. I want to meet them on Class-Day around the old elm tree by Hollis Hall. . . .

Father proposed in his last letter that I should make a translation of Krummacher's Sermons on the "Song of Solomon." I should like very well to undertake something of the kind if I were to stay here long enough to do justice to the work.

I shall probably leave Göttingen for good at least as early as the 25th of May.

I know I am better fitted to go out into the world than if I had stayed at Cambridge. What I have lost in Metaphysics

I have gained in common sense. When you look towards Harvard, Mother, don't feel regret that I did not stop to deliver the Valedictory, and all that sort of thing; remember the compensation. Think of my grand experience in Europe, of my mastery of German, of the knowledge I have of the ways of thinking in this aged quarter of the globe, and of my own good health and spirits. . . .

All along my way, sweet Mother, I have been looking steadily forward to the end, and now that the last turning has so nearly come, and I shall soon be "homeward bound," my heart refuses to be patient. Thank you, *thank you* for being so kind and loving in your last letter.

Soon came the news of war, and Kent was off to fight for the greatest cause of modern times.

By the by [he adds], those "blue shirts" remind me of something which I ought to have told before. The Americans here have got up a Baseball Club. They took my Swiss shirt for their uniform, and now every American in Göttingen has a facsimile of my dear old blue jacket, down to the very button which Margie McCulloh sewed on it. And now good-bye, dear Mother. We will leave all talk about the war, and fighting & volunteering until I get cosily settled down in your midst once more. Love to all.

May 7th, 1861.

You may well imagine, my darling Mother, in what a state of excitement our little colony of Americans has been kept during the last ten days by the war news from home. It is hard for me to stay out my allotted time in patience. I thought I should be the first American to leave Göttingen, but I may be the last. Love of Fatherland has been doing strange work among our countrymen who are students here; it has scattered passion for study & zeal for literary distinction to the winds, & everyone is now longing only to go home & share the fate of his friends & brothers. Not that we poor fellows

can do much good among the crowd,—perhaps you have enough & to spare already at hand,—but, we all have the same feeling with those at home, the same patriotism & indignation at insult & we cannot bear to be living quietly by ourselves thousands of miles away from the stirring scenes where all our hearts are present.

The news that Fort Sumter had been taken came on the 27th of April. It was at once circulated, & all the Americans came together to look in each other's faces & give vent to their indignation. We did not break up till two o'clock at night. The next day, Collins, *our patriarch*, & the oldest man here, decided to go home & in 24 hours he was off. He will probably be a surgeon in the army. To-day *Greene* goes. He is from Providence. All his friends have gone with Gov. Sprague to Washington & his sister is making lint bandages. Tappan's father has written to him to stay here, & the poor fellow does not know what to do. He does not want to disobey orders, & yet to stay here is torture. Slocumb will probably be off in a few weeks. So will Smith & perhaps McClintock & Harvey. Boggs is going too, but he is bound for South Carolina. He is the only Southerner in Göttingen. He himself cannot give an excuse for the treachery of his State,—(yet he goes to take her side). Harry Tiemann here is the nephew of the late Mayor of N. Y. & a private in the famous 7th regiment. He has a letter to-day saying that the 7th had gone to Washington & that his place had been filled by a friend. The poor fellow nearly cried when he heard it, & he wrote instantly, begging that he might be allowed to come home & do his duty.

In short, dear Mother, in a few weeks, there will be scarcely an American left in town. Some of the fellows may go in the same vessel with myself. . . .

So, dear Mother, whichever way I come, expect to see me among you by the middle of June. I trust that a safe return will be granted me, for I long to be with you all. My heart yearns more, far more, to be among my family than in my country,—& that is saying a good deal.

My home letter from Mary & you came all right last week. Father's photograph was very acceptable. Elliot brought me

from England a picture of President Lincoln of the same size and style as Father's, & I have had them framed & hung side by side. Three cheers for Father, & three cheers for Lincoln!

Harvey has just come to see me & is now in my room. He is from Virginia & the latest accounts say that the State is out of the Union, & communication with N. Y. cut off. He has got no money & doubts whether he will get any, & he declares he will sell his watch & books & go home on the proceeds. He is not a "traitor," however, thank Heaven! . . .

Well, dear Mother, good-bye. God keep you all till we meet. Love to all, especially to dear Father.

In all human probability, I shall write as usual two weeks from this day. I hope this letter will catch this week's steamer.

The kind German Frau, in whose house Kent Stone lived, wrote to his Mother:

MADAM:

I heartily and with thanks respond to the friendly greetings of yourself and Madam your daughter, expressing at the same time, my deep regret that my valued young friend, your son, will now soon leave us forever; I part from him with the hope that he will sometimes remember his motherly friend in Germany.

Your hither-sent pictures have only increased the kindly interest for you which already lived in our hearts, and I confess I would gladly keep the pictures here, but Mr. Stone loves them so much, he will give away none of them.

Could I converse with you in the English tongue, I would permit myself to write longer, but as it is, I will only add the request that you will commend me to M. your husband, & give my friendly greetings to your dear children, large and small.

Farewell, honored lady, and may God keep you all in these anxious and disturbed times under His Almighty protection, is the sincere wish of your devoted,

H. H.

This summer at the German University was a very happy period in Kent Stone's life. He looked back to it in after years with interest and pleasure, for he was care free, though it is easily seen that his sensitive, fine nature was awakening to the deep responsibilities of life, which he was to undertake so soon, and meet so bravely.

Although he had entered Harvard in the Class of '60, he rated himself with the Class of 1861. He took part in class exercises, and wrote the class poem. The tributes from his old friends and the few survivors among his classmates show that he was strongly loved. "Neither time nor chance, nor change ever shook the affection of those congenial spirits."

After completing his course at Harvard he became an instructor at Dixwell's Latin School, being then in his twenty-first year.

Among his pupils was the late Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, who made his preparation for Harvard at this School, and who wrote that as a small boy he was very fond of him, "for he was always kind to the boys and very considerate."

CHAPTER IV

The Civil War, Marriage, and Kenyon College

MR. HARRISON FAY of Brookline was a generous member of the Episcopal Church, having erected St. Paul's Church of which Mr. Stone was Rector. His daughter, Cornelia Fay, had long been specially congenial to James Kent Stone. She must have been singularly charming, graceful and accomplished, and was a very fine musician, and her letters show her earnest religious faith. When Kent Stone had become a very old man, he wrote to his daughter, Frances, and told her the story of his friendship for her Mother, and it is easy to see how that friendship ripened into deepest affection. In this letter he encloses a poem sent him by a friend of his boyhood to whom he had given a copy immediately after writing it. Its simplicity is appealing, and there is a quaint Victorian atmosphere about it. What modern youth of eighteen would write the like after such an evening! There is a gentle romantic old world sweetness in this beginning of a courtship, and the octogenarian missionary reading it over must have felt that the dawning of Heaven about him was some reflection from that transcendent evening when his soul felt the rapturous nearness of eternal things.

I think it strange that the enclosed should have come today. We, some of our family, were spending the summer vacation of 1858 at Campton, N. H., a hamlet in the White mountains,

and Miss Cornie Fay, as she was then called, was with us. I was a sophomore at Harvard, Miss Fay was voluntary organist of our Church at Brookline, a gem of a church. We had a quartette choir (the Fays were all very musical), Jim sang tenor and I, the bass. One evening in August towards sunset, I took Miss Fay for a row on the lake in the mountains. I never knew a more exquisite evening. Very few words were spoken. There was no sentimentality or romance about it. It was intense religious feeling on both sides. When we got back to our farm house I went to my room and wrote the verses, sitting up rather late I remember. Before leaving Campton I told Miss Fay that I had written verses about our excursion on the lake and she begged for them.

The gorgeous sunset, with its golden arrows,
The still, clear water, sleeping deep below,
The silent forest, with mysterious shadows,
The air, that breathes with an unearthly glow;

Yes! everything—around, beneath, above me—
Is breathing joyous, rapturous hymns of praise
And opening visions, that with glimpses move me
Of glories that attend eternal days.

And yet while peace and joy their crown are weaving,
There is a sadness silently within,
A voiceless longing, all my spirit heaving,
That asks for brighter glory, yet unseen.

Why saddened? Why this solemn spirit-heaving—
This smothered yearning still ungratified?
Why is it that, while peace is round me breathing,
There is a void, some wish unsatisfied?

Deep in my heart is not a whisper sounding,
That tells me I am weak, unlike my God—
Not pure and spotless as the things surrounding,
That rise a perfect temple to their Lord?

What is it? Is it not the soul's deep longing
To rise and grasp its immortality.
To live a life not yet to it belonging,
And feel the unseen a bright reality?

O, is there not a kindred spirit-feeling,
That strikes a chord in my still heart's abode?
Doth not my soul, in saddened silence kneeling,
Thus pray for freedom from her chilling load?

I know that myriad mercies showered 'round me
Bid me my gladdest notes of joy to raise—
I know that God's free grace in Love hath bound me,
And Jesus' Cross demands my life-long praise.

But O! for nobler powers to adore Him!
For notes unclogged by fleshy taint within!
To feel the earthly barrier melt before Him,
And be unshackled, undebarred by sin!

When with angelic fire I am impassioned,
Then shall my craving heart be gratified—
When I awake in God's own likeness fashioned,
Then only shall my soul be satisfied.

Then as a Proem I wrote the Little Lines:

Perhaps—when many a long, long year
Has rolled its changes by,
And you and I are drawing near
The same bright home on high,

When memories of earlier days
Are growing dim at last,
And time's obscuring mantle lays
Its covering o'er the past,

Perhaps you'll find these verses, where
Forgotten they have lain,

And thoughts which long have slumbered there
Be called to life again,

Perhaps hereafter I shall have
One bright thought more from thee,
Because I've humbly tried to give
What thou did'st ask of me.

August, 1858. J. K. S.

Miss Fay was very intimate with Miss Emily Daniels, afterwards Mrs. Longfellow; some of her letters to this friend have been preserved. They show in an artless way the beauty of her nature. Writing from Mt. Desert in 1857, she says,

This summer has passed off like a dream to me—beginning as it did with one great and stunning event and then before time was allowed for even a realization of that, a group of merry friends coming down upon me with a thousand objects of attention and distraction, then other and new arrivals with fresh interests, and then hurrying fast upon their departing footsteps, before the echo even had left, this new and sudden start for Mt. Desert.

and again,

One thing alone seems to come ever above the confusion, one undying image rises solemnly above all others, and when I stop to ask why, I can never get an answer, yet it must not be, and I must banish it.

And again, writing the following summer,

Summer! Summer! isn't it a glorious time, Emily? full of softness—full of harmony—full of enjoyment. Even you gentle and silent must be rapturous in the golden sunlight, the wonderful shadows, the soft air around you. . . . And isn't it very nice to have a group of lovely girls around you? to

hear the mirth of a free laugh and to turn silently and enjoy nature with such surroundings? Verily I believe if ever a happy mortal lived, 'tis your friend, C. F. How in the world it happens that my home is in Brookline—that my companions are among Eve's loveliest daughters, that all my associations are so pure, so unalloyed by sorrow or pain, I know not. Sometimes it fills me with awe, this unspeakable fullness of blessings. I can never be duly grateful when the thought arises, "What am I?" Oh Emily! then with deepest humility I find how accountable I shall be for all this earthly happiness, and I shrink as I think of my careless worthlessness, do help me Emily, let us try to walk more steadily and draw nearer day by day to our Savior. This is my earnest desire. Oh! for strength to continue therein—I am possessed with a desire to go to the mountains this summer but don't like an invitation I have received for the trip. The Stones are going and I would like much better to go with them.

It was not long before Miss Fay became engaged to Kent Stone, but in the meantime the Civil War had broken out, and their marriage was necessarily postponed by his entering the army. It was a time of stress. He says of his own career,

In the summer of 1862 I enlisted as a private in the 2nd regiment Mass. volunteers, then in the seat of war. I was soon promoted to lieutenant, and seemed in a fair way to do some service for the country, but shortly before the battle of Antietam I received a strain which caused a hernia and after six months of painful service I was forced to resign.

He was not the only member of his family who saw service. His brother Henry Van Dyke Stone, also a lieutenant, remained to be killed on the field of Gettysburg. He was four years his junior, and his grief for this loss was deep. It fell to his lot to search by lantern light for the body of his brother on the battlefield. He had fallen in a desperate charge. Henry had resolved to join his

brother in the army the previous summer instead of returning to Yale. His Mother's parting words were, "Kent, look after Hal and bring him home safe." It is said that the order to storm a strategic position held by an entire brigade was owing to a blunder. The Lieutenant Colonel, Mudge, in command of the 2nd regiment questioned the messenger, "Are you sure that is the order?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well," said he, "it is murder, but it is the order, up men over the works, forward! double quick!" They returned steady as if on parade, but of the twenty-two officers, ten, and of two hundred and ninety-four men, one hundred and twenty-four lay dead on the field.

Lieutenant Kent Stone served but six months as private and as officer. By the habit of his mind he was not intent on entering military service, he had the ministry in view, besides at the outbreak of the war, the serious nature of the struggle was not universally apparent, and the need for enlistments seemed not to be great, but, when in July, 1862, the President called for three hundred thousand men, the duty to join the colors came home to him with great force. His decision to enlist was a heavy blow to his parents and to his fiancée. They bore themselves with fortitude, accepting the sacrifice, as did myriads of others who saw with anxious hearts the finest youth of the country go forth to battle.

Miss Fay's state of mind appears in her letter, written to Miss Mary Stone:

You will forgive my long silence when you know the dark valley of doubt and anxiety I have been through these last two weeks. You have probably heard through others that Kent finally decided to go off to the army and Hal too—Poor Kent, how wretched and worn he looked last night! It had been such a hard day for him. He had said good-bye to his Mother and the two little boys and Will and had found me un-

James Kent Stone

Aged 19 years

From a class photograph, Harvard, 1861

avoidably miserable and my heart aches now to think of his expression when he left. I have been on the whole rather good, and gave my consent long ago, but my judgment and my heart say a clamorous no, all the time, and so I can't cheer him on. Hal, dear fellow, looks pale and composed through it all. That was a strange sad visit they made to Conway to get your father's consent, so hurried, yet so deeply sad and solemn—God help us all, Mary. This life is not all sunshine and surely this is no ordinary cloud.

In another letter she says:

Since Tuesday I have not seen Kent, but he is still at Camp Cameron. Once they started and got as far as the gate of the camp when the order was countermanded. They chafed terribly at the delay, but there was nothing to do but bear it. And so you want to know about the last few weeks—what centuries they seem! In the beginning I thought my head had actually become waters, and mine eyes fountains of tears, now my grief is spent,—it seems to me, as Tennyson says, "like a statue solid set and moulded in colossal calm," besides I have reached a very different state of feeling. To me now all is right. I would not have it otherwise. I would not trust the happiness which follows an effort to stifle noble impulses in a noble man, and would bring him down to my sole service. He must not stay by my side, while stronger claims are disregarded. I should lose my own self respect, as he would his, if it had been so. I suppose you have heard through others of a meeting at the town hall, where he was called out and said a few stirring words of appeal which brought down a storm of applause, and that the enlistments which had followed count now eighty-five, and this in less than a week. Poor fellow! If the acclamations of outsiders and the consciousness of self-sacrifice can bring happiness he ought to have it.

Kent Stone joined the regiment on August 7, 1862, just after the battle of Cedar Mountain. In the *Record*

of the 2nd Mass. Infantry by its chaplain, Alonzo Quint, whose account of the death of Colonel Mudge and Lieutenant Henry Van Dyke Stone has already been quoted, this record is made for August 19th, 1862.

It was a pleasant sight that evening when ninety good looking recruits filed in under Sergeant Stone, (now Professor in Kenyon College) and the roll was called by the light of a candle. They were wanted.

The disastrous campaign of the Army of the Potomac, from Cedar Mountain to Antietam, is a matter of history. The 2nd Mass. Regiment, as an integral part of the Army had its share in the movements that finally culminated in the drawn battle of Antietam, fought on the 17th and 18th of September, 1862. The stubborn character of this battle is shown by the casualties. The Union losses were 12,410, the Confederate 10,172. Although Kent Stone was wont to make light of his brief military service; to have been a participant in this battle alone, and to have acquitted himself with gallantry gave him a right to the title of soldier. Any one who has visited the beautiful country where it was fought and given even a superficial examination to the position of the troops will see that it was a supreme test of heroism.

General McClellan in command of the Union Army had superiority of numbers, but Lee was fighting with his back to the Potomac, and to save his army had to use every available man, and fight with the same desperation that distinguished his troops whether in the offensive or defensive during the whole arduous war. History, notwithstanding his failure at Gettysburg, has placed Lee high on the roll of great commanders; and, notwithstanding the limitations that clouded his career, McClellan will always be recognized as an exceptionally able officer and an organizer of the first rank. Both men

were idolized by their soldiers. The regimental historian from whom we have already quoted describes the arrival on the battlefield thus:

On the fourteenth at midnight we again, though tired with sixteen hours on the road, dinnerless and supperless, cross and cold, laid down to rest on the slope of some mountain. All day we had heard the war of artillery. Moving on suddenly McClellan appeared. As the column moved to the side of the road, caps flew into the air, and shouts and cheers rolled up as from one man. At night we went to sleep, but at about 10 P. M. came low quiet orders to make ready to move instantly. Fell in, across the Antietam; got a little wet in the rain, laid down in the darkness on the border of the bloody ground which was the next day to be immortalized as Antietam. It was grey dawn and misty when the rattling fire of skirmishes broke the last slumber of thousands.

It would seem that the 2nd Massachusetts was among the regiments which bore the brunt of the battle. They lost their Colonel Dwight, who fell mortally wounded. Kent Stone helped to carry him off the field. A fourth of the regiment fell.

The main work of the 2nd for the day was done. In the evening a Brigade was moved to the support of the battery somewhere and there passed the night. The line had been sadly shortened. The morning sun looked down on the dying and the dead. Would it witness a renewal of the fight? The struggle of the day before had been the combat of two mighty athletes in which neither had actually overthrown the other. Nothing was done that day, but orders were given to renew the attack at daylight, but when morning came the enemy had recrossed the river. The army moved to the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry.

Although McClellan's campaign, his last, for he was soon relieved of command, was not entirely success-

ful since Lee escaped with his army intact, the invasion of the North was ended. On September 22nd, Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation. Kent Stone fought as a private at Antietam. He was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant in November. During the winter that followed, with his companions in arms, he suffered greatly from the campaigns in inclement weather. On one occasion at Fairfax Station, they were exposed for nine days, shelterless, in the bitter cold. We have to turn to the correspondence between Miss Fay and her future sister-in-law, Mary Stone, for scanty details of the events of this trying winter. She says under date of December 13th, 1862:

You must very likely have heard before this, that the winter quarters are broken up at Sharpsburg, and the regiment has now joined Life Reserve Corps at Dumfries, or Centreville, or Manassas. Even while Kent writes he says, "There I see our regiment filing along the other side of the river." He had gone to Harper's Ferry to wait for it. He says they have seven days' rations. He says I am not to be worried. They are not going to fight. That he is well and in good spirits, etc.

And again during the same month she writes:

I inclose Hal's letter of last week. Since then I have had a long letter from Kent at Fairfax, written at two different times, and showing Kent before and after the battle. The first sheet was hopeful, and making light of the hardships they had encountered and bravely endured. The second was weary, disappointed and dull enough. The march was the roughest thing they had had. The first day the rain soaked them through and through; the second their blankets froze and the coats on their backs; the third they were ordered to turn back to Fairfax with all possible speed because of Burnside's terrible defeat. Kent is not well and talks rather dolefully of all things. He says there is a rumor among the men

that McClellan is to be reinstated which roused their spirits somewhat; "but only a little." Alas, alas, since Hal was sent around to Aquia Creek I have heard nothing from him. I suppose he will be forwarded back, and will turn up here before many days. "An officer's life has all the advantages that I had hoped. On the march the hardships are as great, and the food as coarse as in a private's life, but the companionship is always good, and I am under no galling restraint. We were worried at times by Guerillas, but always repulsed them with trifling loss on our side. We marched just as we did last summer, sleeping on the ground with only a blanket, and a good fire to warm us; no tents." There were two letters in my envelope, written on the 15th and 18th, both "bivouac in the woods," the second, "a cold windy day, and everything uncomfortable." "I write in the greatest possible haste."

There is a story of his being a member of "a lost Battalion." It does not appear whether or not he was in command. They were cut off and hopelessly outnumbered, but with the order not to surrender, but to fight to the last man. By an ingenious ruse they succeeded in misleading the enemy.

It will be seen from the foregoing account that Lieutenant Stone's military services were no holiday affair. When it is considered that he was undergoing severe disability, and that he bore up till he could stand no longer, it is easy to foreshadow the manner in which the young man of twenty-two laid the foundations for the heroic endurance of his after life. When it was no longer possible for him to be of service he resigned his Commission in January, 1863. His sorrowful search for his brother on the field of Gettysburg six months later was his last personal experience with the activities of the war. In all the qualities of soldiership he showed himself proficient. Courage, patience, obedience, an ardent patriotism, added to a natural military carriage developed by moun-

tain climbing and athletic games, would have marked him in any company as fitted to command.

The virtues developed by the training of a soldier are very great. From the necessity of the case, he must be quick to meet emergencies, calm and resourceful, in times of crisis, self-controlled and forbearing to those under his command, respectful to his superiors, and ready to fulfill their orders with unquestionable loyalty to the full measure of his power.

War for conquest is unpardonable; its consequences are far reaching and demoralizing to the victor in perhaps a greater degree than to the vanquished; but war in defence of a principle of justice calls for the ready obedience of every citizen and developes in the individual the finest qualities of human nature. The Civil War in America was the greatest of modern times until the last great cataclysm of 1914. The weapons of destruction have been so perfected that scientific machinery has taken the place in large degree of individual initiative. The frightful carnage of the last war presages still greater in the next, unless sanity once more assert itself. A shuddering world is seeking some means to avoid the destruction of modern civilization from the conflicting passions of the differing national groups, and seeks in vain because all of its schemes are based on some form of commercialism.

The Civil War in America was provoked by the same selfish motives as the last great war, a ruthless greed of power seeking to extend human slavery, which the free spirit of the North and West resisted. It is no disparagement of the gallant officers and men of the Confederate Army to say that had they succeeded, the ideals of the founders of the American Republic would have been obscured perhaps forever. The reunited country recognizes this truth while North and South and East and West join in acclaim for the soldiers of both armies. The period of the Civil War in America was followed by

the dark days of Reconstruction. For ten years it seemed as if civil liberty had been lost, but eventually time brought about reunion. The problems now are serious enough, but we may hope that as our country came safely through the trying years of reconstruction, so the different, but even more dangerous trials of class enmity will eventually be ended on a basis of individual freedom under constitutional guarantees. It is easy enough after the lapse of fifty years to see how great were the political errors of the statesmen of the Civil War period, and so the future historian, when the mists of passion are blown away, will appraise the relative responsibility of the actors in the terrific drama of the World's War. Like Kent Stone there was many a soldier in the European Armies who received an education in the school of destruction which will serve him well in that of construction. Although not yet formally enrolled in the ministry, he felt himself consecrated, and awaited only till the expiration of the appointed time to put on the uniform of a soldier of Christ. He was in spirit of the same class as those devoted priests of all orders whose record in the late war was a glory to the Church and a confusion to her enemies.

In speaking of his past, Kent Stone said that he could not remember at any time when he had any other plan of life than that of the Ministry, therefore when he entered the Army it was in no spirit of adventure, but with the same loyalty to conscience that marked him in all the relations of life.

In January, 1863, immediately after his return from the Army, he was appointed assistant professor of Latin at Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio. He had received his degree from Harvard as Bachelor of Arts. He pursued his studies in divinity and was finally ordained at Kenyon as a presbyter in the Episcopal Church. He was raised to the post of Professor of Latin at Kenyon at the Commencement of 1863, and, during the same year on

the 26th day of August, he was married to Miss Cornelia Fay, the ceremony being performed by his father at Brookline. The young people began life very simply. Writing to her brother a short time before her wedding, Miss Fay says:

But to come back to reason, the obstacle in K's mind seems to be only the means. I think he dares not plainly ask me to come from ease and elegance here to straightened means and only his love out there; and he dares not hope it enough to ask it lest he should be disappointed, and that he says he could not bear again;—disappointed I mean not by me alone, but by interference and insinuations from others which he knows his limited means would compel him to endure. Don't you pity him? But he thinks with his eight hundred dollars economically saved and five hundred dollars he has in the Bank, he may safely and defiantly claim me next year. But I can see, can't you, that the thirteen hundred dollars with hoarding through the year, and with my assistance in fitting up the house at the end of it, would be the better economy, and would save a year's unnecessary suffering. Shall I tell him this? Poor fellow! Inexperienced to the last degree, longing for me, yet feeling his inability to ask me to come. Shall I not comfort him? I am not impatient to assume any of these responsibilities, but if God sends them to me this Fall, I believe there are few who would do more for love's sake than I would. Yes, I am rather impatient, too, in a way. I long to put an end to much that will only be ended in this way, and I cannot endure to think of a year's separation. I am not ignorant of the trouble that may come if this earnest wish were granted, and so I dare not ask for present ease, lest worse sorrow should come after. How much of mystery enshrouds my life. But I have, I believe, learned to trust in a kinder, wiser Power, which hard experience has proved to be mercifully my friend. "Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him." So I school myself to ask nothing, and try to believe I want nothing in my own way, nothing in any way but what He sends me. So if I am to be left alone here

this Fall, why I will endure it as bravely as may be, and if I am called to a different position and a new life, I will endure that, too, more bravely. Do you sometimes think me rather a nonchalante fiancée? Kent doesn't, I imagine. He could be so preeminently improved in health and strength and happiness, if he should take me with him this Fall, that I am half tempted to recommend it to him. He takes life and its vicissitudes hard, and he is so loving and clinging in his nature, that it is a most cruel discipline to him to be alone. Nothing but his high honor and his solicitude for me would strengthen him for his deed of heroism, but all this time there may be yet other obstacles which I know nothing of. I only know that he suffered acutely in the one interrupted talk for ten minutes on Saturday, and that this was the only impediment he had time to mention.

Evidently it seemed wisest that the marriage should take place without long delay, for shortly after Kent's return from his sorrowful mission to the battlefield of Gettysburg, it was celebrated August 26, 1863, and the new life began at Gambier. The young wife, under date of September 4th, 1863, writes to her brother from Gambier:

We had a rather fatiguing journey out here, but arrived in great spirits for a splendid sunset Saturday evening. Mr. Morrison's carriage was at Mt. Vernon to meet us and soon we were off to Gambier. You don't know what a picturesque river the Kokosing River really is,—(so like the Peringewesset) and the pleasant wooded hills and broad intervale meadows and the fine castle-like buildings, with their turrets and battlements, and the enticing woodland paths in and out threading their way around. You would enjoy them just as you and I know how to enjoy all these things. The society, too, so far as I have seen it, is intelligent, and our rooms are homelike and tasteful and comfortable, and everything wins me to love my new home, even if my much loved Kent were less kind and attentive than he is;—but James, you needn't fear what you have often hinted at, that I shall lose my

attachment to the East; both East and West are now my homes, and I shall always be happy in either if we are together, K. and I.

The first child of the young pair was born on July 1st, 1864. She was named Cornelia for her Mother, but her Father called her Nellie. She was baptized on the 6th of November, 1864, by the Rev. Archibald Morrison, her father's half brother, and colleague in the faculty of the College. Not long after, the family moved to Park Cottage. Writing to her sister-in-law, Miss Mary Stone, the young mother describes with enthusiasm her new surroundings, and says of her husband:

He has changed so much in some ways, and he always improves if possible with every change. Externally his beard and moustache make him look the pater familias, besides giving him a full sort of manliness. I think it has been quite an advantage to him to be a Prof. too. It has added dignity and composure of style, and it is so becoming to him to be happy. Prof. Lang remarked to him one day that it was really a treat to come in contact with such a case of absolute happiness as Prof. Stone's. There are not many I fear, who can record such a year of married life as we can, blessed in every way. And Gambier makes such a pleasant home. We both liked it from the first. Now Kent says there is not a person here whom he is not glad to meet, which shows the right state of things. Kent's garden is said to be about the most successful one on the hill; he has watered it so much through the dry season at night, and we do enjoy the vegetables so much. Shouldn't you think we might? Can't you fancy Kent's satisfaction at his own table now-a-days?

A second daughter was born in November, 1866, and received the name of Ethel. Her mother writes:

As to the name Ethel, we had discussed all the female names on record and discarded all, one by one—Ethel, among the

number; but one day we came back to it, as on the whole a fine and, (though uncommon now-a-days), an ancient and honorable name. It is good old Saxon, and means "noble," and though I rather objected to the "Athelstane" sound at first, I came to admire it greatly at last. I am very glad to see it meets with such general approval, and I only hope my second daughter may fit the name.

Of course there came to the young mother the inevitable trials of children's illness. In March, 1867, she writes of an attack of erysipelas which nearly resulted fatally to Nellie:

I never in my life have had a calm conviction of Divine Presence and sustaining grace equal to this. It seemed to me sometimes as I quietly sat and watched and ministered to little Nellie all through the night and day that we were not alone, and when I felt that I could not go through such another twelve hours, and just asked for a breathing spell, it was *sure* to come, it never once failed and I was perfectly cheerful too, all through; only once,—one day I felt very much depressed and hopeless, and when towards night Kent came into the room I went and sat in his lap and buried my face in his neck, fairly breaking down, when to our surprise and inexpressible relief Nellie broke through her stupor and sobbed out "I want to be petted too." Oh! what a relief! That seemed the turning point to me. She certainly improved from that time. . . .

Gambier is still very dear to me, and I dread the day for our departure. How do you like K's sermon? He has been almost too much complimented on it. Of the three hundred copies which were struck off, only fifty remained, the day of its appearance, at night.

There were troubles at Gambier in College circles to which Mrs. Stone makes reference in May, 1867:

We have, as you know, been half thinking of breaking up here and going East for good, but Kent has written to the

board of Trustees and to Bishop McIlvaine accepting the mathematical chair, so we are bound to our dear little home here a while longer, and I am heartily glad of it. I do love Gambier right dearly and almost everybody in it. We have had a commotion here of late, which has been exciting and unpleasant, but I guess it will die a natural death, and I hope out of its grave good results will spring. In this connection I want to tell you how gratifying has been the anxiety shown by everybody, especially the old residents here, to retain us. It has shown quite the depth of affectionate interest we never expected to receive.—Kent has preached at Sandusky and Cleveland the last three Sundays. He comes home almost regularly feeling headachy and poorly. It does not seem to be so much the preaching as the riding. I never saw a person with such a distaste for every kind of locomotion except walking, and I shall begin to add this latter too if he shows a little more of his present indifference to it. "He isn't right somehow" to use his own words. It is not hard work either that has pulled him down, for he has lead a very easy, rational, comfortable life this winter, nor is it mental disquiet or any such thing, for it dates farther back than this stormy state of affairs can reach. Well, we shall see.

The routine of professorial life, and sidelights upon the college events may be found here and there in his wife's correspondence with her sister and her intimate friends. Thus in one letter she writes of Kent:

Getting through his fourteen recitations a week and Hebrew besides without the slightest difficulty.

She speaks of his half brother and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Morrison living just opposite, and being extremely pleasant, and of a visit of Miss Bessie Stone, Kent's only sister, of the commencement of 1866 passing off delightfully, of Kent being ordained Deacon with three others from the Seminary the day before; of his preaching in Mt. Vernon, and reading the service two or three times in

Mrs. James Kent Stone

née Cornelia Fay

1863

Gambier. On the 31st of October, 1867, she writes of Kent:

He is churchy as ever, and takes pleasure in his stand. I tremble and quake occasionally for his audacity in being so decidedly different from all the influences here, but he is doing the Church's work bravely.

And again:

Kent is certainly doing audacious things with his different tone of churchmanship from the late influences here. Already scandal has arisen about him, and various pious eyes and hands are devoutly raised in consternation and pitying voices exclaim, "What next." But it is no use to deny or overlook the improvement visible in the appearance of the Church and around the town and in the classrooms of the students. Also the college faculty work delightfully together, and all is going on most swimmingly, but meanwhile my active and ambitious husband is chafing at his seclusion here and longing to get out more into the arena of church life. Just now there is much going on in the Church. It calls for no uncertain sound, and I can see that Kent really *pines* for an active part in the field. I cannot predict our future.

The sidelights upon his career as Professor and President of Kenyon College must be supplemented by an account of that Institution. It took its rise in the mind of Philander Chase who was consecrated Episcopal Bishop of Ohio on the 11th of February, 1819, being then in the forty-fourth year of his age. Bishop Chase was in every respect a very remarkable man. He was born in Cornish, N. H., where he spent his youth. He was first a missionary in western New York, stationed in Poughkeepsie, and afterwards removed to New Orleans. He was the first Protestant minister in the State of Louisiana. It is said in the Kenyon College book:

After five years of hard and successful labor, he removed again to the North and for six years was a minister in Hartford, Conn., but Philander Chase was a man too restless, too ambitious, too great to remain long contented in any quiet and peaceful nook; he craved the contests and the storms of life, so early in the Spring of the year 1817 he "resolved not to build upon another man's foundations." He started for what was then the far west—the newly admitted state of Ohio—He began his work with rare earnestness. No pecuniary support had been provided. Indeed for several years all that he received for his public ministrations was not enough to pay his postage; so to gain his daily bread he had to become a tiller of the soil.

He made his home at Worthington, Ohio, and there conceived the idea of building up an institution of learning, mainly to educate ministers for the work of the Church in the West. His son suggested that as favorable mention had been made of his missionary work in an English Journal, pecuniary aid might be obtained from the old country. His Bishop adopted the idea, and arrangements were made for his son to visit England, but as he was prevented by ill health, the Bishop went himself, notwithstanding opposition from the venerable Bishop White of Pennsylvania who feared the criticism that might follow. He observed with no little force: "What countenance will be given to the odium which some would fain cast upon our Church as in a state of dependence on another church incorporated in a foreign State?" Bishop Chase brushed aside these and other objections, and went himself on his mission. When he arrived in England he found further opposition had developed on the part of the Bishop of New York. It is said that his first success came from Wilberforce, whose attention was attracted to him by the fact that he had manumitted a slave whom he had owned in New Orleans. Wilberforce had heard the story from a member of Par-

liament named Butterworth, who himself was a strong anti-slavery man.

Emancipation of the West India slaves was then under discussion. Butterworth became an ardent friend and introduced Bishop Chase to others and soon subscriptions began to flow in. Among those who helped him were Lord Gambier, Lord Kenyon, Sir Thomas Ackland, Lady Rosse and Hannah More. He returned with $30,000, a very large sum in those days, and his idea of a theological school expanded into that of a college. He opened his school on his farm near Worthington; among his pupils being his nephew, Salmon P. Chase, afterwards the foremost anti-slavery advocate, Governor of Ohio, U. S. Senator, Secretary of the Treasury, and Chief Justice of the U. S. The Worthington Farm was intended only as a temporary site. Near Mount Vernon in Knox County, a tract of eight thousand acres of land was purchased and there Kenyon College was established. To found the college and seminary in the heart of the wilderness with the small means at his disposal tested the good Bishop's ability and patience to the utmost. It is said that for some years, it was necessary to begin with the very elements of civilization. Workmen must be gathered, land made ready for tilling, crops raised and harvested, and cabins built for shelter. In fact for some years farming, milling and merchandising were carried on in the name of the college and the institution came to be possessed of a store, a hotel, a printing office, a saw mill, a grist mill, a carpenter and a shoemaker's shop, with houses for the miller, the dairymen, and the workmen to dwell in. So e'er long the funds contributed by the English friends were spent, and the resources of the pioneer Bishop were quite exhausted. Failing in an application to Congress for a donation of public lands, the energetic prelate turned to the public at large, asking for dollar subscriptions. He wrote:

Never before on any other place have the expenses of a public education been brought within the compass of seventy dollars a year; never before has the light of science beamed thus on the cottages of the poor. This novel scheme met with success, more than $25,000 or thereabouts being subscribed.

In honor of Lord Gambier the College town received his name, and of Lord Kenyon, the College.

Lord Gambier had a distinguished career in the British Navy. He was one of the commissioners who signed the Treaty of Peace with the United States, ratified at Washington in 1815. It was said of him:

Lord Gambier was an officer of decisive benevolence and of great and unaffected piety and he labored as is well known with earnestness and success to promote religious feelings and observances among the seamen under his command.[1]

Lord Kenyon succeeded to the title and estates, although a second son of the first Lord Kenyon, Lord Chief Justice of England. He was a strong Protestant and Orangeman, bitterly opposing Catholic emancipation. He was one of the Peers who, in conjunction with Lord Roden, Lord Eldon and others, asserted his right to a private interview with George IV with a view of endeavoring to induce him to withhold the royal assent to the Bill. He was reported to be the last man in England who wore a pig tail. The story is told that on the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Bill, he was so disgusted that he cut off the pig tail, remarking that "There was nothing left to wear a pig tail for."[2] Notwithstanding his narrow attitude towards Catholics, Lord Kenyon was a man of ability and good judgment, and had the

[1] *The Kenyon Book*, page 313.
[2] *Ibid.*, page 311.

prescience to advocate, against strong opposition, the introduction of railways into England.

Owing to differences with the Faculty, Bishop Chase resigned the office of President of Kenyon College, and retired to Illinois, where he founded Jubilee College. His resignation occurred in 1831, and was accepted by the Convention, which thereupon elected Bishop Charles P. McIlvaine. Bishop McIlvaine was President in 1863 when Kent Stone became assistant Professor. No doubt his name had been suggested by his half brother, the Rev. Archibald C. Morrison, who was then a member of the Faculty.

Kenyon College, after incorporation by the Legislature of Ohio, and various amending acts, became, as it was originally designed by Bishop Chase, a theological institute and also a College for general education. It has had an honorable record, having sent many of its graduates into active life so equipped as to have attained honor and usefulness. No less than three Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States are numbered among the Alumni: David Davis, Edwin M. Stanton, and Stanley Matthews. Chief Justice Morrison R. Waite, of Ohio, and Ex-Governor John W. Stevenson, of Kentucky, were among its Trustees. Henry Winter Davis was perhaps its most brilliant graduate in Congress. Among its distinguished professors were Edward C. Benson and Francis Wharton. Professor Benson, born in Yorkshire, 1823, was the son of John Benson, barrister, who opened a railway line between Manchester and Liverpool. In 1833, his family moved to America and settled finally in Gambier in 1846. Graduating in 1849, Mr. Benson entered the Divinity School in 1850, was ordained Deacon in 1853, and became Professor of Latin and Literature in 1868. He was a warm friend of President Stone.

Another Professor of eminence was Francis Wharton, born in Philadelphia in 1820. He held the Chair of His-

tory and English Literature in 1856, was ordained in 1861, and two years later was Rector of St. Paul's Church, Brookline, Mass. Dr. Wharton gave much attention to legal authorship. He was Counsellor for the State Department during Cleveland's administration.

In ecclesiastical life Kenyon's graduates have received the highest preferment in their Church. President Hayes, himself a graduate of Kenyon, in an address delivered in 1884, at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the consecration of Bishop Bedell, who succeeded Bishop McIlvaine, speaking of the College and its founder, says:

> Sixty-five years ago Philander Chase was elected and consecrated first Bishop of Ohio, and was charged with the duty of planting and extending in this then new country the Protestant Episcopal Church. At that time our State had not a mile of artificial thoroughfare, and the very richness of its soil, which gave this region its boundless promise, made it during more than half the year, the dread of the traveller and the immigrant.

The contrast between the appearance of the tract of land which Bishop Chase chose as the site of his infant institution, as he first looked upon it, and today, when it shows the fruition of his hopes, is illustrative of the growth of institutions of learning throughout the nation. Handsome buildings, spacious lawns, a village commanding a beautiful prospect have taken the place of the almost untrodden wilderness. The charm of the residence at the College is shown by the extracts from Mrs. Stone's letters. It was no doubt with the happiest anticipation and most buoyant feeling that Kent Stone began his work at this favored place. It appears that he must have pursued his theological studies while carrying on his work as a professor at Kenyon, since he was ordained

Deacon in 1863 and in June, 1866, Presbyter of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The atmosphere of Kenyon would seem to have been from its foundation that of the Low Church party. There were many internecine difficulties in the earlier days, arising from differences of opinion as to the true scope of the institution, whether it should be exclusively theological or include a collegiate course, and as to the jurisdiction of the Bishop in directing its affairs, but we do not find any trace of the contentions between church parties up to the time when Kent Stone took his chair. There is evidence, however, that in 1867 some differences had arisen and these of a serious nature. Thus in Mrs. Stone's letter of October 31st, 1867, she says:

> Kent tells me that one of the most favorite of Dr. Bancroft's pet lambs here last year, has left his church altogether, joined the Plymouth Brethren openly, and been immersed, etc., shocking isn't it? and yet what else could be expected. Bishop Bedell, I see, is in the country again, not in Gambier, however, for some little time, but I rely greatly on him to sustain Kent in opposition to this Plymouth Brethren style of Christian, though, to be candid, I think that all that heresy has departed from Gambier with Dr. Bancroft and Mr. Newton. We hear nothing of that kind here now.

When he went to Gambier, Kent Stone was a very young man and although his fine natural powers had been developed by a very thorough course of instruction at school and at college, broadened by travel and study in Europe, he had not yet had opportunity for the deep patristic studies which he made in subsequent years. Either from his father's teaching or by his own reflections upon the origin and development of the Church of England and its daughter, the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, he seems to have held to the doctrine of a primitive Christianity.

He reconciled the reformation in England with Catholic unity on the theory that the reformers there had restored the primitive Church as it existed in its purity before Roman accretions marred and corrupted it.

With such a phase of English churchmanship he went to a college strongly imbued with Evangelical thought. It is probable that some years elapsed before he felt called upon to define his position. When finally he did so and emphasized it in the sermon to which his wife refers in one of the letters heretofore quoted, it stirred up latent antagonisms. Dr. Stone found that he was President of a college whose tone was not sympathetic. He had no doubt the fullest confidence of his Bishop and faculty in his scholarship and integrity of character, but there was a divergence in fundamental views, which would have made his continuance as President of the College distasteful to him as well as to the Bishop and the Trustees. He had held the positions of Adjunct Professor of Latin and Professor of Latin and Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, during his five years of service as well as the Presidency.

He had been ordained to the ministry and had been honored by the degree of Master of Arts from Harvard in 1868, and Doctor of Theology by Racine in the same year. He was happy at Kenyon with his congenial domestic life and an intellectual circle of friends, but his theological views separated him more and more from the controlling powers and his resignation of the Presidency and retirement from the Faculty were inevitable. He resigned to accept the Presidency of Hobart College, Geneva, New York, to which he was elected July 14th, 1868.

There were of course regrets both on his part, and among his friends of the Faculty and the students. The friendships he had formed were not broken, and during all his life he cherished happy recollections of these years.

He was coming to the close of the first period of his life, though he did not realize it. His close friend, Professor J. H. McDaniels, who was in the Junior Class at Harvard when he was there, after speaking of College days, writes:

Until 1868 I had no correspondence with Kent Stone; the intermediate years were of course occupied with his studies for the ministry, and his call to the Professorship of Latin at Kenyon, where he soon after accepted the Presidency. He was reported widely in the newspapers as the youngest man occupying such a position in the United States. I was not surprised at such a triumph. The position soon became thorny and uncomfortable for him because Kenyon was closely associated at that time with the Theological Seminary, the staff of which and the Bishop claimed the right to meddle with the affairs and the management of the College and to criticize the views of the President. This irritating relation Kent Stone would not tolerate, and very justly resigned the Presidency. His resignation caused profound regret to the members of the Faculty, who were ardently devoted to him. Soon after, he was invited unanimously and with éclat to the Presidency of Hobart, which he accepted with high hopes, carrying with him to the chair of Physics his devoted admirer, Professor Hamilton Smith, who had distinguished himself at Yale by making the first telescope ever used in the University and had also finished researches in the "Dia tomasceæ" which were known to European Naturalists. The accession of Professor Smith was a great and permanent asset for Hobart, secured entirely by the personal attraction of the new President.

Dr. Stone's resignation from Kenyon occurred in 1868, just after the June Commencement. Bishop Coxe of the Diocese of New York announced his accession in a pastoral letter in which he says:

You have been gladdened by the announcement of important and beneficial measures which have been lately set

on foot by the Corporation of Hobart College. Congratulate the Diocese upon the accession to its presidency of the Rev. James Kent Stone, with whom will be associated a corps of able professors more complete than has ever before been established in this institution!

On July 21st, 1868, Dr. Stone acknowledged the announcement of his election and replied:

With many misgivings arising from a sincere distrust of my own qualifications, I am yet led to feel that in the good Providence of God, it is my duty to accept the appointment.

The recollections of a Kenyon graduate, John Brooks Leavitt, Esq., give a student's impressions of the controversy that led to Dr. Stone's retirement. He says:

We of the student world were much pleased to hear that the Trustees had called our Latin Professor, James Kent Stone, to become the head of the Institution. He was a young man, little if any older than some of us. By his accurate, conscientious, and patient teaching, his dignified, firm, courteous bearing, his sympathies with student human nature, his treatment of the men near his own age as if they were not boys, and his treatment of us boys as if we were men —a great thing in the government of a college—he had endeared himself to us all; and we felt that Kenyon was entering upon an era of prosperity and influence when she would attract to her portals crowds of young men, as she had done before the war; and especially we, of '68, proud of our dignity of being the first Senior Class under the new President, felt that Kenyon was sure to take her place among the leading Colleges of the land. No one would then have imagined that a theological cloud, at first no bigger than a man's hand, would before one year was out, overspread the collegiate horizon. But the cloud grew, the storm came on, orthodox lightning

blazed, theological thunder rolled, and the battle of these elements resulted in doing great injury to Kenyon's future.

I well remember the first occasion when the trouble, which, as it afterwards turned out, had been brewing for some time, broke out. Prof. Stone had preached a sermon upon the doctrine of the Incarnation. To us who did not know anything about it, there was nothing harmful in its teachings—what we heard of them, which was not much—for in all probability many of us were asleep. The following Sunday a man of war appeared in the pulpit, of loud and thunderous tones, of fierce demeanor, and before long we, who were taking a gentle siesta, began to awaken to the fact that he was denouncing something or somebody. We found he was preaching upon the doctrine of Atonement. The sermon of the preceding week on the Incarnation had emphasized a point, that the Incarnation was the chief doctrine of Religion; and this Rev. Bang-the-Book was claiming that Atonement was the great doctrine. He assumed an air of "virtuous indignation," and I remember distinctly how he rounded off one of his sentences in a way which made an impression upon me that will go with me to the grave. In the nineteenth century, when differences in religious belief are no longer to be settled by anathema, this man—not of God, surely—declared in so many words that he who did not believe, as he had just been expounding, "should be damned to the lowest depths of Hell." We boys did not care much for the theology in question, but we did not like a stranger coming into our Chapel and condemning our President to flames, however mythical; and so we ranged ourselves upon the side of our President.

Into the merits or demerits of what grew into a fierce theological battle I do not propose to enter. I know we Seniors, or most of us, took great delight in the thought that not long after, we succeeded in doing—what it is doubtful if anybody else ever did—making the then Senior Bishop of the Diocese, venerable but determined man, back down. While he had the appointment of the Baccalaureate preacher, it had been the unwritten custom, for a number of years, for the Senior Class to indicate their preference, and if their choice

were a proper one, the Bishop had made the appointment in accordance with their wishes. In the beginning of our Senior year, we had communicated to the Bishop that we would be glad if he would appoint President Stone as Baccalaureate Preacher at our Commencement, and he had replied that he would do so with great pleasure. This had been communicated to President Stone, and he was at work upon his sermon. When this theological dispute broke out, we heard that the Bishop had refused to appoint Stone, and was going to name the Rev. Phillips Brooks; whereupon we held a Class Meeting, and resolved that we would not attend to, or listen to any other preacher than Stone; and as Secretary of the Class, I was deputed to write to any appointee of the Bishop's, stating the circumstances, our resolution, and that no personal discourtesy was meant, but that we had passed this resolution before any appointment had been made; having judiciously allowed this determination to leak out, it resulted that Stone preached our Baccalaureate as originally arranged.

After a while, it was whispered round that our President was going to become a Romanist. We indignantly repudiated this suggestion, denouncing it a vile calumny of the enemy; and when the fight waxed so hot that Stone was forced to give his resignation, the students were loud in their expressions of indignation. At Commencement, upon a complimentary allusion being made to him by one of the Seniors in his speech, it was a signal for a wild cheering by the students.

With this incident the writer's knowledge as to personal events at Kenyon ceases; except after the lapse of twenty years, and on his return to a class reunion in 1888, he was pained by a little episode to find still existing, at what we of the College used to call "the other end of the Hill," the evidence of the same narrow-minded spirit which drove James Kent Stone out of the Presidency of Kenyon College, and pursuing him still, finally drove him out of the Episcopal Church. Not that I defend Stone. No one was more sorry than I at his foolish perversion, for he thereby justified what his enemies had claimed. He had been elevated to a high

dignity at too early an age; he lacked balance of judgment; he, who taught logic so well, was himself illogical. Certainly his book called *The Invitation Heeded* is about the silliest trash ever put forth. But if he had been treated kindly by his theological critics at the time of his mental waverings, a different result might have happened. At least a disgraceful theological squabble would have been avoided. The episode to which I allude is as follows, and I mention it in order to make it a basis for one or two remarks as to the future of Kenyon. Morning service was being held in the Chapel prior to the Commencement (1888); at its close the President, who had conducted the service, using, among other things, a prayer for the Institution set forth by authority, announced that the procession would now form to go over to Rosse Hall for Commencement, a procession of Students, Professors, Alumni, Trustees, etc. As it was being formed, I heard a Professor in the Seminary, then just up from his knees, after supposed worship to Almighty God, say in an angry tone to a College Professor, "Is the Theological Faculty included in this invitation?" To which the other replied, "Why, certainly." Whereupon he said, "Why were we left out of the prayer then?" The idea that a Professor of theology at one end of "The Hill" should have been angry because he had not been prayed for by a President at the other end seemed to me so in harmony with the impression that I had twenty years before carried away as to the deleterious influence which Bexley Hall had ever diffused that I could not but feel that there was one of the reasons why Kenyon has not prospered to a greater extent than she has. I remember how another Professor in that Theological Seminary, while I was at Kenyon, had so used his influence against the Church of which he was a Presbyter, and whose theology he was teaching, that several of the young men under his influence abandoned their desire to study for its ministry, and went off, some to the Reformed Church, some to the Plymouth Brethren, one into the ranks of the Atheists.

And so I venture to urge, if Kenyon College is ever to do her work in this world as she ought to do it, remove the Theological Seminary. And let that "School of the Pro-

phets" find in Columbus, or Cincinnati, or Cleveland, a home where it too may grow strong and be largely useful.

A country village may be a thoroughly good place for collegiate work, but for professional training, whether in theology, or law, or medicine, a city can offer advantages which cannot elsewhere be obtained.[1]

Mrs. Stone writes to their dear friend, Mardenbro White, to ask for news of Gambier, showing her anxious state of mind just a year later.

BROOKLINE, June 22nd, 1868.

MY DEAR MR. WHITE:

I hope you have received my very grateful acknowledgment for your kindness in telegraphing and writing to me just what your generous heart told you I would want to know. You have told me more than anybody else has of Gambier, since I left it. I have a most thirsty longing to know all the details of this excited season in Gambier. If you have time, after all is over, you would delight my heart by sitting down to a minute account of everything after Bishop McIlvaine's arrival on "the Hill."

It is a sore trial to me to be here in the actual presence, and there, in mind and heart. I worry much more I believe, than I should have done if I had stayed through it all. How did the Baccalaureate go off? How does P. Brooks appear towards the Authorities? How does the Gov. stand affected? Is Mr. Stone well and contented? His letters have made me uneasy about him. Let me know if he is ill, and I will come straight back;—what a fearful pressure he has been under, for a long time, especially this Commencement week!

I commend him to your fatherly care and counsel. Oh! what a relief it will be to get out of dangerous rapids into smooth flowing waters!

Dr. Wharton took tea here last evening; I was rather amused to see how carefully he avoided all mention of Gam-

[1] *Kenyon Book*, p. 289.

bier difficulties. He only asked about the present Editorship of the W. E., and expressed unfeigned disgust at Dr. Bronson's career as Ed. He says he wrote to both the Bishops and to Dr. B. himself, speaking very plainly about the tone of the paper, and the injury it was doing itself, and the Diocese.

I suppose this letter will reach you on Thursday or possibly on Friday, but any way you will be nearly overwhelmed with business, so I mustn't make it any longer.

Please give especial love to all your family. I love them all so dearly that I can't make any distinction.

Thank you again and always for your great kindness to me and mine, and believe me,

Your very grateful friend,

C. F. Stone.

The Rev. George Franklin Smythe, D.D., writing of "Kenyon College—Its First Century"—says on pages 207 to 214 of his Manuscript, in regard to the controversy and the retirement of the young President, the following:

The strong faculty which he found when he came to Gambier held together as long as he remained, and James Kent Stone, a young man of brilliant parts, recently graduated at Harvard, was added to it as Professor of Latin. With such a group of scholars in the faculty, all living and working in harmony, and with a steadily increasing enrollment of students, the college seemed in a fair way to regain the prosperity it had enjoyed just before the war. But a spirit of criticism seems to have been abroad in Gambier in 1867, and "Fama" who cut such didos at Carthage began to scamper over the roof of Old Kenyon—always a favorite romping-place of hers. The board of trustees investigated charges made by some people of the town that "defects of a serious character exist in the discipline of Kenyon College." The Kenyon faculty in 1867 was as competent to govern the college, and was probably as alert in doing so, as at any period of the history of the College; and no doubt it would have been

better if the board had not undertaken its investigations, for there can hardly be a surer way to make trouble in a college. The committee charged with this business reported that "so far as President Short is regarded as connected with the rumors, no action is required"; as to the other members of the faculty, the need of some action seems to have been implied by this exception of the President, but nothing was said or done. However, Professor Lang had been twelve years in the faculty. He was a man of strong, admirable character —"an Abraham Lincoln sort of man," it is said—and was a remarkably good teacher of mathematics.

Upon President Short's resignation the trustees at once elected Professor Stone to succeed him. They were confident that he was the right man. He was then about twenty-eight years of age, and had since 1863 been a professor in the college. He had come to Gambier on the invitation of Bishops McIlvaine and Bedell, who recommended him as "a young gentleman of exemplary character, and promising abilities, and fine literary acquirements." He proved to have all these qualities, but also some others of which the Bishops did not dream. His administration was marked by prevalence of good order in the college. The students found him interesting, and liked him exceedingly. As President he was professor of mental and moral philosophy, subjects that give the teacher a wide field to range over, if he is disposed to do so. In his classroom President Stone began to impart teachings that were novel and surprising at Gambier; and in a sermon preached in the college pulpit, in March, 1868, he further disseminated the strange doctrines. To those who were expert in such observations he appeared to be minimizing some of the venerated cornerstones of Protestant orthodoxy, and to be leaning towards Tractarianism, which had by that time made considerable progress in the Episcopal Church, but had never showed its head at Rosse Chapel. President Stone's published sermons of that period contain nothing very inflammatory, but he cannot have failed to know that there was a great deal of highly combustible material at Gambier, and that a very small spark would set it ablaze. For thirty years Gambier had been solidly evangelical. That was its

well-known character throughout the American and English Churches. That had been its boast and its strength. It is not a question whether the President's opinions were right or wrong; he knew that they were not in harmony with the long-established theological position of the institutions, and that when the Bishops and the Board of Trustees elected him President, they did so on the supposition that he was in agreement with them in this matter. Undoubtedly, he was guided by his conscience in what he did; but it would have saved the college from a great disaster if his conscience had guided him in the opposite direction. The trouble began soon.

Doctor Bronson, ex-president of the college, and at that time a professor at Bexley Hall, was temporarily chaplain of the college, and was by no means the man to keep silent when what he regarded as erroneous and dangerous teachings were spread abroad in that college which he had known and loved almost from the day of its foundation, and had, through many years, served with whole-hearted, self-denying devotion. Under such circumstances nothing could have made him hold his peace. He at once exposed from the college pulpit, where it was his official duty to preach, the errors which he thought were contained in President Stone's sermon. President Stone, it was said, countered by suggesting to students that they might leave the chapel on Sundays, before the preaching began. Doctor McElhinney added to the disturbance by questioning Seniors about President Stone's teachings in class. There was great excitement. The students, though quite ignorant of the theological and ecclesiastical points involved, were delighted to have a rumpus in the college, and were disposed to have a share in it; and, since they liked President Stone very much, they arrayed themselves on his side. Most of the members of the faculty also sympathized with him, or at least, liked his theology of which they knew but little—better than that which prevailed at Bexley Hall; and they did not approve of the attack that was made upon him. The two bishops took up the matter; and, while reserving for mature consideration the alleged erroneous teachings of the President, they referred to the board of trustees the charges and counter-charges of discourtesy and

breach of discipline which those of each party brought against those of the other. The board was composed of men, clerical and lay, who were as fair-minded, and had as good sense as any twelve men in the Church. They were called in special session, and, having gone into committee of the whole, they discussed the subject at great length, and then rose and reported that, in their opinion, no one had intended any wrong; and they passed resolutions counselling peace.

But it is vain to cry, "Peace, peace!" when there is no peace. The Seniors asked Bishop McIlvaine to appoint President Stone to preach their baccalaureate sermon. The Bishop at first declined to appoint him; whereupon the Seniors resolved that they would listen to no other preacher. The Bishop yielded, and President Stone preached the sermon, taking as his text the verse in Jude about the duty of contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. Now, if there were any men in the world who intended to do just that thing, and thought that they did do it, it was the professors in the Bexley faculty, and the evangelical divines that flocked to Gambier at Commencement time. Under ordinary circumstances the sermon would have passed with little notice; but the circumstances were not ordinary, and, after all that had happened, there was something of bravado in the selection of such a subject, since the preacher knew that whatever he said would meet with a minute criticism that would detect and emphasize anything that might seem wrong or dangerous. The theologians who heard it understood its tendency, perhaps better than the preacher did; and they found plenty in it that was objectionable. The Seniors, however, found it very edifying. The whole thing seems boyish. The President's attitude and action were those of a boy, not of a mature man with a sober sense of responsibility; it was the boys of the Senior Class who had forced Bishop McIlvaine to appoint him preacher; and, as we shall now see, it was a boy, and a very young boy, who brought matters to a crisis.

Upon Commencement day the valedictorian, in distributing the customary compliments, spoke of President Stone in high terms, and added that he "was the victim of those who,

while professing to be advocates of religious toleration, were unwilling that it should apply to any except those whose opinions agreed with their own." Upon hearing these words the students broke out in wild cheers. That settled President Stone's fate, and he knew it. Within a few days he tendered his resignation, and the board of trustees accepted it.

Mr. Stone went directly from Gambier to the presidency of Hobart College. He held that office one year, and then entered the Roman Catholic Church. It was afterwards clear to him that he had long been tending that way, led by Providence: the Bexley professors had perceived the tendency earlier than he, but had attributed it to a different leader. He had been accompanied to Hobart by Professor Hamilton L. Smith, who had for fourteen years been one of the brightest ornaments of the Kenyon faculty. Several students also went to Hobart, some of whom were soon glad to return to their former college.

The effect of this theological outbreak was calamitous. In comparison with it the injury wrought by the Civil War was slight, for that did not disturb the internal peace and harmony of the institution, and the diminution of numbers caused by the war was in the way of being remedied by the steadily increasing enrollment. But all hopes were wrecked in 1868, and both seminary and college began to decline, until in 1873 and 1875 there were at Bexley no students at all; and in 1890 there were but thirty-three registered at the college, not all of whom were in attendance at any one time. The grammar school also felt the shock, and fell from forty-nine pupils in '67–'68 to thirteen in '75–'76, but after that recovered. The controversy when once set going swept the institution from side to side. The major theologians engaged in it were admirable men, but were more mindful of their promise to "banish and drive away from the Church all erroneous and strange doctrines" than of that other promise, to "maintain and set forward quietness, peace, and love, among all Christian people." The man who might have exercised a moderating influence was gone: Doctor Thomas M. Smith had retired from Bexley Hall in 1864, after occupying for eighteen years the chair of systematic divinity, and having, during his last

years, been designated as the "dean of the seminary." He was succeeded in his professorship by the Reverend Henry Tullidge, and he in turn by Doctor McElhinney, who also became "dean." Doctor McElhinney had previously occupied several other chairs. The Reverend L. W. Bancroft was professor of ecclesiastical history, and the Reverend Frederick Gardiner was professor of Biblical literature. All were strong men.

Trouble began at Bexley while yet Doctor Short was president of the college. The first gun in this unhappy war was fired in April, 1867, by Professor Gardiner, who astonished the board of trustees by sending them a number of communications in which he charged Professor Bancroft and McElhinney with teaching unsound doctrine. The minutes of the board do not disclose the nature of the alleged heresies, but the trustees called in all the theological professors and spent much time in examining them. The conclusion was that the charges had not been proved, and that no action was required of the board. Professor Gardiner thereupon resigned; Professor Bancroft had already done so.

After President Stone's resignation had been accepted, the board of trustees endeavored to obviate all conflicts between college and seminary in the future by providing that thereafter the offices of president of the college and dean of the seminary should be held by the same person. Some trustees were ready to go much further than this. A motion was made, and debated long and seriously, declaring all chairs at Bexley and at the college vacant. A substitute was proposed, to the effect that Doctor McElhinney and Professor Hamilton L. Smith be requested to resign—the ablest two men in Gambier, but irreconcilably, and outspokenly opposed regarding President Stone's course, Doctor McElhinney, hearing of what was proposed, sent in his resignation; but, by a vote of six to four, it was not accepted. A month later Professor Smith presented his resignation, and it was not accepted; but after he had gone to Hobart College, it was accepted of necessity.

It must have been an exceeding pain to the happy household in Park Cottage at Gambier to leave all its

attractions. A sweeter place could hardly be known. The wide avenue with its giant trees, the quiet campus, the lovely long vistas over the gently undulating country, the stately walls and chapel make a beautiful picture. The white cottage still stands where President Stone was rarely seen without one of his little daughters in his arms or clinging to his hand. Many long years after the sorrowful controversy, and after the separation, a tall and slender figure was seen wandering about this hallowed spot. President Pierce saw and knew in a moment by instinct who it was, and warmly greeted his predecessor of the long ago, bidding him welcome, and asking him to luncheon. That he was preaching a mission in the nearby Catholic Church gave Father Fidelis, the well remembered Kent Stone, an opportunity to look once more on the scene of his earthly happiness. He entered again the charming home that was his own, he pointed out the various well remembered scenes, and he stood on the spot where an Irish Cross[1] has been erected in memory of the first prayer offered at Kenyon. Reading the inscription, and realizing the present tone so different from the controversial spirit of the past, he said to President Pierce with the gentle humorous light that often came to his eyes, "Ah, if things had been in my time as they are today, you, dear Sir, might be out of your place."

[1] Erected by the Class of 1902, Bexley Hall.

CHAPTER V

Hobart College. Conversion

HOBART COLLEGE presented a field of work very congenial to Dr. Stone. Bishop Coxe was of the High Church School of Episcopalianism, with which at the time he was apparently associated, and much as he must have regretted for other reasons his severance from Kenyon, he entered upon his new duties with high hopes. In the same paper from which quotation has just been made, Professor McDaniel writes:

In June of the same year, he wrote me a cordial letter, urging me to take the chair of Greek which was left vacant by the departure of Albert L. Wheeler to the same post in Cornell University. He himself proposed to fill the chair of Philosophy which the Rev. Dr. Wilson was assuming at the request of Dr. Andrew D. White, who was adding at the same time the trump card of Goldwin Smith to his new venture. At the moment when I received Kent Stone's appeal I was just considering an enticing call to be Head Master of St. Mark's School at Southborough, Mass., with full control of all the other appointments. I had almost decided to accept this appointment when the letter arrived, tempting me with the companionship of a dear friend, and exclusive occupation in a subject for which I had a special passion and fitness. Other letters followed, so winning and full of the spirit of camaraderie in a promising work, that I decided to try my fortunes under such leadership at Hobart. I wish I

could show you these letters, the tone of which warms my heart as I recall their overflowing cordiality.

Hobart College was established in 1822. It owes its origin to the Geneva Academy, which was in operation apparently in 1800 and was incorporated in 1813.

Trinity Church of New York City granted a transfer of a small annuity, originally given to the Fairfield Academy and this was the first endowment. Geneva was one of the first settlements in Genesee Co. Under the energetic patronage of Bishop Hobart, Geneva College, as it was first named, received its permanent charter in 1825. Although the members of the Board of Trustees were of different denominations, the majority have always been members of the Episcopal Church and its Presidents, clergymen of that communion. Many of the Episcopate were its graduates. Its trustees were men of eminence, and gradually its endowments have been increased until it is now a strong institution.

Bishop Hobart chose the site of the College and his successors, since his death in 1830, have been deeply interested in its well being. Although not restricted by its charter provisions, it has always been recognized as a distinctly Episcopalian College.

In 1851 Trinity Church of New York renewed its benefactions, and in consequence Geneva College received its present name in honor of the eminent Bishop, who had done so much for its establishment.

Among its eminent graduates were: Bishops Neely, Wells, Brewer, Paret, Worthington, Gilbert, A. R. Graves, Wells, F. R. Graves, Mann, Moore, and others.

Among those who have served as Trustees, or were graduates, were James Rees, whose public service began during Revolutionary times, John Canfield Spencer, Secretary of State and of War; Henry Seymour, Mayor of Utica; James Wadsworth; Charles J. Folger, Secretary

of the Treasury; Andrew D. White; Judge James Coslett Smith, and three of his children; Rev. Morgan Dix; Bishop Arthur Cleveland Coxe; Bishop Frederick D. Huntington and many others of state and national distinction.[1]

When Dr. Stone became President of Hobart College, it was the vacation season. After leaving Gambier he had taken his wife and family to the East, to the house of her mother, Mrs. Fay, at Brookline, Massachusetts, and there she gave birth to her third daughter. Later Dr. Stone was occupied in the preparation of their new home at Geneva when he was summoned by the alarming news of his wife's desperate illness; he hastened home. In a letter to his friend, Otis Daniell, under date of February 8th, 1869, he says:

I do not know in what words to thank you for your faithful remembrance of us in these our days of trouble, nor just how to express my appreciation of the delicate generosity which changed your contribution to Hobart College from a general to a specific application to the needs of its President. You can need no assurance that your sympathy and kindness will be always gratefully remembered. I arrived here from Geneva a few days ago to find my dear wife more terribly reduced than ever. There seems to be no end to the ravages of her strange malady. Since my arrival she has been apparently slowly sinking, although it has seemed as if it were impossible for her to touch a lower point, and as if each day must be the last. We can only pray that God will sanctify his visitation to our good, to a more perfect submission to His Will, and consecration to His Service.

The end followed soon. Her death was thus noticed by the *Christian Witness and Church Advocate,* Boston, February 25, 1869:

[1] Hobart, *The Story of A Hundred Years.*

Mary and Frances O'Connor
Daughters of James Kent Stone

John Seely Stone, D.D.
Father of James Kent Stone with
Cornelia and Ethel Stone

Ethel Stone
Daughter of James Kent Stone

On Tuesday, the 16th inst., at the residence of her father, Harrison Fay, Esq., of Brookline, Cornelia, wife of the Rev. James Kent Stone, D.D., President of Hobart College, N. Y. Endowed with social fascinations the most rare, and with eminent domestic loveliness, energetic as well as patient, and gentle in the various duties imposed upon her; a most wise and tender friend, sister, daughter, mother, and a sincere servant of our Lord Jesus Christ, she now rests, after an illness of unexampled severity and distress, in the sleep of the beloved of the Lord.

On the day after her death, Dr. Stone writes thus to Mardenborough White:

Brookline, Mass., Feb. 16th, 1869.

Dear Mr. White:

You have received, I trust, my telegram announcing my dear wife's death. For some time past it has been evident what the inevitable result must be, and when at last the long sufferings ended, death came as a welcome and wished-for release.

And yet it came suddenly after all; that is to say, on the day before it seemed no nearer at hand than it had for weeks. In the last hours she appeared to be unconscious and I trust was not aware of much suffering; at the last she breathed her life out very gently. The little children are a great comfort, indeed I don't know what we should do without them.

You who knew my wife so well can know what an unutterable loss this is, and will be to me. How can I ever think of dear Gambier now without a bitter pang? For, the cause of all this mysterious suffering and derangement appears but too apparent. No one will ever know what mental pain the poor child endured under all her calm and self-possessed demeanour. Her body will be buried in Mr. Fay's lot in the Brookline Cemetery. How well I remember her saying to me more than once as we walked in the little graveyard behind Rosse Chapel, (she used to talk about her death with perfect composure) how much she wished she might be buried

in that simple, peaceful spot, and have dear old Mr. White see her to her grave. For many weeks before she left Gambier, she had a strong foreboding that she should not survive this confinement.

Thus ended Dr. Stone's married life. From the letters that have been preserved, from the tribute of her husband and the memories of her few surviving friends, it is possible to form an idea of his wife's character. She had beauty, grace and accomplishments and was very musical, a fine organist and pianist, and she also sang, and played on the harp. Although a few years his senior, he became deeply attached to her in their early life, for her religious feeling found a responsive chord in his heart, and her fine intelligence made her his closest friend and most congenial companion. Her long illness had prepared him gradually for the separation, but when it came it tested his endurance to the utmost. Step by step she followed him in the development of his Catholic feeling, and there can be no doubt she would have been received with him when he entered the Church, and this not from wifely affection but from conviction. From her letters it will be seen that she sympathized in the trials of his closing months at Gambier, and his own testimony to her suffering because of them shows how deep were her feelings. She had been educated without any knowledge of the Catholic Church, indeed her immediate family were strongly antagonistic, sharing the ancient New England prejudice. Her love for nature and for art, her strong intelligence, her piety, all combined to make her happy in the faith had she lived long enough to receive it. There can be no doubt that the impress of his brief married life remained with Dr. Stone during his entire career, making deeper his sympathy for human suffering and enriching a nature always responsive to human affection.

In the tribute of Professor J. H. McDaniel, from which quotation has already been made, prepared at the request of the daughter whose birth Mrs. Stone survived so short a while, he says:

I reached Geneva in September, the beginning of the first year of the new administration, and was welcomed by Professor Smith in the absence of the President. He was detained at Brookline by his wife's illness, so I entered upon my duties without his welcome. Later he returned, but was recalled to her bedside, which proved to be her death bed; so I never knew your mother, but accompanied by Professor Smith I travelled to Brookline, and we together paid our tribute to her memory, representing by our presence both Colleges,—the affectionate reverence and sympathies of the community of Gambier and the grievous disappointment of the College circle of Geneva. We shared in your Father's bereavement—the vanished vision of a household radiant with the charm and loveliness, the strong character and intellectual brilliancy which all our news from Gambier had led us to anticipate as the center of our social life.

The young children, of course, could not come at once to the empty house which he now occupied. It was not possible at that time to make a home for them. It was pleasantly situated on a grassy bluff which commanded a view of the lake for many miles, across a terraced garden toward the South and East. The foot of this garden bordered on the lake, opening on a narrow strip of flowering shrubs and foliage beneath ancient trees. This little tangle shut out the village world, and gave one the sense of a delicious silent solitude of sky and water, shared only by singing birds, or a flight of wild ducks, or, in the Autumn, by some file of wild geese, clamoring and winging toward the northern shore in the sunset, just as the distant light-house began to show its beacon to the belated sails, or to the steamer with its rows of twinkling lights, trying to make harbor in the dusk of the evening. By night this little nook afforded a hint of Venice and romance, by day a retreat of secluded peace and silence.

There your father found refuge and solace many a time, nothing to jar upon his memories and food for his poetic spirit. I mention this because he was fond of the spot, and often described to me its fascination. For the first few months after his bereavement he craved solitude and declined the sympathetic invitations which poured in from kindly neighbors; but he had his duties and occupations at the College and he enjoyed the daily intercourse with his devoted friends, Professor Smith and his wife. Their house was a home to him. He took his meals with their family. They had known his wife intimately and all his fast friends in Gambier. He began to assist our chaplain and read the service, or preached on alternate Sundays. The chapel was crowded and overcrowded when he preached; the students contracted themselves into the narrowest quarters to make room for the congregation of outsiders who flocked in. His sermons were listened to with a furore of admiration and attention. The matter was always thoughtful and weighty, and was adorned by the charm of a melodious voice, and an impressive delivery. In reading the scriptures I have never heard his equal. He expressed every jot and tittle of meaning, every *nuance* in the melodious tones and modulations of a rare and perfect voice.

The students were profoundly influenced, but you can imagine that the spell of his presence and message, the pathos of his recent loss flooded many young hearts and old ones too, from outside the College walls. The ladies, young and old, were bewitched with that figure, which reminded one of Botticelli's angels.

When the Spring came, it became a matter of duty and politeness to return the calls and civilities of many neighbors and friends. I joined him in these social duties, and we together accepted invitations to dinners or to picnics in sequestered spots across the lake. While we were both occupied with college work and duties, it was a pleasure to me to see him unbend and plunge once more into the current of humane and neighborly life which eagerly embraced him.

The society of Geneva at that period was peculiarly refined, gentle, intelligent and hospitable. Every door was open and

inviting; there was kindness, good manners, and old-fashioned hospitality. He renewed his youth. He was much sought after. He had himself no household from which to receive and entertain as a President might, but we two were young enough to meet the students half way and to form links between them and the homes of refinement which welcomed the College circle. They gave and they received. The social atmosphere had graces which matched the beauty of the landscape and the lake.

In those Victorian days there were damsels who amused themselves with reading Dante in Italian, or Goethe in German, after they had finished their lawn tennis or returned from a picnic at the Falls of Kashery. One of them, forty-five years later, sent a message to your father in Cuba, which he graciously acknowledged. She and her sister might have been taken out of Tennyson's *Princess*.

One special pleasure which we enjoyed together was a visit in May to our classmate, George Hart Mumford, who was himself at that time making a visit to his sisters at the family homestead in Rochester, about fifty miles west of Geneva. Mumford had been your father's "chum" and most intimate friend at Harvard, and had been one of my most intimate friends and a member of our dining club. He had come for a short visit from business in San Francisco, where he already held the high position of Vice-President of the Western Union Telegraph. He had great beauty of feature and charm of manner, combined with noble aims in life. His sisters matched him in charm and in character. The few days we spent together are among the brightest in my memory.

A short time after this our Commencement took place in a most satisfactory manner; the graduating class acquitted itself admirably. The prospect for the coming year seemed most encouraging.

Then followed the astounding rumor that your father felt it necessary to offer his resignation, which he could not by any persuasion be induced to withdraw. Next came the explanation that this sudden step was taken in consequence of a vital change in his religious belief and his resolve to embrace the Catholic Faith. This was a stunning blow to the Trustees of

the College, and more especially to his intimate friends, Professor Smith and myself, who were now destined to part with him and to lose his spirit and influence in the College atmosphere. No one of us had the slightest suspicion till his resolution burst upon us ready made.

Of course, the seed had been germinating in his thought for months, and even earlier, and was not to him a sudden change of heart. Doubtless he did right in not consulting us who could not have helped him in the new path of inquiry, and who would only have entangled and embarrassed the movements of his conscience. I may add that he never encountered in Geneva any petty criticism or ecclesiastical interference such as led to his resignation at Kenyon. Bishop Coxe always felt and showed the truest affection and admiration for that young President, who, he thought, had solved for him the problems of Hobart College.

But Professor Smith and his wife were desolated; and one morning I said good-bye to my classmate;—handed to him my little copy of Theocritus, in which I had marked two lines:

(Three days and nights we bide the dawn
Of your return, our friend,—
Three endless days, while we who wait
Grow old ere one day end.)

There is a touch of the Oriental in this, like the Arabic or the Song of Solomon; but it is not much in excess of the feeling that your father inspired.

It was just in front of the Chapel that we parted, and I believe we never set eyes on each other again. That was owing to a succession of accidents; but it never destroyed the vivid freshness of our memories.

In later years when our Class of 1861 met at dinners or lunches in Cambridge, when Kent Stone was absent without message or greeting, there were constant inquiries for him and affectionate reproaches that he seemed to have forgotten Auld Lang Syne. This was all a mistake, as we found out after the death of our first Secretary. For years he had suffered from a wasting disease, and by his inadvertence,

your father's faithful and constant messages of affection to the Class had lain *perdus*. No one in fact had excelled him in fidelity and constancy. The wonder is that through his journeying, "in peril by land and sea," his tender heart remained steadfast to the memory of comrades who well deserved such constancy. For, of my classmates I may say with pride, the more you knew their inner lives, the more that revelation won a deserved admiration.

Although it breaks the continuity of the narrative, it seems best to give here the rest of the tribute of this dear friend and accomplished scholar. He says:

I know something of human nature; I admire the devotion and self-sacrifice of a certain priest, an intimate friend, who, like your father, has given himself up utterly to the service of mankind. But the priest who is so *devote* is generally constrained to forego the tender joy of intimate, individual friendship, with its sweetness. Not so with your beloved father. At the moment while he was working at the daily risk of his life, like Father Damien, among the outcast dregs of negroes and half-breeds, in Corpus Christi, he could call to mind the friend whom he had not seen for forty years, and write as if they were still students together, across the gulf of time and distance and estranging interests. A rare gift of a nature lavishly endowed, which, in the midst of privation and self-sacrifice, could squander its pearls upon the lowest, and still triumph over its *milieu*, clinging to the golden filaments of friendship and grasping in that alien spot the subtlest graces of civilization. It was a special feature of his character that he who had denied himself the enjoyment of the dearest family ties, never forgot their meaning and strength. His sense of the beauty of such human affections never became atrophied, though his calling had severed such ties. I sent him once a memorial tribute which I had written for one of our College students,—a gifted boy who, at the height of his promise, was drowned in our Lake. In speaking of it he said "what consolation it must have brought to his mother."

For many years after our parting in Geneva I had little or

no direct communication with your father. This was in no sense an estrangement; it was simply due to his passionate devotion to his ministry, to his wanderings in many lands as a missionary. I heard rumors of his being now in Italy, now in Brazil, or again, much later, of his appointment by Harvard University as chaplain and adviser for the Cuban teachers who were invited one summer to be guests of the University and enjoy its privileges. No happier choice could have been made than such a guardian.

In the winter of 1916 I happened to stay at Jupiter Inlet, Florida, and to exchange some letters with K. S., who was stationed in a Monastery at Santa Clara, Cuba. We were both delighted to find ourselves so near, and he urged me to join him in Cuba, and make him a visit at the Monastery. This invitation I was charmed to accept and we were both looking forward eagerly to the prospect of a meeting. But an unusual deluge of rain damaged the Monastery so seriously that he was forced to change his mind. There was no corner left to shelter me; he himself soon received orders to proceed elsewhere, and I once more for a while lost his address. During this correspondence I forwarded to him a sonnet written by my friend, Professor George E. Woodberry, for the Italian Cause. It was printed in the New York *Times*, and sent by the author to some Italian soldiers devotedly attached to him. They translated it into Italian and sang it as a marching song in their charges on the Austrian frontier. A single line in this sonnet which imitated an Italian idiom, Kent Stone criticised with unerring taste, as Woodberry himself acknowledged.

From Cuba I lost trace of your father for six months or more. When he next reported himself it was at Corpus Christi, Texas, in the thick of the epidemic of influenza, where he was ministering to Mexican half-breeds and negroes. One vivid bulletin announced that his priestly assistant had just died of the plague, that the place swarmed with the dead and dying, and that his turn might come any day. Later he reported that he expected to go north soon and would endeavor to visit me in Geneva. That promise never was fulfilled. A brief message and a pencilled card from Chicago

stated that he found difficulty in writing. I responded to this, and then followed silence. My absence for two winters in Italy (1921–1922) may possibly have made a break, though I sent Christmas cards from Alassio.

One time I omitted which you are aware of probably. Writing from Cuba he mentioned that he had done his best to enter the War and to occupy himself at the Front in France. That opportunity he was refused on account of his age.

Self-denial, service, sacrifice,—this was the note, the motif of his heroic life, of that *vita vota* which found snug harbor in your home at last, ere the blessed soul flitted to Paradise.

This tribute shows more eloquently than could any record the exceeding happiness and congeniality of Dr. Stone's life at Geneva. He had, it is true, suffered the irreparable loss of her who was his dearest friend, greatest admirer and closest companion; but he was young, in vigorous health, admired, successful, at the threshold of a great career as an educator and an ecclesiastic in a powerful Church, membership in which gives social prestige and comfortable assurance of spiritual well-being. He was blessed in having three children, very young it is true, but securing him in the bonds of legitimate affection, and giving him responsibility and an incentive to pursue the career he had chosen. It required no ordinary strength of mind to sever such ties. Any one who has experienced the pangs of separation from those who are most loved and most congenial, to follow upon paths before untrodden, can form some realization of the earnestness of purpose and heroic devotion shown by Dr. Stone in the course he took. The majority of men in matters of religion are content to follow where others have led, with little question as to the foundation of their professed belief, "we worship as our fathers worshipped; their customs are hallowed."

Coming from a long line of Protestant ancestors, brought up in a minister's home, adopting the ministry

himself, there seemed no natural reason why he should not have been content to accept the compromises of Protestantism under Anglican forms, and live an honored and useful life in that communion. His nature, however, was so constituted that compromise was impossible with him. Since he was to be a minister, as he believed, an ordained priest of the Christian Church, he felt himself bound to know the basis of his faith, that it was what it claimed to be. This may not have been a conscious feeling with him. There is no evidence of doubt or hesitation in his choosing to be an Episcopal Minister. To him the Church of his allegiance was the Catholic Church, that body established by our Lord while on earth, continued under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit until our day, and to continue until the consummation of the World. In his theological course he had been taught the doctrines elaborated by the learning of Bull and Andrews and Barrow and Jewell and Tillotson, and more especially by Hooker, and many another of the courtly and scholarly divines who strove to show from the text of Scripture, and the writings of the early Fathers that the establishment in England, although severed from Rome, was none the less the true primitive Christianity. He accepted their teachings and defended them from the pulpit with absolute sincerity. In the meantime, however, he read assiduously, and as he read, the inconsistency of the Anglican claims became more and more apparent to his mind. The Protestant atmosphere of Kenyon College repelled him. He was far, as he thought, from any change of attitude towards Rome. The Supremacy of the Pope was settled as an accretion brought about by ambitious and political schemers. The true Church was that of England, though Erastian prelates derived their origin from the will of the King expressed in Acts of Parliament, rather than from Apostolical Succession.

So with a fine loyalty to the truth as he saw it, he

broke with Kenyon College spiritually though his affections were deeply engaged with that fair place.

He was welcomed at Hobart, where he thought to find the faith in its purity. All the time his subconscious mind was working. Doubts, suggested not by any external influences, for he had absolutely no associations with Catholics, obtruded themselves upon him. The more he studied the less he was able to reconcile the sequence of events, beginning with the divorce of Henry VIII and culminating with the establishment of Anglicanism under Edward VI, with the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. At first these doubts were vague and formless, but his sensitive conscience, responding to a highly trained intellect, would not permit them to be put aside. He tells us, in the opening chapter of his last book, of a vision, showing that as early as the Autumn of 1868 his doubts were becoming strong. Thus he writes:

It was early dawn, a dark morning in the Autumn of 1868. I had not yet risen, but I had aroused myself, and lay listening in pleased fashion to the "pipe of half-awakened birds," and wondering when the college bell would ring, when of a sudden the thought came to me: What if the old Roman Church should be right after all? Such an idea had never before entered my mind.

I lay trembling and very still. I felt in a vague, terrified way that something was happening,— something was going to happen. And then material things vanished, and I seemed to see above me a vast depth, as of an unillumined sky. And while I looked, a door was opened in heaven, and there was light there, a pale radiance, that grew in unimaginable beauty,—"the light that never was on sea or land"; and in a moment more I beheld far, far away the vision of a great white city, like unto the heavenly Jerusalem, slowly descending, with towers and battlements that I did not care to gaze upon; for they were luminous with a splendor that did not fall upon them from above, nor from without, but which came

from within; and I knew that the glory of God was there, and the Lamb was the light thereof.

Then came a voice, quick and sharp, with words inaudible to the bodily sense, yet which rang insistently through my startled soul; and the words were these: "Shut that door! Shut out that dream! If you look, you will lose your head, as others have done before you!" The voice was not from heaven,— I was sure of that. Was it diabolical? I thought so then, but I know not. I have wondered since whether it could have been a cry of alarm from my subconscious self; whether my cowardly lower nature could have taken swift affright, while my higher consciousness was as yet only fascinated. That seems to me an explanation stranger still. It matters not, nor could I stop then to debate. I simply knew that a great temptation had come, had taken me by surprise, and I must fight it then and there. I knew that I *could* shut that door; I could well believe that madness lay that way; and gladly would I settle back into the old ways of thought, and the old paths of life, which I had always found so safe and pleasant. But would I be in good faith? Would I be dealing honestly with God?

Quickly there came a whisper: "Put that question aside; don't discuss it."—O my God! Was the voice coming back again in more subtle form? Then, as in a flash, I saw that no intellectual decision was possible in such a moment; it was my will, my will alone, which must act. And with a voiceless cry to Heaven for help, I summoned all the waning energies of my soul, and offering up blindly, as in sacrifice, all the possibilities of life and death, I made a resolve—a simple, intense resolve—*to be true*, true to God, true to my conscience, true to myself. It was all I could do.

I looked again; but the vision had faded, and the room was growing bright with the light of common day. Then a weakness came over me. But my soul was at peace.

That day I went about my duties as though nothing had happened, but my whole life was changed.

A year passed by,—a year spent in study, meditation and prayer. I wasted no moment, I conferred with no man, but wrestled alone with my doubts and difficulties.

Young as he was, his mind was matured by unusual advantages of education, and the deep mysteries of life and death had been brought home to him on the field of battle, and in the heart-searching trial of domestic sorrow. He took no sudden steps. His life during the six months of his wife's illness went on without apparent change. It is true he read at her bedside the ancient prayers of the Catholic liturgy, but when she died he took up the burden of his manhood, and went on as best he could, fulfilling his college duties, as we have seen from Dr. McDanieli's recollections, enjoying the simple pleasures of social life; but the light having once dawned upon his mind would not be quenched. He spent the whole winter of 1868–69 in his solitary house reading, comparing, analysing, and this with the system characteristic of his exact mind. He prepared a list of questions to be answered and one by one, as he ascertained the truth, he struck them off until conviction was complete. He consulted no one, but his previous evolution from Low Church principles showed to many who knew him the direction of his thoughts, and there were premature announcements of his having "gone over to Rome." He saw himself what the end would be, but he did nothing precipitately. After the year's work had been closed by the Commencement at Hobart in 1869, he resigned from the Presidency of the College and retired to Madison, N. J., for further study and final preparation for his reception into the Catholic Church. So early as October 12th, we find him in correspondence with Mr. Henry S. Richards of Boston. Mr. Richards was a very earnest convert and Catholic whose acquaintance he had made some time before. To him he writes:

Your kind letter with copies of the Boston *Advertiser* has reached me. I have thought much as to the course I ought to take with reference to the statements that are going the

rounds of the press; and have come to the conclusion that the best thing to do will be to do nothing at all—for the present. My hour for speaking out has not yet come. The report in the papers being uncontradicted will of course be an acknowledgment that they are in substance true. Let people speculate for a few weeks; it won't do any harm. It is not yet time to announce that I am writing a book. I have not made sufficient progress nor am I sure enough of publishing to venture such a public advertisement of my poor work. So please do not be instrumental in getting anything into print which may be a false alarm after all. When, by the blessing of God, I find myself fully ready I will act publicly enough, and give good reasons for my previous silence.

You remember that little book you gave me once to read—*Loss and Gain.* The moral of it was that God's spirit works in different ways with different people. Willis came into the Church quickly but Reding was long on the way. Yet both were perfectly sincere, and perfectly fearless, anxious only to do the will of God; and both made good Catholics. Remember too that I have the unqualified approval of the Archbishop of New York upon my course. . . . At present I cannot write to anybody; I must be alone with God.

On the 14th of October Dr. Stone resigned his position as a Presbyter of the Episcopal Church in the following letter:

Madison, N. J., Oct. 14th, 1869.

To the Ecclesiastical Authority of the Diocese of Western New York.

The Protestant Episcopal Church has made provision (in Canon 5, of Title II, of the Digest of the Canons) for the deposition from the Ministry of same of any Minister, against whom there is no ecclesiastical proceeding instituted, who shall declare, in writing, to the Bishop of the Diocese to which he belongs, or to any Ecclesiastical Authority for the trial of a clergyman, or where there is no Bishop, to the Standing Committee, his renunciation of the Ministry, and design not to officiate in future in any of the offices thereof.

After long and serious reflection, I have reached the conclusion that I can no longer continue to hold my position as Presbyter of this Church. I therefore signify, in the manner prescribed, my renunciation of the Ministry, and my intention not to officiate in future in any of the offices thereof.

Obediently,

James Kent Stone Presbyter.

It is very touching that he should have gone to the scenes of his childhood to collect his soul in peace, to that country loved by his venerable grandfather, Chancellor Kent. He wrote from there the following clear, concise and most sincere letter to his mother. This was followed by another equally clear, and then by one to his dear and honored father, who to his greater honor, showed a beautiful faith in the sincerity of his son's conviction. When certain members of his wife's family prepared a paper that would condemn him to an insane asylum, and asked for his father's signature, Dr. Stone attested the perfect sanity of his son, however he differed with him in religious belief.

Sept. 26, 1869.

Dearest and best-loved Mother:

You have known that my life for the last two years has been full of care & sorrow; but you have not known, perhaps, that for a long time I have had to carry a burden heavier than all the rest, both because I have had no one to bear it with me, & because it involved not only the enduring of suffering myself, but the infliction of pain upon others. Dear, dear Mother, I hope it may not prove so very painful after all; yet I have looked forward with positive faintness of heart to the day when I must write to you as I am now doing. You doubtless surmise what I mean. I remember that when I was in Cambridge, you begged me not to leave you in the dark as to my plans, & not to let you hear of my movements first through others. I intended to do as you wished, at

whatever cost to myself; but I fear a report may have already reached you that I have become, or am about to become, a Catholic,—a Roman Catholic. Dearest Mother, need it be so very bad? I shall certainly love you more than ever & need you love me any less? I see no reason why I should not see as much of you as heretofore,—unless you do not wish to see so much of me. And, unless you wish it otherwise, I will write to you more regularly than before. If you love me, as I know you do, you cannot be sorry to know that I am happy & at peace. Even with the heavy weight of anxiety for the sorrow which I must cause dear Father & you, I have yet a deeper & truer happiness than I ever knew before; and if that great load were removed, I should bless God for giving me more than I ever could thank Him for. Finally, I do not think that you can blame me, or have any real anxiety for me, when you know that I go only because I believe with all my heart & soul that the Lord Jesus Christ calls me, & because I am ready to give up all for His sake.

And now, perhaps you would like to have a word or two in explanation of the past, & more definitely about the future. It is more than nine months since I became convinced that the Catholic Church in communion with the Successor of St. Peter was the true Church of our Blessed Saviour. It came upon me all of a sudden. One week I had not the slightest suspicion that I should ever become a Roman Catholic, and the next (I think the time was as short, or, at any rate, not much longer) I saw it all as plain as day. I cannot explain it, & do not attempt to explain it, but consider it simply as the work of Divine grace. It was last December, when I was in Geneva, & when Cornelia was apparently getting a little better. I was not in any way under Catholic influence; the subject was not brought in any way to my direct notice. I can only call it God's work.

Well,— I knew that, however clear I might be in my own mind, I would seem to others to be acting hastily & under excitement. So I determined to keep the matter in my heart, & wait & do nothing immaturely. I have waited now nine months; & am going to wait longer still. It would be wrong, however, to let you cherish the thought that there is any

Mary Kent Stone

Mother of James Kent Stone

hope whatever of my not entering the Church after all. From the very first though I have read & thought & prayed much, I have not had a shadow of a doubt upon the subject; I have not wavered for a moment. My soul is wholly bound up in what is before me & I am simply waiting in patience for the completion of my time. About six weeks ago I made my intentions known for the first time to a Roman Catholic. I went to the Archbishop of New York (who has now gone to the Oecumenical Council). He received me very quietly & gently, &, without saying much, approved of my plan,—which was, before entering the Church, to write out my reasons for doing so. And that is the reason for my being here at Madison. I may have to remain here some time; for if I write anything at all, I want to do my very best. I want to write something which (from my point of view) will do good & not harm,—something which shall be calm, temperate, clear, & (so far as I can make it) convincing. I will not try to give any offence to anybody; & so far as the work will be controversial at all, it will be directed against the *High Church*, or "*Anglican*" position. You remember I told you that I would not write anything against what dear Father had written. The dear man may smile (sadly perhaps) when I say that I claim to be as *thoroughly evangelical* as he. That is, I believe that the Church teaches that *of ourselves we can do nothing, & hope for nothing*, but *only through the help of God's Holy Spirit:* & that all the righteousness which we ever can have is *not our own*, but *given us solely by God's grace for the sake of the infinite merit and satisfaction of our Blessed Lord & Saviour*.

From the progress which I have made thus far, I fear I shall have to remain here some four or five months longer. What I shall do after being received into the Church, I have not yet fully decided. I thought at one time of going & studying for a while at the American College in Rome; but have rather given that up. I think it not improbable that I shall join the Paulist Fathers in New York. This for two reasons; first, because it will enable me to remain near you all, & where we can all get together at short notice; & secondly, because I am particularly drawn to the Paulists. They are all Amer-

icans, in fact it is an American Congregation (or Confraternity) & they are all (or almost all) *converts*. Many of them were either Episcopal clergymen or sons of clergymen. They have a Church & College up on 59th St., & are doing a noble work among the poor of the city, & through the Catholic Publication Society, which is their organ. George Searle, whom perhaps you remember, is one of them. I saw him the other day. He is hard at work & almost ludicrously happy.

And now, dearest Mother, I believe I have told you all up to date. Please do not let my plans be known to other people any more than you can help. I say this to all the family. It is only truth that I have not entered the Catholic Church, & have no *immediate* intention of doing so. My chief fear is that the story will get into print that I have already done so. This would be unpleasant; for though it would not be true, it would oblige me to *make it true*. I could not very well deny it, without stating the whole facts; & it would not do to let it go uncontradicted, & yet remain in the Episcopal Church.

I am in correspondence with Bishop Coxe. He knows my general position, but is anxious that I should remain as long as possible under his jurisdiction; & I am willing to gratify him in this so far as I consistently can.

And now I have at least the burden off my mind of having to write this letter. My most earnest prayers go with it, that God may lighten what may perhaps be a heavy blow to dear Father & you. For myself, I have no fears or anxiety about you all, because I know that you are all perfectly sincere, that your only desire is to know God's will & to do it, & that you really believe yourselves to be in the true Church; I know that your opposition to the Catholic Church is only the result of education, & that if you thought that the Roman Catholic Church was the true Church, you would oppose it no longer; & the Church teaches me to believe that all such sincere souls are her own children, though their eyes may be blinded, so that they do not see her glories. They are hers both by the waters of Baptism & by the intention of a pure heart. For this reason, I am able to look forward in the

confident hope of meeting *her* again who has been lost to me in this world. I know that she was absolutely sincere & anxious in all things to do God's will, & that she never had a *suspicion* that the Catholic Church might be the true Church after all. And oh! how thankful & happy I am that I am able now day & night to pray for her.

I write all this with perfect freedom, because I believe that when you come to think it over, it will be a source of comfort rather than a cause of pain to you. And if I feel so about you all, surely you ought not to be troubled about *me*, when you know that my sole trust is in the Lord Jesus Christ, my sole desire to serve & glorify Him. As for earthly fame & happiness, they have become nothing & less than nothing to me,—I have ceased even to give them a thought. And what matters it, a few years here, more or less? The everlasting morning will soon be upon us. Let us cease to care for the brief present, & live more for the eternal future.

Give my warmest & choicest love to dear, dear Father, & to all the rest of the precious ones.

Ever your most loving son,

Oct. 6, 1869.

O Mother, dear dear Mother:

What can I do or say to make your sorrow less! I feel so weak, & my eyes are so tired of crying, that I am hardly able to write at all; yet write I must & say what I can. You say I have given you a blow—Dear, dear Mother, what better could I have done than I *have* done? For nine long months I have guarded my every action & every word with the most scrupulous & agonized anxiety, lest I should betray to any one my change of heart, & so the news should get to your ears and Father's. I wanted to spare you pain as long as I *possibly could*. And I only wrote to you now because I knew you would hear the story from others. What could I do? I am as sure that the Roman Catholic Church is the true Church of our Lord Jesus Christ as I am that there is a God in heaven, or that I have a soul to be saved. I see it as plainly as I see

the sun above me. You know the history of my youth well enough to know that I was sincere & devout & that I truly loved my Lord & Saviour. The only desire I ever had for myself in life was to be His minister. And now, it is love for Him alone which has drawn me into His Church. He has called me,—& what can I do? Can I refuse to go? Nay, I have given up everything for His sake,—everything—what is there which I have *not* given up? I would go through it all a thousand times over, though I should die a thousand times from sheer distress, rather than refuse to obey the Divine Voice which calls me. I would die tomorrow, joyfully, by the most ignominious & painful of deaths, rather than betray for a single instant the blessed faith which is dearer to me than life & stronger than the fear of death. I can no more hold back than Saul of Tarsus could, when he was struck down by the power of Almighty God, & his eyes were opened to a knowledge of the truth he had been persecuting. It is the grace of God,—the pure, unmerited, abounding grace of God—which has opened *my* eyes; so, I thank Him night and day for the love & joy and peace which He has given me, such as I never knew or conceived of before. Though my heart has been torn with anguish so that I do not know how I have lived through it, yet I have received already a thousand-fold in this life,—& in the life to come—ah, Mother, let us look forward more to the *glories* of *that* life, & think less of the troubles of the present. Dearest Mother, what can I say in answer to your entreaties that I would not enter the priesthood? If it were a matter in which God had not spoken, I would cheerfully do what you wish, cost what it might. But how *can* I draw back from God's service? His seal is on my brow. I have been dedicated to Him for years, & I cannot go back to the world. When I was ordained in the Episcopal Church, I thought I was truly & validly consecrated a Priest. I believed that that Church actually gave the power which it professed to give when it said: "Receive the Holy Ghost for the Office & work of a Priest in the Church of God, now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands. Whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven; & whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained. And be thou a

faithful dispenser of the Word of God, & of His holy Sacraments: In the name of the Father & of the Son & of the Holy Ghost, Amen." By & by I discovered that the Episcopal Church had no authority to confer this awful and divine commission, & my allegiance was transferred to her who is the true Bride of Christ, the real Mother & Mistress of my soul. I dare not draw back. I should be a ruined man. A blight would be upon me. In *intention* I devoted myself to the service of the Church of God; & I cannot take back what I have given to God. Oh, how can I revoke what I have given with all my soul! How can I peril my salvation? The thought of taking up now any secular calling is simply terrible to me. As for my dear little children, I do not fear for them. The good God will take care of them, & bless them, & give them such happiness as this world knows nothing of. You must surely know that I am a very tender father. My children, oh, my dear little children,—they are dearer to me a thousand fold than all the wide world,—& dearer far than before, now that I am their sole earthly guardian. I can hardly think of them without choking, & I pray for them (as I do for you all) night and day. I cannot express the yearning solicitude which I have for them, & my sense of the most solemn trust which I have in them. Who can love them as I do? Who can understand the love I have for them? And surely you cannot think that I would suffer any loss or harm to come to them. I would gladly die to serve them, or to prevent any injury to them. You may be sure I would allow *nothing* to blind me when their happiness is at stake. No! my precious children shall be well guarded and most tenderly watched. I thank God that it can be so. If I were a layman, they would, alas, be sadly off; I should never marry again (my tongue would sooner cleave to the roof of my mouth); & they would have but a poor home, with an unhappy father; & if I were to be taken away, they would be cast on the cold world. But now they can have the sweetest and holiest of homes (I know by personal inspection what I am talking about), full of light & joy & peace, where they can be near me & I can see them as often as I wish; where they can have the best education which this world can give;

& what is far better, where they can live in the perpetual presence of God Himself, & under the guardianship of His blessed angels. Indeed, if I were *not* a priest, I should by all means put them in just such a beautiful & heavenly home, where they can have the blessed guardianship of her who is the tenderest of all Mothers, the Holy Church of our dear Lord Jesus Christ. Then, if I should die, I would die in peace, knowing that they would be just as lovingly cared for as when I was with them. When they come of age, they can, if they choose, go & live with any of their friends who may wish to have them come (I know James Fay, for instance, would be overjoyed to give them a home); or if they choose to make their own way in the world, they will have the best education which can be furnished, & the best of situations can be obtained for them; or, what is far better, if they choose to devote themselves to a life of holy benevolence & constant communion with God, they can still have the same blessed home open to them, & they & I can be *fellow-workers*, "serving God day & night," & moving on together to the blessed home of all saints above.—I know how all this will strike you; but I can't help it. You think I am under a delusion; but I, on the other hand, know that it is you who are mistaken. Your idea of a convent school (which was my idea once) I *know* to be a chimera, which has no existence in reality, a bad dream which would be dispelled if you could pass but a single day in such a school. Why, Protestants all over the country are now sending their children to Catholic schools, because they find them the best in the world. And, as a Catholic, whether layman or priest, I should of course send my children there. But, as I said before, no one need be anxious for my beautiful babes. Their father will be their best guardian, & he would rather die than that harm should come to a hair of their heads, or a shade of care settle on their dear brows.

Well, darling Mother, I have written you another long letter, which I fear may only increase the pain of my first. I would to God that I might comfort you & dear, dear Father. The only thing which I can do is what I do *constantly*,—to pray to the All-Merciful Saviour to give you both such faith

& trust in Him, as may lead you to believe that it is well with me. And, if it is well with me, what cause is there for grief? As I have said, let us look forward more to the blessed & glorious future, the never-ending future of happiness, which will soon be upon us, & in comparison of which all present troubles are as nothing,—*nothing*. It is ever before me; I live solely for it,—the great Eternity. It surely cannot be a mistake to turn all our aspirations & shape all our plans, not for the present, but for the everlasting future. . . .

So people say I'm "cracked"? Oh well, that's all right; of course I expected that; they may say what they please about me & I won't bear them any ill will for it. Dear souls, I only wish they could become "cracked," too.

Well, dear Mother, I must be preparing for bed. Give my whole heart full of love to dear Father—I hope he will be so busy with his new Chapel & the Seminary & his lectures, that he won't have *time* to think much about his "poor boy." Blessings on his "frosty pow."

Ever your most loving son,

Nov. 7, 1869.

EVER DEAREST MOTHER:

Your letter gave me a great deal of comfort. I was so glad to have you write at all. I knew well,—& I *know* well,—how hard it must be for you to do so; oh, may God make your trial easier to bear! I must tell you how especially grateful I was to learn what you tell me about dear Father. I am most thankful to God & my Saviour that however much my kind & magnanimous Father may wonder & grieve concerning me, he has no indignant or reproachful feeling, but believes that I am conscientious, & that I suffer. Will you not *always* believe that I am prompted by the single desire to know & do the will of God, & for that cause alone I have suffered the loss of all things? I will not speak of what I have given up —it is a trifle in the light of eternity; but let me say this, dear

Mother, that the keenest pain I have suffered—surpassing all other pains,—is the thought of the sorrow which I must cause you and dear Father. And can you believe that anything would bring me to take a step which inflicts such sorrow except the overpowering consciousness that God calls me? No,—call me deluded, call me a fanatic, call me insane, if you will; but call me also an honest man, whose chief & only hope in life is to serve the Lord Jesus Christ. You will not be offended either, I trust, if I tell you how continually & earnestly I pray on your behalf. I am sure my poor prayers will be heard,—& perhaps have already been heard,—that you may be by divine grace *comforted* concerning me; that if you had hopes or ambitions in regard to my earthly career, you may cease to regret your disappointment. Surely the disappointment is only for this world; you cannot think that, even if I have made a mistake, so sincere & so pure-minded a mistake can endanger my eternal happiness—And if that is not jeoparded, we need not be unhappy about any other consideration. For myself, I care less than a snap of my finger for anything this brief world contains,—public opinion, station, comfort, friends,—everything except the happiness & salvation of those who are more dear to me than my own life.

You need not fear to say, dear Mother, what you think about the Roman Catholic Church, & have no need to ask me to excuse you; for I understand perfectly your feelings. They were my own once, & of course I can appreciate them, & in one sense sympathize with you in them. I ought not, however, to let you suppose that I am an inconsistent or halfway Catholic. I enter the Church because I fully believe it to be God's Church, the organ and mouthpiece of the Holy Ghost, Who has spoken to the world through the Church ever since the day that He first descended upon the Apostles; & as her teachings are literally the voice of God to man, & therefore cannot but be true, I not only believe them, but believe them with all my heart & soul.

But then I ought to say that I believe all things *as* the Church teaches them to me, not as I formerly represented them to *myself*. I understand now what St. Augustine meant in his Confessions when he had been led under St. Am-

brose, out of his heretical opinions & into the Catholic Church: "with joy I blushed at having so many years barked, not against the Catholic faith, but against the fictions of my own imagination. For so rash had I been that what I ought by inquiry to have learned, I had pronounced on, condemning. . . . I ought to have knocked & proposed the doubt, how it was to be believed, not opposed it as if believed."—Then, too, I know that though the Church is divine, yet it is made up as to its human part of poor, weak, sinful men, & that individual men may do very wrong things. "It must needs be that scandals come; but woe to that man by whom the scandal cometh."

But I did not mean, dearest Mother, to give an essay on my faith—All I meant was that while my faith is most entire & unreserved, yet I have no *sensitiveness* as to what other people may say or think concerning it. So please don't feel any constraint; if it be possible, let us be natural & free in anything we may wish to say at any time.

You will be glad to know that I am very well, & very quiet & peaceful. Cold weather has come on,—quite a touch of winter. I think still that I shall pass the winter in Madison. Perhaps after that, I shall come to live in Boston; either there or in New York; so I shall not be very far away from you.

Please give my best & most heartfelt love to dear Father, & all the rest. I am glad to hear such good accounts about the Seminary. The new & beautiful Chapel has been consecrated, I suppose, before this. I hope all the "boys & girls" keep well,—& that dear Bess is as happy as ever. Tell her I have her *first gray hair* still in my pocket-book, where I can see it every time I open the same. Please give the enclosed slip to dear Mame and believe me always.

Your most affectionate son,

Dec. 3, 1869.

My own dearest Father:

Your beautiful letter, which reached me a few days ago, was and will be a great source of comfort to me. You were

indeed right in saying that any silence on your part would not be misinterpreted by me. I knew all too well your deep love, and at the same time the great sorrow which might make it too painful a thing for you to write at all. It was this very knowledge that your grief would be so profound and at the same time so tender, which more than any other one thing made it hard for me to take the step which I have taken. I need not tell you, what I have already told dear Mother, that nothing but the single desire of doing what I believed to be God's blessed Will could have prompted or enabled me to go forward in the path which was opened before me.

Nevertheless, though I knew all this, it was very precious to receive your assurance that, however terribly mistaken you might think me, you yet respected my motives, and cherished still the same fatherly affection towards me.

It was very grateful to me to have you speak as you did about my coming to see you. I hope I may have many opportunities of doing so; and if I do come, I hope it will be without causing pain to you; for I will try to be so far as possible just as of old, and to do and say nothing which could wound you. Indeed, I think that if you saw me you could observe but little difference in me.

I think it not unlikely that I may run on at Christmas time to see my babies for a day or two. If so, I will of course find my way to Cambridge also. It may be, however, that I shall defer my visit until later in the winter. I shall probably keep my present quarters till spring.

Today we have a touch of really severe winter weather. I look out of the windows of my study onto a very pretty landscape: the valley stretches up to Morristown and Boonton, and the high snow-covered hills beyond, fifteen miles or more, —the same valley that we used to see from the piazza of Grandpa's house at Summit. The trees have grown so high there now (at the old place in Summit) that the view is quite shut out. By the bye, I went up to Summit some time since, and called on Dr. Hobart, and lunched with them and had a very pleasant time. They were very kind. Mrs. Hobart reminded me a good deal of Aunt Kent.

In Mary's last letter she told me that you had a very bad

cold and cough. I hope it has all gone away before this. Your cold used generally to take the form of lumbago,—which is an occasional friend,—or enemy, of mine also. I always think of you when I have it, and how hard it used to be for you to stand erect after putting coal on the fire.

Good-bye, dear Father. Believe me always—however much astray you must think me—one who has no ambition in this world, and whose only desire is to approach daily nearer to his Crucified Redeemer.

With love to dear Mother and all,

Ever affectionately,

He was received into the Catholic Church on December 8th, 1869, and thereupon wrote the following letter to Bishop Coxe:

To the Right Rev. A. C. Coxe, D.D., LL.D.

Right Rev. and Dear Sir:

The events of last Summer and our subsequent correspondence have prepared you for an announcement which the memory of your many kindnesses, no less than our past ecclesiastical relationship, prompts me to make to you. I have today in the little village church in this place been received into the Roman Catholic Church.

When in July last I persisted in my resignation of a position more honorable than I could ever hope to fill worthily, you begged, and almost claimed the right to know the reasons for a movement which seemed to you, and to others, inexplicable. With much reluctance, I told you what was the only ground of my action,—that I had come to fear I had yet to enter the true Church of our Lord Jesus Christ, to Whose sole service I had from a child desired to dedicate my life. Bear me witness, then, dear Bishop, that the motive which from the beginning had led me to where, by the grace of God, I now am, has been a single and sincere one.

I gave you at that time the voluntary assurance that I would do nothing hastily; that I would be quiet and deliber-

ate; and that I would wait so long as I might dare to wait before taking my final step. This promise I have faithfully fulfilled.

Early in October I felt the time had come when I must relinquish an office which I had for some months ceased to exercise, and whose duties I could never hope to resume. Accordingly, (on the 14th of that month) I wrote to the Ecclesiastical Authority of the Diocese of Western New York, appointed by yourself during your absence in Europe, signifying my renunciation of the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Since that time I have been engaged in preparation for the solemn transaction which has today been accomplished.

Through the Autumn I have been in retirement, desiring to live so far as possible, in the presence of God alone, and out of the reach of the strife of tongues. I am aware, however, chiefly through the letters of a few who cared for my good name, that many contradictory announcements have been made about me in the newspapers, and that some not very true things, and not very kind things, have been said. I ought perhaps to tell you that all public announcements have been made without intentional authorization on my part, except indeed that of my renunciation of the ministry. Previous to that act, I stated in private correspondence and conversation that whatever might be in store for me, I had not as yet felt it right to make any change in my ecclesiastical relations. If any persons, with the best and most affectionate of purposes, saw fit to publish statements in my behalf, they did so on their own responsibility. They have at least my thanks for their good will. From what motives others, who, as I sincerely do them the justice of believing were once my friends, and whom (if it is proper to tell it) I have often remembered in my poor prayers, should have appeared eager to announce what they must have thought my ruin, should have proclaimed that "I was formally received into the Romish Church on Sunday, Sept. 12th"; and when the assertion was contradicted, should have made the cruel answer: "There is reason to believe that the pervertion of the Rev. &c., late &c., to the faith of the Romish Church, as first published in this paper two or three weeks since, *is* an accom-

plished fact, notwithstanding his positive denial of the same, through the Rev. Mr. T., in our columns last week," I do not wish to know. May God give them more of that love which not merely worketh no ill to his neighbor, but which hopeth all things and thinketh no evil. I have taken no notice of public rumor, because, my dear Bishop, I have had more important business to attend to which concerned my soul, and because I did not care to speak until, by God's grace, I was ready to act. "Commit thy ways unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass. And He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday."

I see I have twice already spoken of my conversion as due to divine grace. It is hard for me to allude to the matter in any other way, or to repress the expression of my thanks to God for a mercy for which I can never hope to thank Him aright. You must suffer me to account for the change in this way, and not expect me, at least for the present, to attempt any systematic relation of the several steps by which I have been conducted. If my life and strength are spared, I hope in the course of the winter to prepare for publication a statement of reasons for a return to Catholic unity, which, if you care to hear it, will tell you the whole story.

And now, my dear Bishop, in lieu of farewell, will you let me give utterance to the hope—will you not rather join with me in the most earnest prayer—that the gracious season which is close upon us, when we shall commemorate the coming into our discordant world of the great Prince of Peace, may by its divine influence so subdue the hearts of all Christians, that they may quickly hush their disputations, and lay aside their proud animosities lest, amid our "universal clamor," we fail to hear the song which shall once more herald glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will. O that we might forget every thought in expectation of the wondrous Advent! that making ready our costliest greeting for our Lord and King, we would look for the star which will lead us to His lowly dwelling place! that we would be in haste to set out on our pilgrimage, so that we might come at last into His presence; and beholding the young Child with Mary

His Mother, might fall down and worship Him; and opening our hearts' treasures, present unto Him our gifts—the gold of our service, the frankincense of our adoration, and the bitter myrrh of our repentance.

Pardon my perhaps impulsive words; and believe me, however separated from you,

Your faithful servant in the love of the Lord Jesus,

MADISON, N. J., Dec. 8, 1869.

He writes to Mr. Richards, four days later:

You who from the first have so faithfully watched my slow progress into the Catholic Church will, I know, be glad to learn that I am safe home at last. Deo Gratias. On Wednesday last, the blessed Feast of the Immaculate Conception, I was received into the Church by Father Wigger. Immediately after my reception I went to the Passionist Monastery in West Hoboken for a short retreat and made my first Confession, and also received Holy Communion yesterday morning.

I hope to spend Christmas Day in Brookline with my children. If I can find time I will attend High Mass at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, and have a shake of the hand afterwards, if I am so fortunate as to find you there.

. . . I shall probably remain in Madison until Spring. Since you were here I have done scarcely anything at all upon the unfortunate book, about which you are doubtless tired of hearing. Moreover, I have quite remodeled my plan with regard to its composition, so that in order to publish (which I have now pretty much determined to do) I shall have to keep hard at work through the winter.

Do not think I have forgotten you, because I have been so silent; for I have remembered you daily in the way you most desire.

Yours ever faithfully *in the Church*,

(Oh! blessed thought)

Excepting a visit to Rome in his youth, when he was present as Pope Pius IX appeared at some ceremony, and his visit to the monastery at Fiesole, Mr. Stone had no direct impressions of the Catholic Church, yet there was a strong undercurrent of admiration for its hymns. Those hymns present evidences of the exceeding grace and power of rhymed Latin, of which the ancients were ignorant. In his late years, writing to his intimate friend and fellow Passionist, Father Edmund Hill, he says under date of May 6th, 1893:

A queer thing happened today. One of our young Argentine students brought me some typewritten verses which he said were mine. How they came into his possession he did not say, nor did I ask; but I kept the paper. For I recognized them at once as my own composition, though I had not seen them for many years. They were Latin verses, a Latin hymn, which I wrote in my father's study shortly after my graduation from Harvard College. They bear the date: Brookline, Mass., Oct., 1861. After Commencement Day I had gone away for a long vacation in the White Mountains, so that the lines must have been written a few weeks, or days perhaps after my return.

My father was (like your own) an Anglican clergyman, and he had a fine library,—fine of its kind; for it was purely Protestant, made up of works of theology and general literature. There was not a Catholic book, so far as I know, in that whole collection of some 3,000 volumes. I used to love to browse in that dear old study, sometimes for hours at a time, but I was not looking for Catholic books. I must make an exception: I did find a copy of the Latin Vulgate, and was very fond of reading in it, especially the Psalms of David, and the Prophet Isaias, and even learning passages by heart. I believe it was that Latin Bible which started me on that hymn. And I was fond of singing parts of Rossini's Stabat Mater, and that will account for the metre. But it will not account for all.

My dear Father, there is something strange to me beyond

measure in the fact of my composing those stanzas. Neither heredity nor environment will afford any explanation, nor will familiarity with the ancient classics give any help. I was absolutely ignorant of Catholic and Mediaeval Hymnology. Yet I wrote those lines with real pleasure, and without effort; and at the time there seemed to me nothing strange about the thing at all. It is only now that the weirdness of it strikes me, and if that young scholastic had not brought me that copy I might never have thought of the composition again. Was it a case of anima naturaliter Catholica? As I read those verses now, they seem to me redolent of the cloister and the Middle Ages; an old monk might have indited them. Or is it my egoism which makes me think so? God help me,—ought I to have become a Catholic long before I did?

The hymn, I may add, appeared in print. A college friend of mine, editor of a Protestant magazine, took a fancy to it, and published it. And I afterwards saw a metrical translation in a little volume of English poetry. The translation was fairly well done and was ascribed to myself as though it were an original. I have no idea who did it. Here are the genuine verses:

ITA TENEBRAE SICUT LUX

Vesper jam per umbras tendit,
Nox, obscura nunc descendit,
Circumcludunt tenebræ;
Gloria fulgenti lucens,
Alis sanitatem ducens,
Surge, Sol Justitiæ!

Curis mœstis sum depressus,
Culpis æger atque fessus,
Abest longe grata spes;
Veni, sparge tuam lucem,
Tuam redde meam crucem,
Qui, tu, numen, lumen es!

O columbæ citas alas
Si quis daret! hasce malas
Culpas, curas fugiens,
Tibi velox advolarem,
Tuta in arce me celarem,
Pacem plenam possidens.

Magne, tu, qui cœlum regis,
Patris tamen cura tegis
Contristatas animas
Opes affer indigenti,
Pace semper affluenti
Avidum me compleas!

Semitas occultas vides;
Tua tuis data fides
Die noctu permanet;
Proba me, cor meum scito,
Apta spiritu munito,
Fortiter qui superet!

Tum, quum tuas opes vidi,
Angelorum chori fidi
Excubantes cingent me;
Nulla in nocte pertimescam,
Luce tua requiescam,
Rex, Salvator, Domine.

TRANSLATION

Eve is now her shades extending,
Night, obscure and dread, descending,
Darkness shrouds the earth and skies;
Glorious from Thy bright dominions,
Bearing health upon Thy pinions,
Rise, O Sun of Justice, rise!

Care and grief have long oppressed me,
Sin made weary and distressed me,

While sweet hope dwells far apart;
Come, and shed on me Thy gladness,
Lift, dear Lord, this cloud of sadness,
Thou Who God and goodness art!

Wings, O! quickly might I borrow,
Rising, dove-like, care and sorrow,
Fault, affliction leaving far,
Swift to Thee my flight were given;
Safe at length in that dear haven,
Peace in full my soul should share.

Thou Who rulest high in glory,
Turning yet to our poor story,
With a Father's tenderness,
Help Thy child, so spent, so needy,
And his thirsting heart with speedy
Bounteous peace, O Father, bless!

Thou each hidden pathway knowest;
And the guardian care Thou showest
Day and night with us remains;
Prove me, search my inmost spirit;
Aided by Thy supreme merit
Who shall rashly cause me pains!

When mine eyes have known the vision
Of Thy strength, those choirs Elysian
Hovering near shall safely bring;
Nought in night shall more be fearful,
Resting in Thy light all cheerful,
Saviour, Lord, and Heavenly King!

So long a time had elapsed between the writing of these verses and their strange rediscovering that the author was able to criticize as impartially as if they were written by another. His own comments are therefore more valuable, more apt, than conjecture by another. It would seem that he had as he suggests "anima Natural-

itur Catholica," and as his theological studies progressed and his knowledge of Church History became more exact, his eventual acceptance of Catholic truth followed inevitably, for with his nature there was no such thing as compromise.

An offer was made to him to take a position at Georgetown College. Writing again to Mr. Richards on this subject, he says, under date of January 8th, 1870:

I have been thinking over the matter of which you write, the position at Georgetown College. The offer is a most generous one, and in some respects very opportune; and I have felt that I ought to consider it, carefully. I have concluded however to decline. My aim now is, first, to get my book off my hands as soon as possible, and second, to prepare as early as I can for Holy Orders. And neither of these objects would be promoted by going to Georgetown. If I had any intention of remaining in the diocese of Baltimore the case would be different; but I belong farther north, so far north as Boston, you will say, well perhaps so. We will wait a few months and see. Meanwhile I don't see how I could be better off than where I am.

The conversion of Dr. Stone, while of course welcomed with delight by Catholics, and accepted with the utmost kindness by his fellow professors, though they felt deeply the loss of his companionship, embittered some others who were very near and very dear to him. It would serve no useful purpose to give details of trials to which he was subjected, trials that wrung his very soul and were the cause of life-long suffering, for his affectionate nature was wounded by unworthy imputations and even by doubts of his sanity.

Had he taken the opposite course, and served from the via media of Anglicanism into frank Agnosticism, it may be believed that many of his former brethren would have accepted the change without so deep a disgust; but to

become a Catholic was repugnant almost to decency. At first it seems strange that educated men and women, living in a day so far removed from the stormy period of the Reformation should cherish the animosities which are a melancholy heritage of that upheaval. It shows how prejudice can survive even where indifferentism towards all forms of supernatural faith has taken the place of fanaticism. One of the most notable phenomena in connection with the rise of the various forms of Protestantism is their almost instantaneous absorption by ruling Princes among the various Northern peoples. "Cujus regio ejus religio" became an accepted maxim. The simple plan of setting up the head of the State in the stead of the Pope, the expropriation of Church property, and the moulding of a new form of faith by subservient apostate priests was universally adopted. It is one of the commonest traits of human nature to follow any system of philosophy which will justify selfishness and rapacity. The frightful confusion bordering on anarchy which preceded the Thirty Years' War in Germany can readily be traced to this cause. Scripture itself was mutilated and distorted to justify extreme acts of oppression. Tolerance, excepting with a few men like Erasmus, was unknown! The story of the loss of England to the Catholic faith has been so often told that it would be vain to add anything to its extraordinary features. Its consequences were the replacement of an ardent spiritual civilization, which, beginning from the time when St. Augustine at Pope Gregory's behest, revivified the Christian faith which had almost expired, by a purely material civilization.

Under Catholic leaders the land was dotted by magnificent Cathedrals, (which even today empty as they are of the spirit of their founders, are the architectural pride of the land, and among the wonders of man's genius) by monasteries, chapels, chantries, crosses; in short, all of the

material expressions of faith's holiest aspirations. The tyranny of an almost absolute monarch changed the face of the land. It became treasonable to assert belief in one of the primal doctrines that before had been universally held, the primacy of the Pope. Otherwise the faith was intended to remain intact. To deny the Seven Sacraments was equally as treasonable as to assert Papal Supremacy. Without going over the whole dreary history, it is enough to contemplate the consequences of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Since she was the daughter of Anne Boleyn and the legitimacy of the marriage of her mother was denied by Rome, she fought against Catholicism to preserve her crown. The hegemony of Spain among European powers was ended by her brilliant defence of the realm against the attacks of Philip II and coincidentally with her successful wars came the first settlements of English colonists in America. That was the period of the most brilliant writers of English literature with Shakespeare at their head. The impress of the minds of the Elizabethan statesmen, philosophers and divines has left its enduring marks upon the language and the thoughts of all who speak their noble tongue. It is not to be wondered at that the religion of England's chief rival should become an object of bitterest hatred under the unscrupulous misrepresentations of her followers. Fraud, violence, persecution in its most drastic forms had all but extirpated Catholicism. The handful of Catholics who remained held their lives and property on sufferance alone, and were reduced to an unimportant element in social and political affairs.

Very able, and doubtless in many cases sincere men led the great masses of the people to the belief that Catholicism and idolatry were interchangeable terms. When later the struggle between prelacy and Calvinism led to the civil war, both Cavalier and Roundhead looked upon Rome with abhorrence. It became and has re-

mained a fact, not to be disputed and not requiring to be established by proof, that no really sincere and educated man could be a Catholic. He was not to be trusted in private life because the Jesuits taught him that the end justified the means, and similar monstrous doctrines; nor in public life because he owed an allegiance in political as well as in civil matters to a hated foreign potentate, the Pope of Rome. The only Catholics known to the English people in the old country, and to a great extent in the colonies, were the Irish. The policy of England had been and remained until the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1832, one of savage repression towards Ireland. In consequence, Irish Catholics, excepting such as emigrated to the continent, were deprived of all opportunity for education. When the wave of emigration, following the famine of 1846, brought the Irish by scores of thousands to the United States, they brought the Catholic faith, and for the most part, no worldly possessions. It was by their strong right arms, their indomitable industry, and their native shrewdness that they won their place in the industrial world, and built up their church. They lived their lives with little or no social contact, on terms of equality with the American communities of other descent, and if they escaped contempt, they won little recognition except from politicians.

Since the early Irish emigrants came to our shores nearly three-quarters of a century ago, there has been a phenomenal change. The old Puritan city of Boston has become a Catholic city in very many respects. A Cardinal of the Catholic Church is its Archbishop. Convents, schools, and charitable institutions of all kinds marked by the Cross crown its hill-tops. As in Boston so in all the great cities, east, west, north and south, the Catholic Church carries on its work of religion and benevolence. Its churches are crowded by worshippers. It ministers to the weak, the ailing and the unfortunate

from infancy to age. The lives of its members are known to their fellow citizens. No candid mind can find in the teachings of its priests, its books of devotion or its treatises on philosophy, any doctrine that does not make for more unselfish and therefore better lives, and yet it is hated and condemned and its votaries looked upon with suspicion by great masses of their fellow citizens who band themselves into secret organizations to defeat its purposes and to ostracize its followers. If such is the case now it could hardly be expected that it would be different a half century ago when Dr. Stone came into the Church. That he, a scion of the old ecclesiastical aristocracy of New England should ally himself with such a superstition seemed incredible to certain minds, and probably to all who loved him, regrettable; but notwithstanding their sorrow, his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, recognized the sincerity of his purpose and threw no obstacle in his way.

Since Dr. Stone had determined to become a priest, it became a duty to provide at once for the future of his three daughters who were very young, and at the same time insure their Catholic education. For the time being they were in the care of their grandmother, Mrs. Fay, at Brookline. They were soon taken to the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy at Manchester, where his second daughter, Ethel, died of pneumonia very suddenly a year later.

For the present, however, there was no obstacle to his fulfillment of the duty he had laid upon himself of giving to the world an apology for his conversion, as his great English predecessor, Cardinal Newman, had done to another generation. In his retirement at Madison he concentrated himself on his allotted work and had completed it by May of the following year, 1870. It stands today practically the only literary monument of a man who seemed singularly qualified for the written exposi-

tion of Christian doctrine, but whose whole subsequent life was given to preaching and constructive administration. It seems not too much to say that had Dr. Stone become a Benedictine he would have ranked with the great writers of the Church, or had he become a Jesuit, his literary talent would have found field for continual use. It rarely happens that one who has to so marked a degree the powers of an orator has, at the same time, the patient critical faculty required for the controversial writer, and more rarely does it happen that one who is fitted by natural endowment to be both a writer and an orator of the first rank has also the talent for the vast constructive works necessary for building a religious order in a new and untried province. Still more rarely, perhaps, with such a combination of mental ability, learning and zeal is found a physical strength capable of living so arduous a life as was his for nearly fifty years.

A few shorter letters follow, showing Kent Stone's tender confidence in his mother, and her great kindness to him and understanding sympathy. The attitude of his brother-in-law, James Fay, was particularly heart-rending. They had been intimate friends, corresponding all through their boyhood, but now a breach came that was never healed, and only death relieved the long suffering of years.

Jan. 11, 1870.

Dearest Mother:

You will see by my note to Father that the story which troubled you was incorrect, & that even if it had been true, the knowledge of your wishes & very natural feelings would settle the matter for me.

I hope you won't think New York *too* near. I can't bear to think of going farther away. And then New York is such a *big* city; one is very easily lost in it, or at least not so much noticed. I don't think you will be troubled much by any unwelcome prominence which may attach to me or my doings.

I was sorry I could not see more of you during my late little trip to Boston. My visit was a very hurried one. It was very tantalizing, (to put it mildly) to see so little of you and of my darling children. What I did see was very sweet, —& I hope was not the cause of pain to you.

I am hibernating here in Madison, leading the most quiet of lives imaginable. I am quite well; take a daily walk to keep me from entirely congealing. The winter landscape here is almost as beautiful as the summer.

Please give a great deal of love to all & thank them all for making my little Christmas visit so happy a one. That God's richest blessing may rest upon my dear Father & Mother & brothers & sisters is ever the prayer of your loving son.

Jan. 11, 1870.

DEAREST FATHER:

I have just received your letter & I hasten to answer it as soon as possible, in order to relieve your mind of what I know must be an anxious foreboding.

I do not intend to settle in Boston; and even if I had contemplated doing so, your letter would immediately decide the matter otherwise. I have thought the case over carefully, & have determined upon New York. There I can be near to all that is dear to me on earth, & yet sufficiently far away; there I can have enough to do, & at the same time shall be less conspicuous. Do not think that I court notoriety. I have had enough of that. Whatever I feel that duty requires me to do, that I will endeavor to fulfil; but otherwise my desire is to lead a retired life,—a busy one perhaps, but one removed from observation. Give no heed therefore to any rumors which may conflict with this statement.

I am daily full of the fondest thoughts & prayers for you & dear Mother, & all the rest. The few hours I spent with you on the day before Christmas were very sweet to me, & often come up in my memory.

Please give the enclosed note to dear Mother.

Ever your most affectionate son,

Feb. 11, 1870.

DEAREST, DARLING MOTHER:

Thank you ever so much for your dear letter which came a week or ten days ago. I wish I could send you something worthy in return but am not good for much today. Don't worry; it's nothing but a stray head-ache. I keep astonishingly well nowadays—And I write to you today because I can do so with greater pleasure than I can anything else.

I enclose Mollie's letters which I received from Will only day before yesterday. I have read them with very great interest. The dear girl is a genuine trump. I do hope the voyage will do her permanent good.

I was very grateful for what you wrote me about my sweet children. I don't hear much of them nowadays. The letter which Fanny told you about when you were over there, was only a line in acknowledgment of something I had written. You need not fear, dearest Mother, that I shall ever resign my parental responsibility over them. There is no necessity & indeed (for all I know) no possibility of such a thing. For them, as much as for anything in this world, I hope to live. If I should ever have a parish & a little house to myself, I might have them with me; it is at least not impossible; and then, perhaps, you would take a peep at us sometime. You wonder how they are at present supported. I haven't the least objection to telling.

Since last winter I have paid Mr. Fay $50 a month for them; besides paying the wages of Sallie's nurse & providing for their clothing. Where does the money come from? Well, my salary at Geneva was paid up to the middle of July (at $2,000 per annum); then I received about $100 at Commencement as perquisites for degrees, etc.; the auction of my things at Geneva brought me nearly $500. I have not yet touched the little sum which we had laid by (nearly $2,000). Still, it is quite plain that I can't go on in this way *very much* longer. I do not think I shall remain here in Madison later than next May. I pay here for myself $6 a week; I do not need to pay anything (for the dear little priest I am with does not trouble himself about money); but I prefer to feel very proud and independent.

I hope Carrie will make her visit with you. I am very fond of her, (though I have seen her so little); and have been troubled to think of her tedious recovery. I hope dear Will, too, can run on for awhile; it would do him so much good. If he does come, try & soften his heart a little bit, if you can do so without his noticing it. He has made me shed more than one tear. I hope Father will baptize his baby, too.

I appreciate what you said about the weather most thoroughly. As a boy I think I used to like the cold; but now that I have grown up I seem to have your antipathy to ice and wintry winds. The cold pinches me and even if my room is warm I feel the frost outside. Today, however, is quite spring-like.

Ever so much love to all. Oh, dearest Mother, how could you have thought for a moment my heart would be less tender? I love you more than ever. I am learning how to love as I never did before. Thank dear Father for his letter of Jan. 28th. Tell Charlie I take *particular comfort* in the thought of his affection. He is a brick. Somehow or other he seems about as old as I am now.

If Phillips Brooks comes your way again, give him my compliments, if you find it pleasant to do so. I always admired him.

Ever your affectionate son,

March 14, 1870.

Dearest Mother:

So Mrs. Nicholas wrote you about meeting Father Doane. I was much surprised at receiving from her last week a very beautiful little crucifix of carnelian & gold. It is too fine for me to use, but it was very pleasant to receive so affectionate a remembrance from one who, I thought, had forgotten me. My first impression was that she too had, by God's grace, become a believer, but Father Doane said no.

Father D., by the way, is one of the most child-like & devoted men I ever met; a man of the most simple faith. Mr. Nicholas was mistaken in saying that my book was al-

ready in process of publication. It will not be ready for printing for some time. I am sorry you feel so solicitous about it. There is no need of worrying on *my* account. I must give a reason for the hope that is in me; & I don't care *two straws* if all the world ridicules it & tears it to tatters & calls me a fool or a hypocrite. The inextinguishable hatred of the world is to me one of the surest notes of the true Church of God. Between the Church & the world there can be neither peace nor truce. Over & over & over again did Jesus & His Apostles tell us this—Now *where* are they of whom Christ's words have become true: "Ye shall be hated of all men for My name's sake"? *Where* is the Church against which the Kings of the Earth are gathered together & the people imagine a vain thing? *Where* is the Rock against which the proud gates of hell strive in vain to prevail? The world does not care a fig for Protestantism; it smiles at it & caresses it; but against the Catholic Church it wages a deadly warfare; by argument, by satire, by blasphemy, by proscription, by the guillotine, it assails Her within who dwells the everlasting Presence, before which the devils of old cried out, saying, "Let us alone; art Thou come to destroy us? We know Thee Who Thou art, the Holy One of God." If this be *not* the great conflict of the ages, then where *is* the Church & where the world?

With ever so much love to all,

Most affectionately,

J. K. S.

CHAPTER VI

"The Invitation Heeded"

UNDER date of September 13th, 1868, Pope Pius IX addressed a letter to all Protestants and other non-Catholics, reminding them that he had judged it seasonable to invite the Bishops of the whole earth to meet in Oecumenical Council—the purpose being to take such steps as might be most opportune and necessary to disperse the darkness of many noxious errors and to establish and confirm more and more among the Christian people the Kingdom of true faith, justice and peace of God. This he did with the firm hope that the Council would produce abundant fruits of benediction to the greater glory of God and eternal salvation of man. He then says:

We cannot refrain ourselves on the occasion of the future Council from addressing our apostolic and paternal words to all those who whilst they acknowledge the same Jesus Christ as the Redeemer, and glory in the name of Christian, yet do not profess the true faith of Christ, nor hold to and follow communion with the Catholic Church. And we do this to warn and conjure and beseech them with all the warmth of our zeal, and in all charity to consider and seriously examine whether they follow the path marked out for them by Jesus Christ our Lord, and which leads to eternal salvation.

His Holiness points out that our Lord founded His Church in order to apply the fruits of His Redemption to

all generations of men, and that there is but one Church and that He gave it the deposit of faith to be taught to all peoples, that through Baptism men might become members of the Church which is Christ's mystical body. And he continues:

Now whoever will carefully examine and reflect upon the condition of the various religious societies divided among themselves and separated from the Catholic Church. . . . cannot fail to satisfy himself that neither anyone of these societies by itself, nor all of them together can in any manner constitute and be that one Catholic Church which Christ our Lord built and established and wills shall continue, and that they cannot in any way be said to be branches or parts of that Church since they are visibly cut off from Catholic unity.

His Holiness shows that such societies, being destitute of living authority, have continually varied in their doctrines, and such a state of things is directly opposed to the nature of the Church instituted by our Lord. Further, that discordant doctrine and opinions have caused social schisms which have had a disastrous effect on Christian and civil society, must be apparent to whosoever recognizes religion as the foundation of human society.

The letter closes with an appeal to all separated Christians to hasten their return to the one fold of Christ.

Upon this longed-for return to the truth and unity of the Catholic Church depends the salvation not only of individuals, but also of all Christian Society; and never will the whole world enjoy true peace unless there shall be one Fold and one Shepherd.

Doubtless among the myriads of Christians separated from the Church by their inheritance of the teachings of

the Reformation there was many another whose heart was touched by the Pope's moving appeal, but so far as is known, Dr. Stone was the most notable among them. If to any man is to be given credit for his conversion it was the venerable Pope Pius IX. He tells us in the prefatory chapter of *The Invitation Heeded* that he had taken the words of Richard Hooker and in a figure hung them as a memorial before his eyes:

> If truth do anywhere manifest itself seek not to smother it with glossing delusions; acknowledge the greatness thereof, and think it your best victory when the same doth prevail over you.

The prayers that were oftenest on his lips were those beautiful Collects which he had learned through the English Prayer Book—petitions for the Light of the Holy Spirit that he might have a right judgment in all things, that he might not only know what things he ought to do, but also have power faithfully to fulfill them. When the Apostolic letter first came under his notice, he tells us he read it with interest, but with little other emotion than one of rather contemptuous pity for the august writer. He supposed he had mastered the Roman question which he always thought the greatest of all questions in theology or history, and imagined himself familiar with the strong ground on which every true Catholic ought to stand. He looked upon himself as a genuine Catholic. Not that he had any sympathy with the Ritualistic movement. He regarded its leaders with impatience. He considered them the most illogical of all thinkers. The only consistent course for them who believe in the Sacrifice of the Altar and the Invocation of the Saints was to go back to the ancient Church. He defended the Anglican Reformation with all his soul. He did so upon what he called high ground, in company with such sturdy

Catholics, as he termed them, as Andrews and Bull and Hammond. He threw himself back upon the primitive Church and upheld the doctrinal standards of the Anglican Communion as faithfully reproducing the uncorrupted Model. He believed that the true answer to the claims of Rome would be such as Bishop Bull would have given:

> Who by one short move would have carried the war into Africa and would have put the Bishop of Rome immediately on the defensive by denouncing him as the innovator, the wanderer, the schismatic, and by calling upon him to return to that Catholic Unity which the arrogance of his predecessors had first broken.

As we have heretofore said, the steps by which he advanced to a completely opposite position were gradual and subconscious. His mind recurred to certain words of the Apostolic letter which pursued him uncomfortably. The earnest appeal in the name of our Lord, Jesus Christ, Who gave His life for the whole human race, haunted his mind, and he saw the image of the Apostolic pleader as he saw it when a boy in Rome, and the outstretched hand extended then in blessing, now in gracious invitation and entreaty. There came back to him a passage from that extraordinary book, *Ecce Homo* floating into consciousness on some breeze of memory, and caught and would not be brushed away: "habit dulls the senses and puts the critical faculty to sleep."

It suggested to him the possibility that his familiarity with his position was no insurance of its impregnability, and that the very frequency with which he had gone over its defenses had rendered him incapable of detecting the weak points. There was a quick misgiving; he

> feared blankly that there were realities which others were able to see clearly, but from which his eyes were holden:

that there might be some deep undertone of truth which he had never been able to catch, like the cosmic harmony of the Ancients, which to gross mortal ears alive to lesser but sharper sounds was inaudible.

He goes on to say, considering the phenomenon already referred to, but which from its very obviousness he had not therefore considered:

I found myself reflecting upon the immeasurable influence of education and how incalculable must be the power over a mind of opinions imbibed from infancy through every pore and never counteracted. If these opinions were prejudices, how almost impossible would it be for truth to penetrate them! I thought of the English language in which I had learned to think and to impress my thoughts; and I remembered how for three hundred years that tongue had been one vast engine of ceaseless attack upon the Roman Catholic Church; how its literature was saturated with a spirit of deadly antagonism to that Church, not in the department of theology only but of history and poetry and travels and fiction, aye! and the very primers in the hands of the little children. If such a fountain should prove to be poisoned, what effect might not be anticipated in those who all their lives had drunk of its streams! All this passed through my mind more rapidly than I have been able to record it; and I felt my heart grow faint at a whisper, to which never the less I listened intently,—that perhaps I had prejudged the case after all.

He tells us the effect of this impression was indefinitely increased by a passage from Moehler[1] . . .

but when once a peculiar system of moral life has been called into existence should it even be composed of the most corrupt elements, no ordinary force of external proofs, no conclusions of ratiocination, no eloquence, are able to destroy;

[1] *Symbolism*—Part I, Chapter V, Paragraph XXXIX.

its roots lie mostly too deep to be pervious to mortal eye; it can only perish of itself, become gradually exhausted, spend its rage and disappear. But so long as it flourishes, all around is converted into a demonstration in its favor, the earth speaks for it and the heavens are its warranty; meanwhile a new age with another spirit and other elements of life spring up, this without any points of internal contact with the past is often at a loss to comprehend it, and demands with astonishment how its existence has been possible. But should Divine Grace, which alone can kindle the opposite, *true life*, succeed in delivering one individual from such errors, then he expresses the incomprehensible and inconceivable nature of his former state by saying that he had been as it were enchanted, and that something like scales had fallen from his eyes.

He remembered St. Augustine and his long entanglement in the meshes of the Manichean Heresy;

And then, [he says] the hand of God drew back the veil of my heart, and I saw for the first time, and all at once how utterly steeped I had been in prejudice, how from the beginning I had without a question or suspicion, assumed the very point about which I ought reverently to have inquired with an impartial and docile mind. . . . I studied simply to combat and refute. . . . The Papacy was the great apostacy, the mystery of iniquity; it was the masterpiece of Satan who had made his most successful attack upon the Church of God by entering and corrupting it. The rise of the Papal pretentions was matter of the plainest history; and every well-instructed child could point out how one fiction after another had been grafted into the creed of that apostate church until now the simple faith of early days was scarce recognizable, under the accumulated error of centuries; "history, who wrote that history, well-instructed child?" Why that was the very point at issue.

Of course, I had not yet begun to examine and appreciate the Catholic argument. . . . I merely saw that there had been an appeal and that the case which I had supposed settled

had been carried into a higher court. . . . I saw that I had committed the very illogical mistake against which I had often warned young men under my instruction the error of those who first canvass all the objections against any particular system whose pretentions to truth they would examine before they consider the direct arguments in its favor. I saw I had been guilty of what Bossuet calls a calumny, and what I now acknowledge to be an act of injustice, namely of charging upon Catholics *inferences* which I had myself drawn from their doctrines, but against which Catholics indignantly protest. . . . Upon some men the discovery of a life-long error may break gradually; truth may be said to have its dawning, but to me it came with a shock. The rain descended, and floods came, my house fell and great was the fall of it. Then followed a sense of blank desolateness. I was groping among ruins, and wherewith should I go to work to build again? I do not mean that I faltered. Thank God that He kept me true, and suffered me not to shrink from the sharp agony which I perceived was possibly in store for me. . . . I began by taking note of and ruling out all considerations which could possibly stand in the way of an impartial investigation. I challenged the witnesses. On the one side I put aside such as these: cherished opinions, hallowed associations, the intellectual and social accumulations of my life thus far; a useful and honorable position; fair hopes and plans long pondered; the grief of hearts more dear than hopes or plans, or life itself. On the other side, I had to be on my guard against what? aye, what! Oh, dear souls! who can talk so bravely about the fascination of Romanism, and the duty of resisting its seductive charms, what do *you* know of the anguish of a heart that is called to give up all for truth, and is ready if need be to make the sacrifice? No; on the side of the Church of Rome there was absolutely *nothing*—unless indeed it might be some attraction lurking in the very completeness of the immolation. Well, there might be something in this, so I marked it down as a danger to be carefully watched against. And so I set my face forward with desperate earnestness; and in due time, it may seem a very short time—I had not a trace of doubt left that I had all along

been a vain enemy of the One, Catholic and Apostolic Church. Why *not* in a short time? Why not in a month or a week or a day? Is it any reflection upon the Truth that she surrenders herself quickly to a soul whose every nerve is strained in her pursuit? Is it any argument against the Church of God that it is easily identified? Surely if there be a Kingdom of Heaven upon earth it must be known by marks which can not be mistaken; yes, I knew it when I had found it, and I found it as in the parable like a treasure hidden in a field—in the self-same field up and down which I had wandered for years, and where I had often tramped it under my feet, and when I had found it I hid it, scarce daring to gaze at its splendor, and crying as St. Augustine cried "too late alas! have I known thee O Ancient and Eternal Truth!" and then, for joy thereof I went and sold all that I had and bought that field.[1]

Dr. Stone, in this very remarkable preface, states his purpose in setting out the signs by which he recognized the Divine Church. He denies that he writes for notoriety, or in needless vindication of the step he has taken, but with the sole desire of doing possible good to "the few whose attention may have been momentarily arrested by what they deem my perversion." He makes an earnest and eloquent appeal that his readers shall look anxiously at the grounds of their faith without fear of frown or scorn, quoting again from St. Augustine:

> Let those treat you harshly who are not acquainted with the difficulty of attaining truth and avoiding error; let those treat you harshly who know not how hard it is to get rid of old prejudices; let those treat you harshly who have not learned how hard it is to purify the interior eye and render it capable of contemplating the sun of the soul, truth.

The Invitation Heeded has had a deserved reputation for its lucid argument, its profound learning, and its com-

[1] *The Invitation Heeded*, Prefatory Chapter.

pact force. He divides his subject into three parts: The first in six chapters, regarding the Church considered in certain historical aspects; the second in five chapters, regarding the Church considered as a divine creation; and the third in six chapters, regarding the Church considered as an organization.

Dealing with the attempts of unbelieving historians to account for the existence of the Church he shows how to be hated by the world is a note of the Church, and how the calumnies of today are in their essence but repetitions of the dreary tales refuted by Tertullian and St. Justin, seventeen centuries ago. He quotes an observation of the Count de Maistre that "no test is so infallible as the instinct of infidelity, and the great infidels do not recognize Protestantism as the enemy." Thus Professor Huxley, "Our great antagonist—I speak as a man of science, the Roman Catholic Church, the one great spiritual organization, which is able to resist, and must as a matter of life and death resist the progress of science and modern civilization. . . ." He then compares the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church with the "comfortable champions of Anglicanism and Dissent" as indicating the contrast between Napoleon's old guard and the volunteer army. He quotes from Comte, who absolutely ignores Protestantism and rejects the term Christianity for Catholicism because, says he: "everybody knows well enough what a Catholic is, whereas no man of intelligence can flatter himself now-a-days that he understands what a Christian is." Dr. Stone remarks:

> Surely Comte is not far from right, for a Christian may be one who can "swallow everything except the Supremacy" or he may be one who reverences Christ as on the whole a nobler character than Socrates. You would insult either if you denied him the title; but if you want to know what a Catholic is, go out and ask the first man who meets you in the street.

As regards the perpetuity of the Church, beginning with John Calvin, who said: "Though the body of the Papacy exists still, the spirit and life have forsaken it so as to leave nothing but a dead carcass," and Hobbes, who called the Papacy "the ghost of the deceased Roman Empire, sitting crowned upon the grave thereof," he quotes at length Macaulay's famous review of Ranke's *History of the Popes*, in which he endeavors to account for the survival of Catholicism under the vicissitudes of the centuries, and then observes: "All we have to say is why is not the Roman Catholic explanation as simple and on the whole as rational as any other that has ever been proposed?"

Considering the Church as the guardian of morals, he says:

> If I am requested in turn to furnish an intelligible reason why mankind should cherish against her such underlying animosity, here is sufficient answer: the Catholic Church wages ceaseless warfare against the lusts of the flesh.

He quotes from Erasmus, who, writing while the Reformation was yet in progress, observes with biting satire:

> It seems as if the Reformation aimed at nothing more than to strip a few monks of their habits and to marry a parcel of priests, and this great tragedy terminates at last in a conclusion that is entirely comical, since just like comedies all ends in marriage.

He shows how the Church has stood always for the maintenance of the sacredness of marriage, asserting the supremacy of divine law over the turbulence of man, giving the great instances from the time of Nicholas I and Adrian II in the ninth Century, down to Henry VIII in the sixteenth, and of Jerome Bonaparte in the nineteenth. As against the contention that marriage was

not instituted by Christ and that it cannot confer grace, he quotes the Canons of the Council of Trent, where the Sacrament is defined as having been always "taught, and it is to be numbered among the Sacraments of the New Law." St. Paul having shortly said: "This is a great Sacrament, but I speak in Christ and in the Church." The Canon should be read and studied; it is based on Scripture from Genesis to the Epistle to the Ephesians.

Treating of the failure of Protestantism, our author, quoting from non-Catholic writers, proves the thesis that Protestantism has made no conquests since the sixteenth century; that it spent itself within fifty years from its first outbreak; and that its subsequent history is a demonstration that "as a system it has no aggressive power which may entitle it to rank among the forces which are struggling for the dominion of the world." Hallam, Macaulay and Lecky are called upon to prove this proposition, while reference to Hooker and Melancthon shows how these Protestant worthies mourned the insubordination which followed the divided Reformation.

That Protestantism has developed into Naturalism and Rationalism seemed to indicate, in his opinion, the operation of some irresistible moral force; he quotes again from Lecky of "the extraordinary strides which professed and systematized Rationalism has made in most Protestant countries," saying that any one "must indeed be wilfully blind to the course of history who does not perceive that during the last hundred years these schools have completely superseded the dogmatic forms of Protestantism as the efficient antagonists of the Church of Rome."

Dr. Stone observes that the term, "rationalism," is a somewhat vague one, supposing "we all understand it to imply that intellectual habit which, in approaching the phenomena of nature and the facts of history, begins by discarding the notion of the supernatural and denying the

credibility of miracles." He shows how Protestants reject all miracles which are said to have taken place since the days of the Apostles, yet, as Lecky says, the assurance with which such miracles are repudiated is as "unreasoning as that with which they would have been once received."

Is it not more rational to say with the Catholic that "What God did once He is likely to do again," than with the Protestant, that "What God did once He is not likely to do again?" The assertion that miracles are employed by God solely for the purpose of ushering in a new dispensation and to accredit the founder of a new spiritual dynasty is a pure assumption devised to fortify a position already taken and to justify Protestants in not rejecting the miracles of our Lord and His Apostles.

After further dwelling on this subject, he comes to the answer to his question why Protestants do not believe in the miracles however well attested since biblical times, saying that "Protestants began not as rationalists but as Protestants; they rejected miracles at first, not because they were miraculous, but because they were Romish. They had no choice. If the miracles were real, the doctrines were true." He quotes Middleton: "By granting the Romanists but a single age of miracles after the time of the Apostles, we shall be entangled in a series of difficulties, whence we can never fairly extricate ourselves, till we allow the same power also to the present age." But, says our author,

> The human intellect cannot persist for many generations in a palpable inconsistency, . . . those who in effect deny the possibility of miracles in the nineteenth century, must end by denying their possibility in the first. . . . Three hundred years of Protestantism have left to Christianity only the distant tradition of a supernatural revelation, and the idea of the miraculous, which a superficial observer might have once

deemed its most prominent characteristic, has been driven from almost all its entrenchments, and now quivers faintly and feebly through the mists of eighteen hundred years!

Then comes a clear cut statement of his own mental attitude on this vital subject:

For myself now that I have come to look at this matter fairly and fearlessly, I hesitate not to say that if ever sound reason should force me to reject in a body the miracles of the Catholic Church, I will follow reason further and enroll myself as an humble disciple of Strauss or Spencer or Tyndall. But I also say, with equal confidence, that reason itself will be dethroned before I can be brought to believe that the concurrent testimony of eighteen centuries is a gigantic fraud, and the blessed saints of all ages a set of cunning and consummate knaves.

He closes the chapter in an appeal to his former co-religionists to heed the call of the Holy Father

to follow the yearnings of your souls, and to offer most fervent prayers to the God of mercy that the wall of division may be broken down and the mists of error be scattered; with hands outstretched he waits to welcome you to the fold of peace. Come brothers, come back. The day is far spent—majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbrae. Aye! it is growing dark; and reason if it must reign alone will soon be reigning "like the night star over shadows which it can not dissipate." Come back ere it be too late, lest haply you be found even to fight against God.

Venite, fratres, si vultis ut inseramini in vite,
Dolor est, cum vos videmus praecisos ita jacere.
Numerate, Sacerdotes vel ab ipsa Petri Sede,
Et in ordine illo patrum quis cui successit videte;
Ipsa est Petra, quam non vincunt superbae inferorum portae.

In a fine chapter on the Church and civilization, Dr. Stone says that Protestantism owes its continued existence to the belief that the Catholic Church instead of being the cause and very foundation of modern civilization has been the great obstruction in spite of which and over which the human mind has gained its conquests. "To live," says Thierry, "Protestantism found itself forced to build up a history of its own." All unprejudiced students know that until Maitland's great work on the Dark Ages, there was scarcely any among English writers who did not represent the ages of faith not only as dark, but as well nigh black so far as any development of the human intellect was concerned. Dr. Stone makes no reference to Maitland, but he quotes at length from the essay of Dr. Nevin to show how much the Church did to maintain

> the first principles of duty, justice, mercy and truth which were directly endangered by the unbridled ambition and licentiousness of the feudal aristocracy who were then masters of Europe. . . . She had to stand between the oppressor and his prey to compel respect for what is pure and sacred from the lawless and powerful.

and he calls his great ancestor, Chancellor Kent, to testify that "of all these causes of reformation the most weight is to be attributed to the intimate alliance of the great powers as one Christian community," and Lecky:

> The Church was the very heart of Christendom; the spirit that radiated from her penetrated into all the relations of life and colored the institutions it did not create . . . by consolidating the heterogeneous and anarchical elements that succeeded the downfall of the Roman Empire by infusing into Christendom the conception of a bond of unity that is superior to the divisions of nation-hood and of a moral tie that is superior to the force, by softening slavery into serfdom

and preparing the way for the ultimate emancipation of labor. Catholicism laid the foundation of modern civilization.

He marshals the testimony of Hallam and Gibbon and Littrè and Matthew Arnold and others, none of whom were Catholic, to show what the Church did in preserving literature, sacred and profane, closing with a forcible passage from William Cobbett, confessing his shame at having been for fifty-two years of his life a reviler of the religion of his fathers,

> of that religion which fed the poor out of the tithes and other revenues of the Church, of that religion which had inspired men with piety and generosity to erect every edifice now remaining in the country worth the trouble of walking a hundred yards to see, and had created every seminary of learning and caused to be enacted every law, and to be framed every institution of which England has a right to be proud.

Treating of the vexed subject of persecution he tells us that even if the ancient stories that have done service in the polemics of Protestantism were true, they would prove nothing against the fact that the Catholic Church in communion with the See of St. Peter is the one only Church of Our Lord, Jesus Christ. The doctrine of physical coercion is no part of the Catholic Faith, nor does it find any place either in Scripture or in divine tradition. If Catholics persecuted in the Sixteenth Century, it was not because they were Catholics but because they lived in the Sixteenth Century.

The Catholic Church is no more responsible for persecution such as the Spanish atrocities in the Netherlands, the Dragonnades of the Cevennes, and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, than the Orthodox Church of Russia for the woes of Poland, or the Thirty-nine Articles for the wrongs of Ireland. The Spanish Inquisition was not a Catholic but a national and local tribunal.

In Italy the Inquisition did not put Galileo to the torture but merely told the man of science to stick to his science and leave the interpretation of Scripture to the Church. Recrimination is no argument, but there is evidence enough to show how little religious liberty is due to Protestantism.

He quotes again from Lecky, who shows that Hôpital and Lord Baltimore were the two first legislators who uniformly upheld religious liberty when in power, and from d'Alembert:

> Les Réformés, qui reprochent tant l'intolèrance á l'Eglise Romaine, ne haissent la persecution que quand elle les regarde, et nullement quand ils l'exercent.

As to the attitude of the disciples of infidelity or rationalism, he says:

> I have read the history of the last hundred and fifty years to very little purpose if it be not a fact that no persecution which that Church has ever been called to endure has been so savage, no spirit by which she has ever been threatened so truculent and pitiless as that which has been meted out to her and that in which she is now meanced by the rationalists, the free thinkers, the so-called liberals of modern Europe.

He then records his conviction that genuine toleration is not and cannot be the offspring of that rationlistic spirit which while it grants the liberty of doubting, has always denied the liberty of believing, but rather that it is the fruit of Christian Love, of that supernatural Charity which suffereth long and is kind.

Opening the second division of his work, Dr. Stone refers to Plato's confession of the incompetence of reason to determine spiritual truth and his looking forward "with an instinct of prophetic anticipation to the advent

of a God Who might remove uncertainty by the word of divine authority."

He says it is time for Protestants to ask themselves whether they are any better off than Plato was. At best revelation as they understand it is but the opening of a new domain of speculation. They interpret St. Paul as saying: "Now I doubt, but then I shall know," but St. Paul said: "Now I know." It is with him only a difference in the measure of cognition. The Church is the voice of God; what she teaches is the truth because she is inspired by the Holy Ghost. The Church is the perpetuation of the Incarnation, therefore it could not fall into error.

Reason assures us that a divinely instituted society supposes infallibility. If there be a Church of God on earth, it must be supernaturally protected against error. With a fine subtlety and inexorable logic, Dr. Stone examines the exposition of various protagonists of Anglicanism, showing that infallibility is a note of the true Church, while these Controversialists admit the fallibility of their own. Coming to the appeal to Scripture, he shows how the fact of inspiration has been accepted on the authority of the Catholic Church. The identical canon of the Council of Trent was first established at the Council of Carthage, A.D. 397 and confirmed by Pope Innocent, and of the Council of Rome in the fifth century, and by that of Constantinople in the sixth, and of Florence in the fourteenth.

The Reformers asserted that the Bible was the complete revelation of divine truth, but this contention is not supported by a semblance of truth. Who is to determine the real meaning of the written record?

The history of Protestantism has been only a continued demonstration of the fact that unaided human reason is at fault in dealing with what Protestants themselves confess

to be a supernatural revelation and a melancholy confirmation of a truth which reason itself is competent to suggest that a divine testament needs also a divine interpreter.

The Church is by its origin independent of the Scripture.

Supposing [says St. Irenæus] that the apostles had left us nothing in writing, should we not still follow the doctrine which they delivered to those to whom they entrusted the churches? This rule many barbarous nations follow, who being without ink or parchment have the word of salvation written by the Spirit in their hearts, and guard diligently the tradition which has been delivered.

In paraphrasing Tertullian, Dr. Stone asks:

To whom belongs the faith itself? Whose are the Scriptures? By whom and through whom and when and to whom was that authority to teach delivered by which men are made Christians? For where the true Christian discipline and doctrine are shown to be there will be also the truth of the Scriptures, and of their interpretation, and of all Christian Traditions.

Protestantism has got very far away from belief in the inspiration of Holy Writ. Whatever of veneration for the written word is still to be found there is only the lingering of the old Catholic Faith.

When he comes to the appeal to antiquity he shows the fallacy of any argument based upon the supposition that the Church did continue for a limited season to be divinely preserved in the enunciation of truth. There is as great dispute among theologians of the Protestant sects as to what was the teaching of the early Church as on any other controverted point. The mass of men, on such a principle, must stake their faith upon the scholarship of

leaders who can give no guarantee that they are not blind leaders of the blind.

After sweeping away one by one the assertions and deductions of the Anglican Fathers, marshalling against them non-Catholic as well as Catholic scholars, Dr. Stone shows how "scattered in patches, amid the fossil civilization of the orient" the dead churches cut off from the great living trunk; though each has some antiquated heresy of its own, all, Greeks, Armenians, Nestorians, Jacobites, Georgians, Copts, and Christians of St. Thomas, have the doctrines and rites received by them from the apostles, and held more dear than life itself, which Protestants denounce as accretions of mediæval Romanism.

The primitive liturgies afford similar proof of the continuity of the disputed dogmas.

Coming to the notes of the Church, he says the Church cannot be divided; if it were divided it would lose its unity. The Catholic Church is the only one which holds and proclaims that unity has never been and never can be severed. He quotes again from the Fathers, St. Cyprian and St. Augustine, and comes to the Bishop of Orleans who said: "every question concerning the Church is reduced finally to this question—Where is Unity?"

The Church not only is One, but is Holy, and its office is to make men holy. He comments upon the doctrine of faith without works:

> That no man was ever justified without faith, the Church has always held; moreover the Church teaches that no man can be justified before God by his own works, whether done through the teaching of human nature or that of the law, without the grace of God through Jesus Christ. But that the grace of justification is only the accounting righteous those who are not actually made such, so that without good works wrought by the grace of God through Jesus Christ, a man is justified by faith and faith only, this is a principle inconsistent with sound reason, logically subversive of holiness

expressly refuted by Scripture and solemnly condemned by the Church.

Protestants create no saints, nor do they recognize those of modern times, but the Catholic knows of the continuity of holiness, and sees it exemplified in Ignatius and Francis Xavier, in Charles Borromeo, Theresa, Aloysius, Philip Neri, Francis de Sales, Vincent de Paul, Alfonsus Liguori and Paul of the Cross.

Catholicity is the third note of the Church. "Unitas Catholica, quae toto orbe difusa est" is the canon by which St. Augustine held the Donatists. He appealed to the common sense of mankind. There is only one body having an objective recognizable existence which is known by the name of the Catholic Church. This is the name by which she is known by enemies, by the man in the street. Dr. Stone tells us of St. Augustine's difficulty when dealing with the Donatists, as Catholics have to deal with those who call them Romanists; when writing to a Donatist Bishop, Petilianus by name, he exclaimed:

> How can we be the schismatics whose communion is spread over the whole world, but just as if you were to tell me I am Petilianus I would not know how to refute you, unless by laughing at you as in jest, or by pitying you as insane; I don't see but I must do the same now.

Dr. Stone, treating of the fourth note of the Church, Apostolicity, denies with emphasis that a church with orders is ipso facto a portion of the Apostolic Church. It is the Branch Theory in a shabbier garb. The Apostolic Succession implies not merely transmission of orders, but what is equally important the conveyance of mission and jurisdiction. Jurisdiction resides in the Chair of Peter. There can be no apostolic order without an apostolic governor presiding as a "head over members."

"Thus the several notes of the Church may be summed up in one, we shall know and believe that the Church is One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic because it is also Roman."

The third part of *The Invitation Heeded* deals with the Church considered as an organization. In common with the Protestant world, Dr. Stone looked upon the Papal supremacy as a perversion of Christianity. He was sufficiently shrewd to know that a consistent Anglican must be an unmitigated opponent of the claims of the Roman See; but when he came to examine the question he found that he had been educated in such a way that his mind was systematically warped, that he reasoned on false premises. He saw that the supremacy was not a mere accident of Christianity, that its roots were too deep and too closely twined in the very heart of the Church to be torn away, and that to denounce the authority of the Popes as an usurpation and a perversion of Christianity is to strike at the root of faith by denying the power and therefore the fact of the Incarnation. The alternative is submission to the Apostolic See or infidelity.

> If this Holy, Roman, Catholic and Apostolic Church be *not* the Church which God founded . . . then Christianity is devoid of any supernatural proof which can persuade man's understanding. *There is then a fatal inconsistency between the theory of Christianity and its history.* That history only furnishes another problem, the strangest and most insolvable of all problems to perplex the tired intellect; it adds only another load to "the burden of the mystery."
>
> "the weary and the heavy weight
> Of all this unintelligible world."

But if the Roman Church be the mother and mistress of all Churches, then the phenomenon of Protestantism

presents no difficulty. It is only a revival of the old Pagan spirit, merely a fresh attempt of Gentilism to invade and take possession of the Church. At the time of the Reformation many men in the Church had so far lost all spiritual instinct that they had forgotten the primary purpose of Christianity; "they endeavored to reproduce within the Church those very conditions of unregenerate humanity which it is the Church's mission to supersede."

The much boasted right of private judgment finds its source in self-will, its manifestation in individualism, its end in the destruction of all organized Christianity and the denial of the existence of any Church whatsoever. This is the first doctrine of the Reformation, though the Reformers never carried it to its logical conclusion. They substituted for the precept, "hear the Church," the exhortation, "hear us." The second principle promptly realized wherever Protestantism gained a foothold was the subjection of the Church to the state. It found its most complete expression in the Anglicanism of the establishment, an ecclesiastical form of Pagan nationalism.

National Christianity is a pitiful contradiction in terms; its advocacy could be undertaken only by men who have declined . . . to utterly mundane and carnal views of the nature and office of the Church . . . by men who have forgotten or never understood the meaning of that mighty drama which began with the Fall, and will end with the Judgment, and in the midst of which stands out that awful fact whose significance is lost unless we see it against the background of eternity—the fact of the Incarnation.

The Church has always opposed and will always oppose the spirit of the age, not the spirit of any particular age but of every age, for that spirit is of the world as defined by our Lord. As in the days of St. Augustine the young Church opposed the world of that day, so today the long struggle will continue.

The primacy of the See of St. Peter is the most prominent fact in the history of Christianity. It is actually grounded upon prophecy. It would be incredible if God should have uttered a promise which He eternally foresaw would be misunderstood by the great body of Christians in all ages. With patient scholarship and masterful logic, Dr. Stone analyzes the biblical texts to show our Lord's choice of St. Peter as the head of the Church and enforces his conclusions from the Fathers, showing from century to century not alone the fact of the supremacy but the universal agreement that this fact was the fulfillment of prophecy. He grapples with the specious arguments of Barrow and Palmer and shows their inconsistency and follows the controversy with courage and learning in all of its ramifications. Treating of Councils, he shows how there must be an authority apart from them to determine with certitude whether a Council is or is not a representation of the œcumenical Church —the body cannot be the head. The government of the Church must be perennial, as de Maistre has said: "a periodical or intermittent sovereignty is a contradiction in terms." Councils cannot convene themselves; they must be called together by authority, and that authority is the head of the Church. As St. Cyprian has said: "there is one God, and one Christ and one Church and one Chair founded upon the rock by the voice of the Lord."

It was natural that in writing his book Dr. Stone should have in his mind most prominently the errors of the Protestant Communion from which he had emerged. It was not with the purpose of establishing by argument the foundations of supernatural belief and developing step by step, as has been done in many able works, the truth of Catholicism, but taking the premise that our Lord established a church and its existence is the fulfillment of His prophecy. He is appealing to his friends and former

fellow churchmen of the Anglican establishment and its daughter, the Episcopal Church of the United States. Save by an occasional reference he ignores the many other and numerically stronger Protestant bodies whose peculiar grounds for revolt are treated by other controversialists. It is with Anglicanism he is especially concerned. He shows how the British Church was organized by Pope Eleutherius as early as the second century, and how it flourished in full communion with the See of St. Peter for two centuries and how British prelates sat at the Council of Arles in 314 and a generation later at the Council of Sardica had borne their part in the tribute to the supremacy of "the Head of the See of Peter the Apostle." He reminds us that Palagius was a Briton, and when his heresy, choked in Africa by St. Augustine and twice condemned by the Holy See, invaded Briton, Pope Celestine sent Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, "that he might drive out the heretics and guide the Britons to the Catholic faith." When from the time of Leo to that of Gregory, an interval of more than a century, the Picts and Scots and Saxons had destroyed, so far as possible, every vestige of Christianity, the Church in Briton was cut from intercourse with the main body and with the head, St. Gregory sent an humble monk from his own monastery of St. Andrew to restore the Church, giving him jurisdiction in these words: "We commit to you, brother, the care of all the Bishops of Briton, that the unlearned may be instructed, the weak strengthened by persuasion, the perverse corrected by authority." Thus St. Augustine went forth and renewed Catholicism in England, and so it waxed strong in full communion with Rome until the time of Henry VIII.

The final chapter of Dr. Stone's work deals with the much misunderstood dogma of infallibility. He quotes from the letter of Pope Pius IX to the Bishops of the Church, being his first encyclical after the elevation to

the Chair of Peter, a passage which he says sums up in the fewest possible words concerning the Church and concerning divine faith:

God Himself had constituted a living authority to teach and establish the true and legitimate sense of His heavenly revelation, and to settle by an infallible judgment all controversies in matters of faith and morals lest the faithful be "carried about by every wind of doctrine by the wickedness of men according to the contrivance of error." This living and infallible authority is to be found in that Church only which having been built by Christ our Lord upon Peter, the Head, Prince and Pastor of the whole Church, whose faith he promised should never fail, has always had its legitimate Pontiffs deducing without interruption their origin from Peter, seated in Peter's Chair, heirs and guardians of Peter's doctrine, dignity, honor and power. And since where Peter is, there is the Church (Saint Ambrose on Psalm XI), and Peter speaks through the Roman Pontiff (Council Chalced Synod. Ephes. Act III) and bestows on those who seek it the truth of faith (St. Peter Chrysol. Epis. ad Eutych.); therefore the Divine utterances are to be taken in that precise sense which was and is held by this Roman chair of Blessed Peter, which is the mother and mistress of all churches (Council. Fred Sess VII de Bapt.) has ever preserved whole and inviolate the faith delivered by Christ, and has taught it to the faithful, showing to all the way of salvation and the doctrine of uncorrupted truth.

He takes up the Greek schism, and the condemnation of Pope Honorius, showing the Papal censure of that Pope's private letter on the subject of the Monotholite heretics, he shows that the fault of Honorius was not for confirming a heresy because he declined to give any definition at all, but because he failed to act, that he erred not in faith but in judgment. And thus he comes, showing step by step the failure of Protestant controversialists to prove any error in matters of faith and morals, on the

part of any one of the long line of Popes from St. Peter to his own day.

Every page of this remarkable book breathes a spirit of intellectual honesty, of burning zeal, of intrepid devotion to the ideal of truth. Towards the individual advocate of Protestantism, save where he finds a dishonest suppression or distortion of the facts of history, he shows only charity and admiration for learning and sincerity, but he denounces with a severity all the greater because of its dispassionate form, those who for self interest have impugned the known truth and endeavored through appeals to prejudice to set up a system antagonistic, the foundations of which they must have known to be at variance with the facts of history and the truth of revelation. His purpose was twofold. First, but of least importance, to justify himself, and second and of most importance, to convert his brethren. The best evidence of the value of his work is the fact that it has passed through many editions and holds its place as one of the most noted works of religious controversy in modern literature.

The reader who follows the argument point by point may not be convinced. There are so many cross currents in the workings of the human mind, induced by prejudice and by emotion. Each individual case must be judged on its own merits, yet he must pay tribute to the mental qualities that find their expression not alone in the great learning and the moving eloquence, but the masterful logic of the entire scheme. If he knows the subsequent life of Dr. Stone, that its arduous activities in constructive work took away all opportunity for further authorship, he will be filled with regret that his natural talent and splendid equipment in scholarship is not commemorated by other written monuments. Under the providence of God he was to leave literature and history and scholarship, to which his apparent natural bent and

preliminary training seemed to have fitted him for pre-eminent success to become a preacher and administrator, and to lead a life crowded with activities to which most scholars are averse.

The *London Tablet* published a review of *The Invitation Heeded*, probably written by Dr. Herbert Vaughan, from which the following is taken:

Many qualities are required in the author of a polemical work which is intended for miscellaneous readers. Theological accuracy is preeminently important. Scarcely less necessary is logical sequence, & that argumentative tact, without which some of the very best proofs are rendered ineffectual or apparently feeble. A controversy is a kind of campaign, where quite as much depends upon the plan of offence & defence, & upon the mode of developing & properly using the materials at hand, as upon their abundance. A few weak arguments, unskilfully mingled with an array of really strong chains of reasoning may damage the attacking or defending force of the whole, to an extent little imagined by persons unfamiliar with strategic theology. It is true here as in mechanics, that your feeblest link is the measure of the power of your strongest chain. Besides the knowledge of what may be termed the practical art of controversy, there is another quality which at the present day is particularly valuable. The style must be light & fresh; a ponderous, or involved, or dry literary treatment of a religious question is fatal both to the credit & circulation of a book. Our great difficulty, as Catholic writers, is to induce non-Catholics even to look into one of our volumes. So many deterrents exist, some natural & others artificial, that it is no slight triumph when we find that those whose attention we are endeavoring to gain are really willing to give even a cursory heed to our invitation. When prejudices, old habits of thought, fear of the results of a conversion, to our reasoning, the official influence of heretical ministers, & the personal influence of affectionate relations & friends stand like stubborn sentinels at the porch of any Catholic book, what chance have we of

weighing down the scale in our own direction if, to the ordinary normal elements of repugnance, we add another by clothing our matter in an unattractive garb? We consider therefore, that we are paying a high compliment to the author of *The Invitation Heeded*, when we say that there is not a single page in his work open to the censure of dulness, clumsiness, or staleness. He attacks the strongholds of his foes with a briskness, & a jubilant confidence, which does not spring from rash ignorance, or levity, but from thorough familiarity with the subject. He has also another great merit; there is a vein of tender appreciation of the moral difficulties with which the minds of many Protestants are beset, that is highly honorable to himself. His satire, & he can be brilliantly caustic if he chooses, is never bitter or offensive to the most refined taste. It performs the useful but subordinate office of playing like a genial light around the march of his solid phalanxes of proof.

(Then came various extracts from the book)

We have seldom, if ever, seen the arguments against the Bible-theory put in a form at once so condensed & so lucid. The famous motto of Chillingworth about the Bible alone being the religion of Protestants is well exposed as an absurdity & a pretentious imposture. Contrasted with the Bible-Christian, we have what may be called without any discourtesy, the equally inconsistent phenomenon of the antiquity-Christian. This class, of which Dr. Pusey is the representative man, is under the singular hallucination that the pure faith of the Apostolic Church exists practically in no actual, living, organized body now on the face of the earth. No corporate religious community possesses or proclaims it: the Apostolic faith is supposed to lie hidden in the strata of past ages & ancient documents; & none but privileged miners, self-taught, self-elected, & working on their own account, independently of & in opposition to, the heads of the Church to which limpet-like they adhere rather than belong, have any right to extract the ore & present it to the public. This

appeal to dumb-antiquity against the audible claims of the Catholic Church of the present day is but the old fetish of private judgment placed upon the more ostentatious pedestal of an assumed superior learning, & dressed out in an artificially designed ecclesiastical costume. The *Ancient Church* is, in the mouths of Anglicans, a mere party cry; it represents an idea, rather than a fact; it is romance in the guise of history; its meaning varies with the various degrees of approximation to the Catholic Standard (& these are numerous) which are to be found among the upholders of the Anglican theory. It seems never to occur to these original theologians that a *fallible* antiquity would be worthless as a guide to salvation; to trust to such an antiquity would be a dangerous superstition. But an *infallible*, antiquity cannot mean anything else, practically, than an infallible ancient *Church*. Either that ancient Church is dead, or it exists still in its successional integrity. If dead then what proof is there of its having *ever* been infallible? If it lives still, then how can there be an appeal to its past faith in order to measure or correct its present? Must not both be in perfect harmony if there be infallibility at all? Our readers will find this & kindred arguments developed with much force by our author.

If space permitted we would willingly make several other quotations. There are passages here & there of trenchant logic, chaste & majestic eloquence, as well as of poetical yet true sentiment, which give to an old subject the graces of variety & beauty. The book is divided into three parts, etc., etc. . . . The volume is admirably printed, & we cordially hope that it will obtain that favorable appreciation & large circulation which its genuine merits fully deserve. In America, we believe, 3,000 copies were speedily sold. In England, the name of the author has not been hitherto much known; but this work is sufficient at once to attract our admiration, to enlist our sympathies, & to encourage all of us to co-operate zealously with him in the illumination & conversion of those whom we fervently desire to bring out of disorder & error into the rest of peace & the saving light of truth.

CHAPTER VII

Life as a Paulist

"THE INVITATION HEEDED" was written in the interval between Dr. Stone's reception into the Church and his ordination as a priest. Dr. Wigger, who was at that time rector of the Catholic Church at Madison, N. J., received him on December 8, 1869. Thereafter he retired to complete his book. When he had finished the task Dr. Wigger gave him a letter of introduction to the Jesuit College at Fordham, New York, where he intended to spend a few days in retreat. On his way he stopped at Newark to see Bishop Bayley and Dr. Doane. His hosts pressed him to spend the night with them but he replied: "I am due at Fordham this evening." Dr. Doane took his letter of introduction and inserted it in another envelope addressed to the Rector of the Passionist Monastery at West Hoboken. Handing it to Dr. Stone he said—"Doctor, remain with us tonight. The carriage will be ready to take you over to the Passionist Fathers in the morning to begin your retreat." Dr. Stone acquiesced and so began his association with the Passionists. He made his retreat under the direction of Father John Philip Baudinelli, who suggested to him that he become a member of the Order.

It would seem, however, that it was necessary to hold this suggestion in abeyance, because of his responsibilities to his children.

It is said that his attention was attracted to the Congregation of Missionary Priests of St. Paul the Apostle, popularly known as the Paulist Fathers, by Father George Mary Searle, whom he had known at Harvard. This is altogether likely, for the religious history of Father Searle was somewhat like his own. Born in England, June 27, 1839, and graduating from Harvard in the Class of 1857, Father Searle, whose home was in Brookline, became an assistant in the Observatory at Albany and made some notable discoveries in Astronomy. He was connected with the U. S. Coast Survey and was Assistant Professor of Mathematics in the U. S. Naval Academy at Newport, R. I. After some travel in Europe to regain his health, which had been undermined by overwork, he became a convert to the Catholic Church in 1862. He had been previously a Unitarian and then an Episcopalian. After a temporary employment at the Harvard Observatory, he studied for the priesthood and was ordained in 1871. Besides his scientific articles he was the author of a number of religious works, the most notable being: *Plain Facts for Fair Minds* and *How To Become A Catholic.* He took the name of Mary at the time of his conversion. He became the fourth Superior General of the Paulists in 1904.

The Paulist Congregation was founded in 1858 by Isaac T. Hecker, with whom were associated, Augustine F. Hewit, George Deshon, Francis A. Baker and Clarence A. Walworth. All of these men had been members of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, generally known as Redemptorists. In 1857, owing to difficulties with their Order, they were dispensed from their vows, and began their Apostolate the following year in New York City. Their experience in giving Missions as Redemptorists had made them well known, and they were welcomed throughout the country. They were all Americans, all converts, and therefore specially fitted for the

work before them. Readers of Father Walter Elliott's notable *Life of Father Hecker* will not need to have the story of the Paulists repeated. Their object, to quote his own words, was "to form an independent band of Missionaries to be devoted to the great wants of the country, and particularly to preach to the Non-Catholics of America."

Archbishop Hughes approved the rule with the comment that he found no word to omit, to add, or to improve. In outline the spiritual exercises are similar to those of the Redemptorists. Instead of vows, the members are bound only by a voluntary agreement to live according to the evangelical counsels.

> So far as is compatible with faith and piety [writes Father Hecker], I am for accepting the American Civilization with its usages and customs; leaving aside other reasons, it is the only way by which Catholicism can become the religion of our people. The character and spirit of our people, and their institutions must find themselves at home in our Church, in the way those of other nations have done, and it is on this basis alone that the Catholic Religion can make progress in our country.

He reduces the principles of the Paulist religious life to personal perfection and zeal for souls. In process of time foundations have been established in San Francisco and Berkeley, California; Chicago, Illinois; Winchester, Tennessee; and Austin, Texas, the Mother House remaining in New York City with a Novitiate in Washington, D. C. It is a commonplace that the work of the Church covers so wide a field and presents so many aspects that there is room and need for all temperaments, and all energies of men and women,—the active, the contemplative, and the combination of both. The Paulists have found their work and it has been a great and valuable one. Without disparagement of the sanctity and shin-

James Kent Stone, Paulist

1873–1874

ing abilities of his companions, it may be said that Father Hecker's ideals have set their seal upon the Congregation. Archbishop Ireland, who held him in the greatest admiration, spoke of him as the typical American priest, whose gifts of mind and heart were specially fitted to do great work for God, and for souls in America at the present time. He writes of him that

whether consciously or unconsciously I do not know and it matters not, he looked on America as the fairest conquest for divine truth, and he girded himself with arms shaped and tempered of the American pattern . . . his favorite topic in book and lecture was that the Constitution of the United States requires as its necessary basis the truths of Catholic teaching, regarding man's natural state as opposed to the errors of Luther and Calvin. The Republic, he taught, presupposes the Church's doctrine, and the Church ought to have a policy which is the offspring of her own spirit. He understood and loved the people of America; he recognized in them splendid natural qualities. Was he not right? Not minimizing in the least the dreadful evil of the absence of the supernatural, I am not afraid to give as my belief that there is among Americans as high an appreciation and as lively a realization of natural truth and goodness as has been seen in any people, and it seems as if Almighty God, intending a great age and a great people, has put here in America a singular development of nature's powers and gifts, both in man and out of man—with a further will, I have the faith, of crowning all with the glory of the supernatural.

The great Archbishop, whose own career exemplifies these principles, goes on to say that Father Hecker assumed the American people to be naturally Catholic, and it is upon this assumption that all must labor to bring them to the faith.

He laid stress on the natural and social virtues, . . . truthfulness, honesty in business dealings, loyalty to law and

social order, temperance, respect for the rights of others, and the like virtues, prescribed by reason before the voice of revelation is heard, in the absence of specifically supernatural virtues, has led the non-Catholics to place paramount importance upon them. . . .

Into this Congregation came the young, ardent Ex-President of the two Episcopal Colleges, with his mind refreshed by recent intensive study of the foundations of faith, and with all the charm of a glorious young manhood concentrated upon the work of the Church. It is not to be wondered at that he stepped at once into a high place. His services were sought on many Missions. "When he preached, great congregations assembled to listen. . . . Throngs gathered around the Confessional, where he sat,"[1] but he was not satisfied that he had found his real vocation.

The comparatively lenient rule of the Paulists was not what his nature craved. It is said that he first offered himself to the Jesuits, who refused to receive him for the same reason as the Passionists gave. He was greatly drawn, says Father Elliott, to an austere life, and was very fond of those Paulists who without any tendency to form an austere Order, practised the virtues of such a life. He felt that he needed the rule of such an Order, if he would observe the virtues of self-denial practised therein. So, during his years in the Paulist Order, while joining whole-heartedly in its splendid Mission work, consciously or unconsciously he was longing for a severer rule. In those days the site of the Paulist Monastery in New York City was comparatively suburban. In a Jubilee Sermon preached by Father Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., he speaks of the contrast between now and then:

[1] Introduction to *Life of Father Hecker.*

This place now so congested was then the open country. There were no whirring elevated trains rushing past, no rumbling of subterranean railways, no clanging of trolleys in the then quiet street and avenue; there were no shops, nor hotels, nor hospitals, no dense lines of tenements crowding each other for space. The greater part of the block where the Church stood expanded into a beautiful garden. There were scattered houses here and there about Fifty-first and Fifty-second Streets, but to the North was a rough region of rocks and swamps and woods so far as Harlem. . . . The Church was not the present monumental structure, but merely a portion of the Father's residence. It was not large, though we thought it so, for we were not then used to vast ecclesiastical edifices, nor was it beautiful, though we were attracted to it, especially because it extended into the Convent garden, and on festivals like "Corpus Christi" we could accompany the Blessed Sacrament, and go in procession along the flowered pathways, singing the jubilant anthems, in the bright sunlight, which seemed always to illumine those happy days. We were all to ourselves in the verdure and fragrance in which the Church was embowered. It all belonged to the Lord and to us.

This was in Civil War days when the foundation of the Cathedral had been laid, but work suspended. Father Campbell, then a boy, was a member of the Volunteer choir

which was the predecessor though not the progenitor of the musical throng that now crowds the Sanctuary of St. Pauls. . . . The sermons were never too long or the ceremonies too protracted. We shared the enthusiasm of the organist and such accomplished musicians as Young and Tillotson and Baker chanted the offices, especially the Passion, and those of us who were present on one Holy Saturday long remembered with delight, how after the gloomy silence of Lent, when the Gloria in Excelsis was intoned, a curtain dropped from above the Altar, and what seemed then an

almost luminous figure of our Lord stood revealed. It was as if He had risen from the tomb of the dead wall, which until then formed the rear of the Sanctuary.

It was some years later than the time of Father Campbell's picture when Kent Stone became a member of the Community, but essentially the surroundings were the same, and the atmosphere of the Monastery was that of a highly intellectual as well as devout Community.

So far as known, the Missions conducted by Father Stone, or in which he took part, were principally in New York or on the Atlantic seaboard. A vacation time was spent at the Paulist retreat on Lake George. In 1874 he was Master of Novices. On Palm Sunday of 1875 we are told by one of his converts he was one of the three priests who sang the Passion, taking the Christus for his part. "His fine, sonorous voice added greatly to the impression of this most solemn service."

On April 22nd [says this same convert], he gave one hypothetical Baptism at the Convent of the Sacred Heart on 17th Street, making a very beautiful address on the occasion which was absolutely impromptu, for he had fallen asleep in the early afternoon and when the carriage came to take him to the Convent, it was some time before he could be found. He was quite late in arriving, rushing in like a whirlwind. He used often to laugh over the recollection of it. He had, he said, prepared nothing for the address.

On January 25, 1876, the patronal feast of the Paulists, Father Stone preached the sermon in the presence of Cardinal McClosky, making as usual a profound impression. It is greatly to be regretted that any notes he may have made he was careful to destroy, so that it is not possible by comparison of earlier and later style to find whether his pulpit eloquence changed or developed during his many years as a preacher.

Contemporary opinion, the recollections of those who heard him are all to the same effect, that he spoke with unstudied eloquence and from his very heart of hearts, as if in reparation for expressions of hostility to the Church during his Anglican days. He sometimes used words of denunciation of some of the heresiarchs, which hardly accord with the spirit of toleration and charity he always felt and expressed towards their deluded followers. These occasions, however, were rare. His usual style was not controversial; his power came from a justly balanced appeal to the intellect as well as to the emotions, and so old and young, gentle and simple, responded to the word which he preached.

The following account of a discourse of Father Stone's marks probably his first appearance before the public of his native city:

[1] In 1873 the Holy Father expressed a desire for the formation of Catholic Unions to waken the minds of the people to an intelligent appreciation of the outrages committed against the Holy See.

A call for a meeting on the evening of March 3, 1873, was made by the Archbishop, and in consequence 334 assembled at the Parker House to inaugurate the work.

They were representative men; many of them will live in the annals of the city. Two of Boston's future Mayors were among them, Hugh O'Brien, the first Catholic to hold this office in the old Puritan Town and P. A. Collins who swept the city at his nomination, and whose monument stands at the entrance of the Common as a perpetual memorial of the admiration of his fellow citizens. Theodore Metcalf and Dr. Salter represented the old conservative convert element.

The brilliant John Boyle O'Reilly of undying fame, the gallant Gen. P. A. Guiney and others known and loved for

[1] Extract from Chapter XXI, p. 232. *The Life of Archbishop Williams*, Boston.

years and some of them still living, stood then as now for the best Catholic element in the City. . . .

The first public demonstration took place in November, 1873, and was an outburst of filial love and intelligent sympathy for the Vicar of Christ. The events of the evening were inspiring and could never be forgotten by those present. This inauguration of the Union deserved to rank as an historical event in the annals of the Diocese or rather of New England, for the Bishop of Boston was joined by all the neighboring prelates who responded to their invitations by personal letters expressive of encouragement and admiration. . . .

Music Hall, then the principal Hall of the city, was chosen for the celebration. . . . There were present on the platform beside Bishop Williams and the principal members of the Union, Archbishop McCloskey, Bishop Groesbriand, Bishop Bacon, Bishop O'Reilly, Bishop McFarland, Bishop Hendriken, a hundred clergymen, the distinguished Dr. James Anderson, President of the Catholic Union of New York and the speaker of the evening, Rev. James Kent Stone. A century before according to the laws of Massachusetts, not one of the prelates or priests would have been permitted to breathe in the whole colony unless cast upon the shore by shipwreck, and then only until he would make his way off; while each year on Nov. 5th (until Washington expostulated and cried shame to his men), the Holy Father was burned in effigy amid cries of "No Popery." . . .

Thus ended the first part of the programme. The second part was a magnificent discourse on the "Duties of American Catholics" by the orator of the evening, Rev. James Kent Stone, late President of Kenyon College and recent convert to the Church. His theme had been appointed him by the Union. With characteristic modesty he sought to evade the delivery of a message which seemed to him ill-fitted for one just within the fold, and he desired instead to speak of the "Future of the Church in New England," but the Committee was firm. The members knew the manner of man they had invited and they knew that if any heart could stir the hearts of men to noblest impulse, if any voice could fire with inspiration the souls of his fellow beings, it was the heart and

voice of him who, with the fervor of a St. Paul had thrown himself at the feet of the Master, saying "Lord what wilt Thou have me to do?" . . . Tall and slight and full of manly grace was the youthful figure that rose before the immense audience that night. The perfection of delivery, the soul of pleading were there. The President introduced him as "one who had heeded a higher invitation than ours," alluding to the account of his conversion, "The Invitation Heeded" his answer to the "Call" of Pius IX "ad omnes protestantes alioque acatholicas." The hearts of his hearers fired by the events of the preceding hours were open for his message and every word fell upon good soil and every word deserved to live. Only a few brief paragraphs come within the scope of this chapter, but they will indicate the lofty tone of the address.

"There are periods in history which we call critical periods. There are times of decision, times when the free will of man is called upon to settle, not only by an intellectual judgment, but by the energy of action, questions which are to affect the moral development of mankind through entire nations and for successive generations. Such an age is the one in which we live, and in our own country in particular. We as Catholics and Americans are summoned whether we will or not, to play a part which will be conspicuous hereafter, either for the feebleness of failure or for the splendor of fidelity and success. My friends it is a privilege to live in such a time as this. It is something for a man to be thankful for if he find himself born upon this earth at an epoch when great events are in motion, and great issues struggling towards fulfillment, for life is but half life that is passed in stagnation, and by stagnation I do not mean rest. Serenity is not only compatible with action but it is a mark of intellectual life in its highest development, being in truth but a copy of that Divine nature which is at the same time immovable quietness and most pure act. By stagnation I mean that torpid state, often the result of some natural infidelity when aims become low, and ideas commonplace and from which men can be roused only by the impulse of an apparently supernatural force. Yes, it is a privilege to live in a time of agitation and of intellectual

conflict, because such a time offers to men in general the widest scope and the strongest incentive to heroism, and a call to a heroic life is the highest grace that God can give to man.

"This is a new country, a vast country and God has not thrown it open at this time without a special design. It is a country with only the beginnings of a history, a nation without traditions and therefore to a great extent without prejudices. I do not mean that there are no local prejudices but I mean that they are only local and individual. In the people at large, the attrition of dissimilar minds and the conflict of ideas imported from the most widely diverse sources, have had the effect of reducing to an equilibrium elements which are in themselves antagonistic and have left us, as a nation, singularly free from bias and as the phrase is, open to conviction. Moreover, we are looking forward to the future, without any very definite aims or plans, but with a vague anticipation of something glorious waiting for the realization of a bright but hazy dream of limitless progress. Other nations call us shallow, boastful and hasty. Perhaps so; but we are wide awake, we are ready for action, we are conscious of expectation, watching with wonderful and almost childlike pleasure the marvel of our own development. Protestantism is effete —and what is to take its place. O my brethren, it cannot be that the people of New England are to lapse into infidelity and cynicism and immorality. There is too much of earnestness and candor to merit such a fate. They may have not lost the religious instinct. In rejecting Puritanism they have also rejected its mean dogma of total depravity. They believe in the dignity of their own nature. They are looking and longing for something worthy of its divine aspirations. They will find it, and when they have found it they will move once more the whole country as they have moved it in the days that are gone. 'If you wish to know,' said a Protestant speaker in New York not long ago, 'if you wish to know the way the wind is blowing, look and see how the straws fly in Boston.' My friends, this meeting in the Music Hall is a pretty big straw. When the children of Israel came out of Egypt they stood upon the

borders of the Promised Land and the spies brought them back word concerning the country they were about to enter. It was a land flowing with milk and honey, but it was a land of strong inhabitants and of cities great and walled. 'We saw there,' they said, 'certain monsters of the sons of Erac, of the giant kind, in comparison with whom we seemed like locusts.' Then Caleb, at the command of Moses, stood up to encourage the people, and said to them, 'Let us go up and possess the land, for we shall be able to conquer it.' My friends, you stand this day already within the borders of the promised land, a land which you seek to win to the allegiance of the Lord of Hosts. Of your own power you will not be able to subdue it. If God intends to convert this great nation He will do so by your means—unless you prevent Him; but He will do so in a way which will illustrate His omnipotence. It will not be yours to make an aggressive assault against its citadels of error. You have but to stand still and Jehovah will fight for you. Only be faithful and fervent according to the highest standard of your holy religion and He will do the rest. Be patient then, and fear not. Seven times indeed you may be forced to compass the stronghold of prejudice, but at last at the blowing of your harmless trumpets, its walls will crumble to the ground. And at this time I address you and as one of God's appointed messengers, I say to you, 'Go up and possess this land, for you are able to conquer it.'"

During the delivery of his address, Dr. Stone was often interrupted by applause which continued long after he had ended. The Festival closed with the "Te Deum." after which the people slowly departed, lingering long to take in the full effect of the magnificent and symbolic decorations.

A number of letters to his mother, and the last that remain written to her, give the record of his spiritual life as a Paulist. Unutterably sacred, they show his intimate desire for her conversion which was not gratified, though the correspondence continued all through her life of more than ninety years. She passed many years of her

widowhood with her youngest son, Philip Stone. Her gentle forbearance, her never-failing sympathy were Kent Stone's greatest comfort and support.

Too much cannot be said in praise of this noble character. The separation from her first-born son, and from his children must have caused her great suffering, but she bore these trials with fortitude, and she was the first great love of her dear son's life and remained so to the end.

Some letters to his friend, Mr. Richards, the famous convert, belong to this period. At intervals during all his religious life he wrote to this dear friend whose influence had been most helpful in his conversion.

Church of St. Paul the Apostle,
59th St. & 9th Ave., New York.
Oct. 12, 1870.

My dear, sweet Mother:

I have been meaning for a good while to write to you, not only to answer your welcome note of Sept. 18, but to let you know how well & happy I am. I had a good laugh over your unhappy dream, in which you seemed to imagine me in some dungeon of the wonderful "Inquisition." If you could see us every afternoon between three & five o'clk., as we go striding along through Central Park, chatting & laughing, I guess you would not think me unhappy. Everybody says I am growing fat, & I think it not improbable, for I never felt better in my life. You see, our life, though undoubtedly a rigorous one, is very simple. Everything is done with the utmost regularity, our food is very wholesome, & we have plenty of exercise—(two hours walk every day). And as for inward happiness, it is as if I had never known before what it was to be peaceful and joyous.

I went down town yesterday, for the first time since I came here as a student. It was quite an experience, for we do not go below 59th St. except for a special reason. I went to get some underclothing for the winter. I could not help

smiling as I went to ask for permission, & for money (including the horse-car fare). I had to keep a sharp look-out on the clocks, in order to be home in time for afternoon "Meditation." You see, I have given up my watch, together with everything else. The hours in the house are marked by bells.

Wed. Oct. 19. I had got so far as this, darling Mother, when your letter of the 10th was handed in at my door, & then I was called away for some duty; & now I am *horrified*, on taking up this sheet again, to find that a whole week has elapsed since I left off. It is early morning, before breakfast,—a calm frosty October morning,—the sun has just risen, I have been up a couple of hours, & have been to meditation & Mass. My room is in the highest part of the Monastery, & in the Church just below me Masses are now being said for the people of the parish. My window (there is one to each room) looks south; our house stands on high ground, & I have just taken a glance at the morning prospect. I look out over the smoky roofs & the spires of New York City, which stretches miles away to the southward; on the right is the Hudson River close at hand,—I can see it for quite a distance, with many a goodly craft going up & down; beyond the river are the heights of Hoboken & on the heights I can distinctly discern the beautiful Passionist Monastery, where I made my first retreat & confession, & received first Communion, in December last.

Thank you, sweet Mother, for your letter, which gave me a great deal of pleasure. I was overjoyed to learn of your visit to Manchester, & felt quite triumphant that the only fault you found with the good Sisters of Mercy was with their *habits*. I couldn't help laughing to think what you would say to *me* in *mine*. Of course it isn't at all like a nun's, but it is a regular monastic dress for all that. Already it has such associations for me that I can hardly feel happy out of it; & when I come in from my walk, I hurry into my cassock so soon as possible.

I have been engaged during all my spare moments since I came here in writing a long letter, or rather history for the children. I shall seal it up when ready, & direct it to be given, in case of my death, "to my daughter, Mary Cornelia, when

she shall have reached the age of 15 years." I want to put them in possession of every important fact in my life & their Mother's,—& to protect them so far as I possibly can from any attack on their faith by certain persons whom I cannot trust.

I think I shall appoint a guardian in case of my death, probably Judge Robinson, of New Haven. He became a Catholic about five years ago, & would have entered the priesthood, only he was married. He was an Episcopalian Clergyman in Pennsylvania. He is a first rate young fellow & mighty smart, as you can see from the fact that he is already a Judge & a lecturer in the *Yale Law School.*

I sent you a day or two ago, dear Mother, a copy of the *Catholic World,* for November, because I thought you would like to see the article on my book, noticing the various criticisms on it. I thought you would be interested, perhaps amused, to learn that the article was written by myself. There is nothing in it that will make you feel badly; I devote myself chiefly to "chaffing" the *High Churchman* & the *New Englander.*

I had an affectionate letter yesterday from dear old "Boss" White of Gambier. The loss of his son, Henry, has evidently told upon the grand old gentleman. He himself says: "The fact is, the grand break-up here in 1868 & the sad event of 1869, have pretty near used the old Boss up." He tells me: "There is hardly a day or a meal passed at my house without some allusion to you & yours. I have your letters in my pocket memorandum book, & see them every day."

Bernard Schulte, one of my favorite pupils, who followed me to Geneva, called to see me the other day, & we had a charming time together.

If I had time I would like to tell you all about the Fathers here, & the young men, my fellow students. Some of them are younger than myself, considerably, but I am the "Benjamin" in studies. George Searle is a very sterling man & has improved much since you knew him. But the dearest little fellow of all is Louis Rosecrans,—a son of Gen. Rosecrans. . . .

Ever dearest Mother,

Your loving son,

Nov. 10th, 1870.

My Own Sweet Mother:

Today I am thirty years old. I have lived almost to the period allotted for a generation.—And it occurred to me this morning (for I am writing again "very early in the morning") that it would please you to receive some token of remembrance from me on a day so important to me, even if I should not be able to write what would most gratify your wishes.

Dear Mama, it seems as if I had just begun to live.—You know something of my life for some time past, & know that it has been, in a certain sense & to a certain degree, a crucifixion. "With Christ I am nailed to the Cross. And I live, now not I; but Christ liveth in me. And that I live in the flesh: I live in the faith of the Son of God, Who loved me & delivered Himself for me." I could not have used such language as a Protestant without a twinge of hypocrisy, & a secret consciousness that I was guilty of miserable *cant.* But for a Catholic to speak thus, & to hear Catholics speak thus, is the most natural & ordinary thing in the world. And I can tell you why. I will not speak of myself now, for I am but as a childish beginner, who has scarcely mastered the alphabet of the Saints; but I write of what I have seen & know. I have been in the Church now for nearly a year, & more than a year associated wholly with Catholics, & gone in & out among them, & have watched & studied their lives & motives with a most absorbing interest, & am therefore gratified to speak from experience.

I have found, then, among Catholics (I mean earnest & good Catholics; for there are indifferent & bad Catholics as well) *two* characteristics which I never saw among Protestants.

First—a complete abandonment of the things of this present world. Catholics live not for this world, but for the next. Protestants may do this in *theory;* but I have seen what it is to do this in *practice.* To Catholics the unseen world is a reality; & they live for it *alone.* I never knew a Protestant to whom such texts as *Mark X. 29, 30* could have a *practical* application; whose faith was so vivid as to obscure the things of sense; who lived literally in the "Communion of Saints";

whose gaze was so riveted upon the future as to be absolutely indifferent about the present; who cared nothing whether he ate this or that, whether he was clothed in one garment or another, whether his life were long or short, whether he were sent to Turkey or Australia, whether he were alone or with friends, whether he were sick or well, loved or hated, honored or despised, cherished or persecuted unto death:—but I *have* seen many such among Catholics. And this, not because they are soulless & devoid of human charity (for they are full of tenderness & grace); but because they think only & always of God, & the Saints, & the resurrection of the dead, & the crown of righteousness laid up in heaven.

Second,—an intense personal devotion to our Blessed Lord. I do not mean that Protestants may not love Jesus,—thank God I believe many of them do; but the love of the most ardent Protestant I ever knew pales like a flickering candle beside the steady splendor, the white heat of self-forgetful devotion which makes radiant the lives of those who have been brought near to Christ in His Holy Church. I have read it in the lives of the Saints;—I have seen it in the lives of some whose names will never be enrolled in the calendar. There are men & women whose *sole* object in life is to glorify Jesus, their *sole* desire to possess Him;—who long to think only of Him, to speak only about Him, to work only for Him; whose prayer is *that they may be allowed to suffer for Him;* who would count it all joy to be his martyrs:—& they are sometimes rewarded even nowadays, like those happy Sisters of Charity in China, or that other sister who was torn to pieces in Rome by the Mazzinian mob, or the priests who were stabbed there while administering the last Sacraments to the dying. Perhaps the days are close at hand when many more will be gathered in the "white-clad army." If the call is made, believe me, the volunteers will not be wanting. Ah! there are men who go about all day long, as they work among the poor or preach to the heathen, or keep the watches of the night with a heart which is *never once diverted* from the object of their love, & who have silently on their lips & perpetually sounding in their soul some prayer or aspiration like that of the great Jesuit Missionary:

"O Deus, ego amo Te
Nec amo Te, ut salves me,
Aut quia non amantes Te
Æterno punis igne.
Tu, Tu, mi Jesu, totum me
Amplexuses in cruce,
Tulisti clavos, lanceam,
Multanique ignominiam,
Innumeros dolores,
Sudores et angores,
Ac mortem: et haec propter me,
Ac pro me peccatore.
Cur igitur non amen Te
O Jesu amantissime?
Non ut in cœlo salves me,
Aut ne æternum damnes me,
Aut præmii ullius spe,
Sed, sicut Tu amasti me,
Sic amo et amabo te,
Et solum quia Deus es."

"O God! I love Thee; nor do I love Thee that Thou mayest save me, nor because those who love Thee not Thou dost punish with eternal fire. Thou, Thou, my Jesus, didst embrace me wholly on the Cross, didst bear the nails, the lance, & multiplied ignominy, innumerable pains, sweat, & agony,—& death! & that because of me & for me a sinner! Why then should I not love Thee, O Jesus most lovely,—not that Thou mayest save me in heaven, nor lest Thou shouldst damn me forever, nor for hope of any reward, but as Thou hast loved me, so do I love, so will I love Thee,—solely because Thou art my King, solely because Thou art God!"

—or like that of another St. Francis, the great monk of the middle ages:

"O Deus meus et omnia! absorbeat, quaeso, mentem meam vis agnita et melli flura amoris Tui, ut amore amoris Tui, mundo moriar, qui amore amoris mei dignatus es in ligno crucis mori,—O Deus meus et omnia!"

"O my God & my all! may the burning most sweet power of Thy love, I beseech Thee, absorb my mind, that I may die to the world for love of Thy love, Who for love of my love was pleased to die on the wood of the Cross,—my God & my all!"

And these are the men who are either misunderstood and misrepresented or reviled & persecuted unto death by all

mankind. Ah! when I see men ignorantly hating Christ's holy priests & patient monks & meek nuns, I seem to hear Jesus Himself saying once more from His Cross: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Nov. 13th—Sweet Mother, I have hesitated somewhat, as you see, about sending this letter, fearing that it might displease you. But I have concluded to let it go, & so bear my little tribute of testimony. I doubt whether I shall ever have the heart to write again in this vein. You need not, dear Mother, trouble yourself to acknowledge this letter in any way, nor other notes I wrote lately, about my book, &c. Only just re-enclose the letter from Thomaston. And when you write (as I hope you will now & then) tell me all about yourselves in the same sweet way as ever. I hope dear Father will have interest enough to read this letter. With heartfelt love to all—

Yours ever lovingly,

K.

Dec. 10, 1870.

DEAREST MOTHER:

The enclosed letters came last night. I send them to you, thinking that you & Father will be glad to know how my babies get along. *Please return* the letters to me, as they are of very great value to me. The feast referred to in Cornelia's letter was St. Francis Xaviers', the 3rd of Dec. You may be sure I remembered them on that day, & asked St. Francis special intercession for them. It does seem indeed, as Reverend Mother says, as if God were giving me "a hundred fold" even "*in this* life." Tears of inexpressible happiness have been blinding my eyes since I received the letter. I went down last night into the Church, all silent, & lighted only by the light which burns before the Blessed Sacrament, & I laid the little letter of my darling on the Blessed Virgin's Altar, & said my rosary for her there, that she might indeed become a saint:—& who can tell the joy which seemed to overwhelm me? Shall I not pray for her at Christmas[1] time!

[1] Mother, what does *Christmas* mean? It means *Christ's Mass.*

Oh, Sweet, Little Jesus, dear Infant Jesus, make my baby a saint.

I do not know how the little thing knew that the Feast of the Immaculate Conception was the anniversary of my reception into the Church. I did not know that she was aware I ever had *been* "received into the Church." On that day (day before yesterday) I made a pilgrimage of thanksgiving to the Passionist Monastery where I made my first confession & Communion. Oh, sweetest day of all the year to me, —the herald of Christmas,—the prelude of the Incarnation! How could I once have believed that the Mother of my Saviour & my God was a sinful woman! From her alone He derived His perfect humanity. From *her* He took the Flesh Which was afterwards pierced with the nails & the lance. *Hers* was the blood which circled in His Infant veins, & which at last was shed along the streets of Jerusalem & stained the wood of the Cross. Was that flesh & blood infected with corruption? With her virgin milk He was nourished. Was such sweet sustenance drawn from a tainted fountain? O holy Mary, Ever-Virgin, & conceived without sin, pray for us who implore thy aid. Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women, & blessed is the Fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now & in the hour of our death, Amen.

But scornful men have coldly said
Thy love was leading me from God:
And yet in this I did but tread
The very path my Saviour trod.

They knew but little of thy worth
Who speak these heartless words to me;
For what did Jesus love on earth
One half so tenderly as thee?

Get me the grace to love thee more;
Jesus will give, if thou wilt plead;
And, Mother, when life's cares are o'er,
Oh, I shall love thee then indeed—

Jesus, when His three hours were run,
Bequeathed thee from the Cross to me;
And oh! how can I love thy Son,
Sweet Mother, if I love not thee?

When the Holy Ghost had overshadowed her, the Virgin Mary said: "Behold, from henceforth all generations *shall call me Blessed.*" What Church is it which has always fulfilled that inspired prophecy?

J. K. S.

Feast of the Epiphany, 1871.

DEAREST, SWEETEST MOTHER:

Your tender letter stirred my heart very much. You seem to feel so much yearning & compassion for your "poor fellow," as you call him. Ah, darling Mother! if you knew with what a peaceful radiance my whole life is flooded, you would rather envy me. I do not think you really believe me insane, or you would not tell me so thus frankly. If *I* am insane, what shall we say of all the Saints of God? What shall we say of those first Christians who rejoiced that they were "counted worthy to suffer shame" for the Name of Jesus? What of him (our great Patron) who lived "in weariness & painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger & thirst, in fastings often, in cold & nakedness," & who "took pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake?" What of the whole noble army of martyrs & confessors? What of the countless holy priests, & monks, & nuns, whose hearts are today so many altar-fires from which a flame of intense love & devotion ascends before God? You are certainly mistaken, darling Mama, in supposing that I "go so beyond all other Catholics." It is only because you know nothing of the inner-life of Catholics,—because you have met only indifferent Catholics,—or Catholics who have been chilled by their contact with the world,—that you can suppose so. If you knew even a few of those who have given themselves wholly to our Blessed Lord, you would think

differently. "He that is unmarried," says one who was thought to be beside himself, "careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord." And yet it is perhaps true that "my mind has lost its balance." Yes, my mind & my heart have all *gone over to one side.* As little Mary says (in Nellie's letter) "the dear Lord has taken my heart, & is never going to give it back again." I may have suffered the loss of all things; but, if so, I count them less than nothing.

> that I may win Christ, & be found in Him, not having my own justice, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the justice & the power of His Resurrection, & *the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death: if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead.* Not as though I had already attained, either were *already* perfect: but I follow after, if I may apprehend that for which I am apprehended of Christ Jesus. I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind & reaching forth unto those things, which are before, I press toward the mark *for the prize of the high vocation of God in Christ Jesus.* Let us therefore, *as many as be perfect,* be thus minded.

I do not know how it strikes you, but such passages as these —& the Bible is full of them, *full of them,*—have for me a freshness & vividness which they never had before. No, precious Mother, I do not go beyond other Catholics; there is not a day passes but I am put to a deeper shame that I am so cold, so backward, so inert.

You speak of my "comfortless & desolate home." Well, Mama, this room *would* look rather bare to you, I suppose. There's nothing on the floor; &, beside the chair & little table at which I write, there is only a small bed, a washstand & a pine wardrobe; & on the walls there is not even a looking-glass, but only a holy water-font, a crucifix, & the words:

"*In hope of eternal life.*" And yet this room is to me full of sweet light, & fragrant with the breath of heaven, &, as I sit in it I can almost hear the sound of angel's voices & the rush of angel's wings. Better, far better still—the world is shut out here, & its many noises have died away far behind me; & in the sacred stillness I can hear the "*still, small Voice*" speaking to me, so distinctly that I cannot mistake it, & so tenderly that I cannot resist it. With my Bible, my crucifix, my rosary, & my prayer-book, I could wait in this room with quiet joy,—until I am called at last to go elsewhere. I always enter this room with a quick step; I leave it slowly,—unless indeed, I happen to be going down into the Church. And here I touch upon something which I cannot expect you to understand. I have touched upon the secret of the life of a true Catholic. What is this secret? It is the Presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. What is it which makes this house so ineffably holy to me, & fills its silence with such a meaning? It is the fact that my Lord is here, not merely by that spiritual omnipresence by which He is everywhere, but in His *Incarnate* Divinity, in His *Divine Humanity*, in the very Flesh & Blood which He took for us from His Virgin Mother, & Which He gave for us on the wood of the Cross. Under this very roof He abides night & day, in the Tabernacle over the high altar, where the little lamp is always shining, & at any hour I can go & visit Him, can fall down on my knees close before Him, in the silent Sanctuary; & as often as I wish (Oh, wonder of wonders), He gives Himself to me in Holy Communion, & every morning I see Him offered up—yes! I may one day offer Him up myself—to God the Father in Holy Sacrifice, in the one, perpetual Sacrifice of the Christian Law.

No doubt this seems to you only a wild delusion. It is a delusion, however, for which thousands upon thousands have joyfully shed their blood, & if you should ever come to realize, even for a moment, what it is to believe this, to believe it as firmly as the existence of God, or heaven, or hell, then you will have understood why the Catholic Church is invincible, & what that strange power is which animates the life & the faith of a Catholic. Could you realize this, even for a moment,

you would never think again of a Catholic Church, or a Catholic Convent, as a "comfortless & desolate home."

I would not have you think, sweet Mother, that I have "rejected all the affections that have grown up with" me. Here is another of the mysteries of which I have been learning the meaning,—that God restores to us what we give up for Him; that if we have forsaken aught for His sake, He gives it back to us "a hundred fold even in this life." Do you really think, can you truly say, that I love you any the less, or dear Father, or my darling babies any the less, since I have become a Catholic? I do not regret little Ethel's death in the least; on the contrary I rejoice for her sake; but is that because my heart has grown callous? Oh, heaven forbid! But it is because I have learned to look upon death in a different manner. I cannot think of it as "losing" her. She is where I want her to be & where I long to be myself. She has come actually & vividly *nearer* to me in the Communion of Saints. Do I not pray to her every day? Oh, Mother! dear, Mother! I do indeed love you as truly as ever sweet Mother was loved by unworthy son. And you have been faithful to me, you have always been kind to me, you have ever tried to comfort me. I pray for you with my whole heart every day.

But I meant to have answered your letter, your questions, &, instead of that, I have wandered off on themes which may be distasteful to you. On this glorious day of Our dear Lord's Manifestation, my thoughts & my pen were beguiled. I will finish this afternoon or tomorrow morning.

J. K. S.

Jan. 7, 1871.

DEAREST MOTHER:

. . . On Christmas day we had, down in the basement of the Church, what is called a "crib," a representation of the stable in the cave, with a real manger, & straw, and image of the Infant Jesus, the ox & the ass, &c. The crib remained untouched from Christmas to Epiphany, & I obtained Father Deshon's permission to go down into the basement when I wished. So I went down every day when nobody was there,

and said the five joyful mysteries of the rosary for Nellie's intention. The "joyful mysteries" are about the Infant Saviour: 1. The Annunciation; 2. The Visitation (of St. Elizabeth); 3. The Nativity; 4. The Presentation (in the Temple); 5. The Finding in the Temple. Each mystery has a particular subject of meditation attached to it. I also took little Ethel's rosary down & said it.

You ask me about the initials, "J.M.M.S." You know, when a Catholic enters religion he generally takes a Saint's name in addition to his own. He does not thereby "abandon" his old name. And in all legal & formal documents, & in writing to you, dearest Mother, I shall sign myself just as before. And in writing to me, you can direct just as usual,—as you would doubtless prefer. I elected St. Mary Magdalen. You know, according to the tradition of the Church, she is the same as the Mary who "sat at Jesus' feet," having chosen "the best part," the "*one thing necessary.*" She was the first saint I ever prayed to; & she has done great things for me already. She is a glorious saint,—such a marvel of penitence & of love, so gentle, yet so fearless. She is called in her litany:

(Fortior Apostolis)	More courageous than the Apostles,
(Fervidior Martyribus)	More fervent than the Martyrs,
(Fidelior Virginibus)	More faithful than the Virgins.

I could write pages about her. Can I doubt that she at whose intercession Jesus raised to life one who had been dead four days will obtain for me that, following her example, "I, too, may withdraw my heart from the cares of this world, & may study above all things in holy quietude to be at leisure for God, & that I "may offer to my God the tears of a contrite heart, & with my whole soul may cling to Him Crucified, seeking not to glory save in the Cross of my Lord Jesus Christ." . . .

It was on St. Mary Magdalen's Day (July 22) that I first took the children to Manchester.

. . . With a whole heartfull of love to all,

KENT.

Feast of St. Paul's Conversion.

EVER DEAREST MOTHER:

This is, as you may imagine, a great day with us. St. Paul is our great patron; & we have good confidence (why should we not?) that he watches over us with peculiar interest. We have been making a *novena* to him, ending with a High Mass this morning. A "*novena*" is nine-days' prayer for a special object. And we have been supplicating St. Paul for the conversion of this country,—that is, that he will use his intercession with God in behalf of America, that as at this time he, the Apostle of the Gentiles, was converted by a miracle, so God by a miracle of Grace would turn the hearts of our countrymen to Himself. It is very pleasant to me to remember that as a Protestant I used to have a particular "admiration" for St. Paul. I used to bring him in in almost every sermon I wrote; & one sermon—which I used to flatter myself was my best—was directly on his conversion, from the text: "And straightway he preached Christ in the synagogues, that He is the Son of God." I have a notion that the great Apostle was pleased with my feeble attempts to appreciate him, & had something to do with my being brought into my present associations. Of course, I should not use the word "admiration" to express my present feelings. That is too cold & speculative a word. A Catholic does not "admire" the saints; he has a devotion to them. And I have a true devotion to St. Paul,—such love & reverence as one might feel towards a mighty father. If I live, I hope to devote more & more time to a devout study of his life, his character, & his writings. Another high day in our Order is the 29th of June,—St. Peter & St. Paul's Day. Both of these Feasts, if I remember rightly, are marked in the calendar of the Prot. Epis. Prayer Book, so you will be reminded of them when they come round; & I mention them because I know, darling Mother, that you love me still, & will be pleased to know what days are of note to me. Of course all the festivals which are found in the English Prayer Book are major-festivals of the Catholic Church; so you will have some association with me on Christmas, & Epiphany, the Annunciation, Easter, etc. But then, every day in the year is a festival of some sort or

other in the Catholic Church. For instance, yesterday was St. Timothy's Day,—put, you see, very appropriately just before St. Paul's. I served St. Timothy's Mass yesterday to get him to teach me how to be a worthy desciple of a great Master. Tomorrow is St. Polycarp's Day; the day after, St. John Chrysostom's, Vc. (On St. Chrysostom's day a year ago I wrote—as I myself say in my book—a large part of the chapter on "*The Primacy & Prophecy.*") St. Mary Magdalen's Day comes on the 22nd of July. St. Francis Xavier's—Ethel's & little Mary's feast—on the 3rd of Dec. But perhaps the sweetest day of days to me, individually, is the 8th of Dec.

But, dear me! if I go on talking any more about festivals I shall quite exhaust your patience. Nevertheless, sweet Mother, I think you will not be displeased to know that on this our high-holiday I found time to think so much of you.

Sat., Jan. 21. (St. Agnes' Day) I had set apart today, darling Mother,—being a "recreation-day," as we call it,—to answer your dear letter of the 11th, when lo! yours of yesterday has also come, so that I have two to reply to at once. You know I thank you for them, my dear, true, tender Mother. . . .

Jan. 30th, 1871.

DEAREST MOTHER:

I've time now for the "supplement" I spoke of in my last letter,—which, by the bye, I only mailed this morning. I closed that letter rather in a hurry, & was half sorry afterwards that I said what I did at the end, because it might make you think I was unhappy. But I was not sad, but overcome with the thought of my exceeding happiness, & the aching wish that you & dear Father might know how deep that happiness is. In one of your last letters you say that you think I am "*not unhappy*," & you are "not going to worry" over me, though you "could get up a worry very easily." Ah, dear Mother, it is hard for you to believe what I tell you, isn't it? It seems so impossible, so incomprehensible, so

utterly against all that you have ever thought or heard or read. Yes, yes, our gospel is hid. As for me, my soul faints within me, & I have no words, when I think of the glory which the grace of God has made manifest to me. "O Fountain of Everlasting love,—*what shall I say of Thee?*" How can my poor tongue speak as it would about the Church of God,—the Church which Christ loved:—aye! "Christ loved the Church, & gave Himself for it, that He might sanctify it, cleansing it by the laver of water in the word of life,—that He might present it to Himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, nor any such thing"—immaculate, infallible. Sometimes I find relief by breaking out into one of the great hymns of the Church, such for instance as the antiphon which she sings on St. Mary Magdalen's Day: "The Kingdom of the world & all the ornament thereof have I despised for the love of my Lord Jesus Christ: Whom I have seen, Whom I have loved, in Whom I have believed, Whom I have chosen. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man should give all the substance of his house for love, he shall despise it as nothing."

I was delighted to hear about the letters from Mother Xavier & little Cornelia, & the gold locket with Ethel's hair, & how you answered. It is more gratifying to me than I can tell you to see you responding thus promptly & generously to good Reverend Mother's little attentions. I don't want you to be cut off from the children; indeed I wish you could be brought into the most hearty & unrestrained communication with them. Of one thing you may be certain, that, however little you may be able to understand the Catholic religion, you will find Catholics always—that is, *true* Catholics, who live according to their holy faith—always noble, generous, pure & self-sacrificing.

I think perhaps, darling Mother, you haven't quite understood me on one or two points. For instance, you say: "I have such a love, myself, of the refinements & elegancies of life, & to my mind they are all right & proper, if God gives us the ability to get them. I have not half as much as I would like, but I am contented with such as God has allotted me. . . . Understand, I am not worldly (I believe); I care

nothing for society, so-called, & have a dislike to show & ceremony, but my *taste* makes a certain mode of life necessary. I was so brought up." (I couldn't help laughing at the notion of dear Mama's being "worldly.") *Of course* it's all right for you to have all the comforts & refinements & elegancies you wish. Nay, more, not only your "taste" but your *position* "makes a certain mode of life *necessary*." The Catholic Church does not condemn any one for being a gentleman or a lady! Why, then, do *I* give up all possessions, & put myself under obedience, & lead a single life? That is your difficulty. The reason is, you have never been accustomed to distinguish between what is *of precept* & what is *of counsel*, that is, between what is *commanded* & what is only advised to those who are "able to bear it." The Church, following the doctrine of our Lord & His Apostles, teaches that, besides the Commandments which are laid upon every Christian, there are certain "Counsels of perfection," which are only for those who have a special "vocation," or call from God. All Christians are not called to those special states, in fact only a few are so called. Thus, when the disciples understood our Lord to teach that "it is not good to marry," He replied: "All men cannot receive this saying, save they to whom it is given," namely those who remain unmarried "*for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake.*" "He that can receive it, let him receive it." This is the precise doctrine of the 7th Chap. of I Corinth. summed up in the 37th & 38th verses: "He that standeth steadfast in his heart, having no necessity, but hath power over his own will, & hath so decreed in his heart that he will keep his virgin, doeth well. (I follow the King James Version). So then he that giveth (her) in marriage doeth well: but he that giveth her not in marriage doeth better." When the rich young man came & asked: "Good Master, what shall I do that I may have eternal life?" Jesus answered: "*if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.*" Jesus was asked this question more than once, & he always answered it in the same general way. We are *all required* to "keep the commandments." But the young man wanted to do more than was *required*. So Jesus answered: "*If thou wilt be perfect*, go & *sell that thou hast, & give to the*

poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; & *come, follow me.*" The young man was not *required* to do this; he could have been saved without adopting the "Evangelic Counsels," without selling all his property & following a life of poverty, chastity, & obedience; he was to do this *only if he wished to walk in the path of perfection.*

But I haven't time to go into the subject, though a great deal might be written & quoted from the Bible upon it. If I can get hold of Wilberforce's letter, I will send it to you. In this letter which the Rev. Mr. Wilberforce wrote to his parishioners on his conversion, the subject of these "Counsels" is plainly & simply treated. I know the letter was published in an excellent little collection which was made by Father Doane (Geo. H. Doane of Newark), & which ought to have been called a "Manual of Instructions," but by some mistake was entitled "Manual of Prayers." It will show you what Catholics hold on certain points which you now do not understand.

The time for our walk has come. So good-bye, precious Mother.

K.

P. S. I have obtained a copy of the "Manual," & will send it by mail at the same time with this.

Sept. 9, 1871.

My Poor Darling Mama:

As I read over again your dear letter written from that seaside nook away off in Maine, my heart rises in a tremor of love & pitiful sympathy for you; you seem so tenderly sad, so isolated, so thrown back, as you say, upon yourself. And my yearning is all the greater because I see plainly that a part of your loneliness is caused by notions about me (good-for-nothing me)—which are totally wrong, & yet which I find myself wholly unable to correct. You *will not* believe that I am happy; you *will* have it that I am led, not in any "sweet & gentle way," but by some hard & forbidding & wilfully forlorn path; & you keep on fancying that I am shutting myself in by some stern & horrid wall of separation which will by & by

hide me entirely from your sight. And alas! I cannot expect it to be otherwise; for you have not my faith & cannot see things as they are. Oh! darling Mother, if you only knew,—if you only could know!—but our Blessed Lord has not yet given you so great a grace. Why should He show such mercy to me, who have done nothing to deserve His gifts? Try to believe, darling Mama, even if you cannot comprehend it at all, that my days are full of joy & my nights of brightness.

Not an hour passes but my heart urges me to make some act of tremulous thanksgiving for the immeasurable happiness which has been reserved for me. There is a secret, Mama,—may God reveal it to you before you die,—a secret of living for God *alone*, of doing "all for Jesus," of meeting all suffering with a joyous welcome for our Dear Lord's sake. The secret is *love*,—supreme, absorbing, all-conquering love, love for God alone, & *of all things in God & for God*. This is the life of the saints. This is the hidden manna, & the white stone, which are given to those who overcome. Ah, who shall teach us this divine lesson. Who shall so move & draw our hearts, that they shall turn away from all earthly objects, &, leaving all created things, seek joy & repose & comfort in the infinite fulness of God? "Thou hast made us for Thyself," says St. Augustine, "& our heart is restless until it rests in Thee." Oh, the strange delight, the calm, mysterious happiness of resting in God,—of being borne aloft, as it were, above the earth, & leaning upon God's love in the liquid sunshine, somehow as the bird high up in the air leans against the warm, invisible support of the wind that blows from the fragrant South! The "birds of the air!" They sow not, neither do they reap; they take no thought for raiment, nor for what they shall eat or what they shall drink; & yet I have heard somewhere that we can be even as they.

But alas! who shall teach us this airy, heavenly life? Instead of mounting upwards, we cleave to the low earth; we journey wearily through a lonely wilderness, a dry & thirsty land where no water is. Ah, again I have heard of a journey through a desert where men were fed with angels' food from heaven & water out of the stony rock. Yes, I have known such a pilgrimage myself. "*In the wilderness (as thou hast*

seen) *the Lord thy God hath carried thee, as a man is wont to carry his little son, all the way that you have come, until you came to this place—Who went before you in the way, & marked out the place wherein you should pitch your tents, in the night showing you the way by fire, & in the day by the pillar of a cloud.*[1]

I know not where others may have been taught love's lesson, but for myself I have learned it,—or at least begun to learn it—at the foot of the Crucifix. Oh, wondrous Primer of love divine! When I read therein, my soul is all broken up within me; & I seek for such words as the saints have used. With St. Augustine I could say: "Write, O Blessed Lord, Thy wounds upon my heart, that in them I may read Thy sorrow & Thy love:—Thy sorrow, that for Thy sake I may embrace all sorrow; Thy love, that for Thy sake I may despise all other love." Or with another Saint: "O Sweetest Jesus, Thou didst die for love of me, O may I die for love of Thee." Or with Blessed Henry Suso—he was a Dominican monk, Mama, who lived more than five hundred years ago:—"Lord, my soul stretches out her arms to Thee with infinite desire. O my loving Lord, with fervent desire I embrace Thee today, & press Thee to the bottom of my heart & soul, & put Thee in mind of the loving hour of Thy death, that Thou mayest never allow it to be lost on me: & request that neither life, nor death, nor joy, nor sorrow, may ever separate me from Thee. Lord, my eyes contemplate Thy dead Countenance my soul kisses again & again all Thy fresh-bleeding wounds, all my senses are fed with this sweet fruit beneath the living tree of the Cross,—& not unreasonably: for this one consoles himself with his innocent life; the other with his great exercises & strict conduct; the one with this, the other with that. But as for me, all my consolation & all my trust, are lodged wholly in Thy Passion, in Thy satisfaction, & in Thy merited reward, & therefore, I shall at all times joyfully carry Thy Passion in the bottom of my heart, & show the image of it outwardly, in words & deeds, to the utmost of my ability."[2]

[1] Deut. I., 31, 33.

[2] Ah, Mama, who are they who "glory in the Cross" of Christ,—and who are they to whom the Cross is "an offense"?

And so I go through life with the watchword of the Catholic pilgrim: "I *am* nothing, I have nothing, I desire nothing, but to see Jesus, & to be with Him at Jerusalem." When I think of the joy of this divine fruition, I sing blithely, with the dear St. Francis:

"Such is the joy that I expect,
That all pain is joy to me."

But I must not keep on in this way (though I could write thus all the day),—or my words will seem to you like those of one who dreams—You say: "God is weaning me from this world, & cutting off my links to it more & more & making my last days trying over worry & disappointment in my children." Ah, then He is showing you very great mercy & favor. He wishes to draw you to Himself. Do not misinterpret Him; do not try to thwart His designs; do not struggle against His grace, but turn to Him & say: O my Lord, do with me what Thou wilt. O sweetest & most gentle Jesus, I will follow whithersoever Thou leadest me. For Thee I will give up *all things*. I will choose Thy love before all other loves. Take from me whatever Thou wilt; but give to me *Thyself*. Ah, tender Lord, have mercy on Thy poor servant, & show me Thy salvation.—

K.

To Mr. Richards he writes at this time:

I take the liberty of sending you, by the same mail with this, a rosary which I have been making for you, in token of gratitude for many spiritual favors. Will you do me another, some time, by saying it once for me, that our Dear Lord would send me some little cross or suffering to make me humble & bring me nearer to Himself?

The beads are seeds of the "Indian Shot," or "Rosary Plant," which grew in our Convent garden. I gathered them & perforated them with an awl & a jack-knife, to the no small detriment of the ends of my fingers. The making of the

chain occupied a good many half hours at recreation; for I am but a clumsy apprentice at the art. . . .

Kindest regards to all,
J.M.M.S.

"The Rosary was blessed by Fr. Hecker."

And again on December 2nd, 1872:

My Dear Friend:

I expect to go into retreat after the 8th, & to be ordained priest on the 21st. I hope, God willing, to say my First Mass on Xtmas. morn. Please pray for me, that I may be a true priest, humble & simple, & with no thought but the glory of God & the salvation of souls all the days of my life. If you would be still further my friend, pray that I may meet with many humiliations & much contempt.

I will remember you & yours in my First Mass, subject to the disposition of the Blessed Virgin.

May the peace of God be ever in our hearts.

Faithfully yrs. in Jesus & Mary,
J.M.M.S.

Again to Mr. Richards on December 11th, 1872:

I enter retreat this eve.; but I must send a good-bye word of thanks for your letter. You know, I owe more to you than to any other person,—though your patience has learned by this time that I don't show much gratitude, either by writing or otherwise.

I am sorry to hear of your ill health, knowing the spiritual trials with which it must be accompanied. But then, we will not be sorry for it in the end. St. Teresa, you know, & St. John of the Cross, & all the Saints tell us that God leads by the way of desolation those to whom He has a special favor. Now, if you could *see through* God's plan, if you could be

conscious all the time that God was *only trying you*, it would be no real dereliction, & consequently no real trial. No,—the more weary & prolonged the conflict, the brighter will be the issue & the more glorious the crown. We admit this abstractedly; but we cannot realize it practically; for if we did, we should be so sustained by it that the conflict would cease to be weary & doubtful to us. All we can do is, to make an act of abandonment & go into the darkness.

Forgive my prattling. You must have been much tried at times by my conceited airs. It is because I have a partial consciousness of my failing that I ventured to ask for contempt, etc.; not that I like it, any more than I like cod-liver oil. Only, you see, it is good for me.

I shall have to keep pretty close to the house this winter & spring, as one of my lungs is still a good deal crippled.

He had evidently suffered from the attack of pneumonia just at this date, for he writes thus to Mr. Richards:

I have been looking forward day by day to the pleasure of writing a "decent" letter in answer to yours of a month or more ago; but the prospect seems to grow daily less; for though my health is slowly (though, I think, steadily) improving, yet work seems to accumulate faster than my strength, & at times I have something of a struggle to keep my head above water. Say what you will, it is impossible for a man with any show of health to be idle in a religious house. There are too many calls. And as for going away, I have invariably found that it did me harm. I have been saying Mass now for more than a month, & have only missed three times, which is really quite wonderful, for at the beginning of the year many of the fathers thought I had not long to live. The fact is, in regard to our health all we have to do is to exercise a reasonable amount of care & prudence, & to leave the rest, with a right merry *nonchalance*, to God, & to holy obedience, which amounts to the same thing.—"What's the odds, as long as you're 'appy!" was an old boyish commonplace of mine, &, 'pon my word, I believe it has a deep spiritual

significance as well. Perhaps you will retort: Yes, provided you only *are* " 'appy," what's the odds? Well, well,—what's the odds any how, provided you only have a good will?

Good-bye and God bless you all. You must take these few lines for what they are worth, for I haven't time for more. I had a right jolly time in Boston, the only cloud being the domestic affliction which prevented me seeing as I wished you & yours. Give my love to them all & to Havens when you write. I am glad to hear such good report from him. Remember me & I will not forget you.

Yours faithfully in the love of Jesus & Mary,

St. Mary's of the Lake,
Lake George, N. Y.
Sept. 9, 1874.

My Dearest Friend:

I did not expect to visit Lake George this summer, & supposed that I might be able to accept your kind invitation to visit you for a few days in Boston, but about the 1st of August I was sent up here, & shall now probably remain until the end of this month. My health is much better than it was last year, although I am not so well as I appear. All the other Fathers have returned, or are on the point of returning to the city, except Fr. Rosecrans, who remains with me. He is in excellent condition, but wishes to make his recovery as assured as possible. I remain to take charge of the students & novices, & superintend their spiritual exercises. They are making a month's retreat, or quasi-retreat. On my return to N. Y. I must buckle down at once to work, so that I must give up my visit to Boston for this year. . . .

Kent Stone during his life as a Paulist, excepting as he showed among his brethren of the Order the inner workings of his nature, which was not congenial to their self-imposed rule, was to all appearances content with the work he was carrying on. Still on the sunny side of middle life, there seemed no external reason for a change,

but in his soul he felt the call for a more austere rule. He found it hard to bear the necessary consequences of his own power of attraction. He gladly appealed to the crowded congregations who hung on his words, but wished when his appeal was over to lapse into obscurity and to be alone with God. Ready and willing at all times to perform the priestly duty of a Confessor, he recoiled from the thought that his advice was sought because of his own personality. It is quite certain that he would never have been a Paulist had the Passionist Order been willing to receive him when he entered the Church. But before this could happen his children had to be provided for. Father Louis Rosecrans of the Paulist Order, a son of the distinguished General Rosecrans, brought him into communication with Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. O'Connor, then living in San Rafael, California. They were devout and well known Catholics and had no children. Mr. O'Connor and his wife were glad to adopt the two little girls, who were then at the Convent of Mercy at Manchester, New Hampshire.

To Father Stone this seemed a heaven-sent opportunity. Rising above all considerations of family affection, tradition, and early association, he desired of all things that his children should be brought up in a Catholic atmosphere. This end might have been attained in other ways, but it seemed in none so well as by accepting the offer of Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor to adopt them. The papers were duly signed whereby he surrendered all his legal rights as a parent, and the two little girls found a home and a new name in California. He did not realize that this act which seemed to him natural and proper, considering the call of his vocation, involved the carrying of a cross that tested his utmost strength to the end of his life. His was a diverse nature. On the one side the ardent self-effacing temper of a Missionary, and on the other the deepest and most sensitive domestic affec-

tion. He was glad to sacrifice everything. It may well be believed that even had he foreseen what this adoption entailed, in his then temper of mind he would still have gone through with it. When his wife died, and he became a Catholic, with a heroism that can hardly be called Spartan, because he did all for the love of Christ, he thought to break absolutely and entirely with the past. He failed to consider the wrench that his affectionate nature was sure to suffer during the years of separation, but still as has been said, he would have persevered. As circumstances developed, the cross he had assumed seems from the human point of view to have been made unnecessarily heavy. Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor thought that since he had passed into an ecclesiastical life, he should give up not only the legal, but the natural relations of a parent for his children, and that it was better for them as it was for him that there should be no further communication between them. As time went on, their relations ceased with his mother and with the maternal relatives of the children. As they passed on from childhood, they were given every advantage of education and travel, but their father's name and his people were for them practically non-existent.

Here was a tragedy which seemingly might easily have been averted. Try as he would the image of those baby faces was stamped upon his heart. In the long watches of the night, whether on the Pampas of Argentina, or in the harbor of Rio, or the defiles of the Andes, in Rome or Spain, or Panama or Cuba, or in watching the waves of the Pacific from the coast of Chili, there came back to him always the recollection of things past, the knowledge that they who were the nearest in blood, and dearest in love, were as far from him as though they were strangers.

In making this settlement for his children, Father Stone's reasons are most clearly set forth. Before he

made his submission to the Catholic Church, he wrote to Mardenbro White, "Thou dearest man in all the world," and told him of the necessity of Catholic education for his daughters, alluding to the loss of fortune of their mother's relatives, which would make it difficult for their grandparents to keep them. It would have been more impossible to leave them in surroundings so intensely Protestant. Without warning Father Stone took his children from their Grandmother Fay, and there was a feeling of bitter pain and enmity in consequence.

Strangely enough the only conversion to the Catholic Church in that affectionate family circle, so shocked by these recorded events was that of Sigourney Fay, afterward Monsignor Fay, a man of brilliant attainments and charming personality, whose untimely death in the midst of an active career was greatly mourned. Bishop Shahan, Rector of the Catholic University, wrote of Monsignor Fay that he

> was entirely devoted to the honor and glory of God, and his deeply religious nature and training impelled him at all times to make every sacrifice when a divine interest was at stake. His childlike faith, his earnest piety, his ardent love of Holy Church, his zeal for instruction and preaching, his readiness to obey any call of his ecclesiastical superior, his rich mental equipment and his fine tact in manner and speech made him an ideal priest, and had he been spared it seems certain that he would have left behind him a most honorable record of achievement in every branch of sacerdotal activity.

It is interesting to note that this only son of Colonel Fay should have become a Catholic priest, for his father in mistaken zeal would have condemned Kent Stone to a lunatic asylum.

Father Stone did not mean to separate his children utterly from his own relatives, and it is evident from the following letters that friendly relations were intended, but

circumstances altered this decision. The great continent lay between them, for the children were taken to San Rafael, California, and though there were journeys from time to time to Europe, it was not considered well to have them see their father's people. Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor having taken them for their own, kept them entirely, lavishing upon them a love and parental care that could not be excelled.

A visit to California was suggested to Mrs. Stone, as the following letter shows:

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
December 27th, (1872?)

MY DEAR MRS. O'CONNOR:

I want to thank you most cordially and sincerely for the nice letter, with the lovely photographs, you so kindly sent me. Pray don't measure the pleasure they gave me by my delay in acknowledging them. I was, indeed, delighted with them, and but for the crowded work incident to Christmas, would have told you so before.

I think the photograph very successful. It is lovely of Mary, and, though not so familiar with Mr. O'Connor's face, it seems to me excellent. We are very glad to have a good picture of Mr. O'Connor. We are glad to show to our friends into what kind hands our dear little grand-daughter has fallen, for there is no mistaking the kindness of Mr. O'Connor's face.

Mary has improved and matured, and as in Fanny's picture, the expression is particularly satisfying, because it is so bright and happy. Dear little treasures! We are thankful that if the severance from us had to be made, they have found such a happy home, with all its precious privileges, and nestle in loving hearts, and under protecting arms.

"Aunt Mary" is now at home and is very well. She wishes me to give you warm thanks for so kindly suggesting a visit to California and San Rafael. She has no doubt but it would do her a great deal of good, and she would like nothing better than such a visit. She looks upon it as an air-castle in the far distance but she hopes that some day it may be realized.

Were I younger, I might think it possible that she and I could break away, and be strong enough in each other for such an enterprise,—but, alas, I am not young enough, and as years pile on rapidly towards the close of life, mine, I am afraid, will ever keep me from a long cherished wish to see California. Our winters are so harsh and rugged and changeable that the very thought of California is refreshing. If life is not longer in such a climate, at least it is more enjoyable. I hope, however, that if time and circumstances keep me from ever going to California, I shall yet have the pleasure of seeing you and the children in the north once more before these years fail.

I have not heard from my son, Kent, in some little time. He made us a little visit at the time of the Catholic Festival here in Boston, and then he appeared well, but I understood he took cold at that time, and was ill after it,—since then, I have not heard, and I trust he is all right now.

My husband and daughters desire kind regards to you and Mr. O'Connor, as well as tender love to the children, in which I cordially join with kisses to the darlings, and believe me, dear Mrs. O'Connor,

Gratefully and affectionately,
Yours,
Mary K. Stone.

Father Stone also wrote to Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor, a letter which shows his mother's entire generosity of heart, and tenderness for her son and his daughters:

My Kind Friend:

I received a letter from my Mother (who is in Philadelphia), containing a passage which Father Hecker says I may copy for you. Describing her visit to yourself and the children, she says: "Mrs. O'Connor received me most kindly, and the children looked well, & bright & happy. They had improved since they left our house in December. Mrs. O'Connor was about to take the children to drive, & proposed, after

chatting awhile, taking me to the Jersey depot, where I was bound for the 4 o'clock train. I accepted her kindness & she even crossed the ferry with me. I was fatigued & stupid from my journey & a sleepless night on board the boat, & so I did not say many things I would have said; & this is one & you can tell her—that, as she is to be the children's Mama, I adopt *her*, & will take her in as one of my daughters. She was so kind & affectionate that I think she will accept me. I had received two very pretty photographs of the children, one of Mamie & one of the two together."

For myself, I am leading a very quiet & happy life in my "upper-chamber;" & what I lose in one way I trust our good God will make up in another. I have to thank you for your kind anxiety on my behalf, as well as for those admirable buckskin vests & sundry tempting dainties. Please give my most kind regards to Mr. O'Connor when you write; & as for the children —well! I must be careful, or I shall risk whatever of tranquillity has been vouchsafed to me. May our dear Lord bless you & reward you abundantly & give you a Happy Easter & many new graces, & an ever-increasing love for Himself.

Very faithfully your servant,

Remember me very respectfully to your Father & Mother & the rest.

In 1877, Miss Lilly Rosecrans, who was the faithful friend of Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor, and governess of the children, wrote to her friend, Miss King, from San Rafael, a letter which perhaps better explains the situation than any other. Miss Rosecrans wrote:

All that you tell me of Father Stone interests me exceedingly, for I have always felt the greatest reverence and sympathy towards him. What a privilege it must be to have such a grand, saintly man for a friend, and to be keeper of such precious relics as those of which you speak! He wrote me a beautiful letter after Louis' death, and I hope some day to show it to the children, when I feel that I can do so without

interfering with their happiness. At present such a thing is hardly possible, at least this is the conclusion I have come to, after considerable reflection, and not without prayer, and I will tell you why. It is of course generally desirable to encourage children's natural affection, but this is an isolated case, in which it seems that the more love there is for the new parents, the better it will be for all parties, Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor, the children, and, if I may venture to say so, Father Stone.

There is no danger of anyone ever coming between Mrs. O'Connor and the children, but as for Mr. O'Connor, is she not right in wishing him to have the first place in their affections? Without that, the children would not be as happy, and would it make Father Stone's cross any lighter to know that they were bearing it too? No one can give a daughter's love to two fathers, and so I believe it is better for Mary, especially, to think that the earthly tie which bound her to Father Stone is completely broken, and to regard him as one whose great holiness has placed him beyond the reach of any but an exceedingly spiritual kind of love, something of the feeling which we have towards the saints. Her "spiritual father," she used to call him, and indeed I am sure she looks upon him as if he had been already canonized. She feels now, I believe, that her whole duty is to Mr. O'Connor, but if she were to hear a great deal of Father Stone, that he loved her in the old way, and as tenderly as ever, it would probably unsettle her mind completely. With Fanny of course it is different, because she was so young when they came to California, that she remembers little besides, though I have heard her speak of Father Stone, and of "when we were at the Convent," probably from what she has heard through others.

As for talking of Father Stone with the children, I feel it rests with Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor, and that it is their privilege to invite the children's confidence in this respect. If I were to speak of the subject any more than is necessary for a good understanding between the children and myself, I should feel that I was robbing my dearest friends and benefactors, to say nothing of doing perhaps, still more harm. So dear Miss

King, although it may seem unfeeling to you I hope you will see why I gave Mary and Fanny the pictures you sent them in your last letter, not as from a friend of Father Stone's but as Father Louis' friend, and if I may say so, ours too. This may appear hard and unfeeling to you, for if I who have never met Father Stone have the greatest sympathy for him, what must be your feelings! But even Louis, although so great a friend of Father Stone's, was very guarded when out here, in his conversation with the children, and you see, dear Miss King, in how much more responsible a position I am placed. The other pictures which you sent from Father Stone I gave Mrs. O'Connor to give to Mary and Fanny, for I did not feel that I could do otherwise.

Having thus settled his children Father Stone's next step was to separate himself from the Paulist Order. This he did in a letter to Father Hecker which has unfortunately been lost. It was of course a matter of regret to his friends that so successful a career should stop, but they knew his temper and the parting was no doubt in entire peace. One of his friends gives a word picture of his last days as a Paulist, and the change that came over him in externals after he had become a Passionist. A Religious of the Sacred Heart says:

It was in the Fall of '77 or '78 that Father Fidelis Stone visited Kenwood. He was then a Paulist, but was evidently considering a life of greater sacrifice. He was sitting on the terrace overlooking the beautiful Hudson, so calm and peaceful at its head waters, meditating on what then filled his mind and heart, when he determined to join the Passionists. On the same occasion he gave a sermon at which the Community, novices and pupils were present, taking for his text: "And Jesus was Silent." He felt no doubt that the next step would create comment, that many would inquire why and wherefore, and that the most heroic course would be to imitate the Divine Master in this as in all other ways. I can not recall any part of his eloquent instruction, but remember that it made a

great impression as did also his whole bearing. He wore a cape which added to the dignity of his person, for at that time he was in the prime of manhood, handsome and most attractive, to which his love of the Crucified and high aspirations leant a heavenly charm. It must have been on or about the Feast of Mater Admirabilis, October 20th, for he said Mass in the little Chapel which was an Oratory at that time. The children were crowded into a narrow space, some of them kneeling close to the altar railing, which was only a step removed from the altar. As the Father turned to the assembly at different parts of the Mass, he noticed a child in front who reminded him so much of his dear golden-haired Fanny that it was the greatest distraction, as he afterward remarked. He sent for the child later, and it was not difficult to read his heart. His voice and eyes spoke of a father's love that was then again being offered on the altar of sacrifice, for the One who asked an entire holocaust. He made it generously and went to the Passionist Monastery in Pittsburg.

Two years later, after an extra rigid novitiate to test the strength and sincerity of the novice, he was admitted to profession in the Congregation of St. Paul of the Cross, and was allowed to again visit Kenwood. What a transformation in his exterior appearance! The once elegant or perfectly groomed gentleman, as he had always been known to his friends and parishioners, was completely changed. His coat was a misfit, seedy and worn, no collar nor cuffs relieved the bronzed neck and hands that plainly showed how they had been exposed to the heat of the sun and biting frost of winter, but he was radiantly happy, of which all who saw him were convinced. His humble attitude and gratitude for God's favors, made themselves felt; and as we parted he left a fragrance of virtue which lingered for many a day.

After the Beatification of Blessed Gabriel Adolarata, Father Fidelis came to Eden Hall to tell of the ceremonies he had witnessed in Rome, but more especially he wished to speak about his sainted young brother who had won the crown so early and easily in comparison. He dwelt on his rapid flight on the road to perfection. That his life seemed so commonplace as a novice, yet was so pleasing to God, and

so holy in the eyes of the Church. The power and influence of the young saint seem to have been envied by dear Father Fidelis, who desired these qualities for the good of his own people.

We have seen how the intervention of Dr. Doane, who was visiting Dr. Wigger, Rector of the Catholic Church at Madison, N. J., and afterwards Bishop of Newark, deflected Kent Stone from making his first retreat with the Jesuits at Fordham, and sent him to the Passionist Monastery at West Hoboken. There the idea of becoming a Passionist was put in his mind by Father John Philip Baudinelli, under whose direction he made his retreat. His daughters' future having been settled and his years of service as a Paulist having satisfied him that his true vocation was in a Monastic Order, he came naturally to choose the Passionists. Into their Monastery at Pittsburg he entered in the Spring of 1876.

In a letter dated May 29, 1876, addressed to Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor, he says:

On the day when I was received into the Church six years ago last 8th of December, I went to the Passionist Monastery in Hoboken, and made a retreat of some days, making my first confession and receiving First Communion there, and also the scapular. It is not strange then that I began my Catholic life with a great love for the religious and monastic state and with a devotion to Saint Paul of the Cross. With my three little children, however, I felt that I could not take perpetual vows. I did the next best thing which then seemed to be open to me, I became a Paulist where I could have the form of a religious life without the obligation. But I soon began to fear that I had not been generous enough with Almighty God; I was pursued by the constant desire to become a Passionist, and it was only by taking a private vow of obedience to my Paulist Superiors that I was able to keep myself in that

Community. When the anniversary of my reception into the Church came round, Dec. 8th, 1870, I began a Novena to St. Paul of the Cross and the Blessed Virgin about my vocation, and about the children. On the sixth day of the Novena Dec. 13th, little Ethel died, and she was buried on the day the Novena ended. When the 8th of Dec. came round again (1871), *you* came, my dear friends, and offered to adopt the other two. God sent you; it is as plain as day. You have been to me the greatest of earthly benefactors.

Very likely I should have entered a religious order after my children had been thus tenderly provided for; but, as you will remember, I became dangerously ill, and my health afterwards remained so precarious that an austere life seemed out of the question, but lately my health has been growing strong again, thank God, and I have been looking forward I may say for years to the time when I should be strong enough to carry out my cherished hope. At the beginning of September last I gave notice to my superiors that I expected this Spring to enter some Religious Order. I intended to leave earlier in the Spring, and this has been a cause of fresh pain to me, for it was hard, and looked almost cruel to leave the Paulists just after the death of our beloved Father Rosecrans. But all my arrangements had been made, and I believe with all my heart that I was acting in accordance with the will of God. God's holy will be done forever more. I have passed through much anxiety and care, for the responsibility of leaving the Paulists has pressed heavily upon me. Moreover it was very painful to leave my dear brethren in that Community. But at last I am with the Passionists, a postulant. Whether I shall be able to persevere, God alone sees. You, my dear friends, have at least made it possible for me to try. I shall always remember you with gratitude and love, and shall always pray for you whenever I pray for the children. May our Dear Lord keep them very near to His Heart. I do not know whether I shall ever see the children again, but if I do I hope it will be with the badge of the Passion over my heart.

Faithfully and affectionately in J. M. J.

J. K. Stone.

Writing again in September of 1877 to Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor, he says:

I am a Passionist at last, and to whom under God do I owe my happiness more than to you who made it possible? Seven years ago I remember visiting Manchester to see the children, who had been there but a short time; and my heart was full *then* of the desire of becoming a Passionist, but it seemed impossible. If the children had been at that time already in your care instead of with the good Sisters of Mercy, I doubt not that I would have acted in accordance with the attraction of my heart, but God saw that I ought to wait. Certainly he saw best. Blessed may He be forever, for having fulfilled my long hope, and given me a gift which I shall understand and value now better than if it had been given before.

I received the habit on the 10th of Aug. a year ago, and made my profession on the 11th, and am now Vice-Master of Novices in this Retreat. Pray for me that I may be a good Religious. And now I have nothing more to ask for myself, but the grace of perseverance.

The last ten years have made an old man of me. The anguish of religious doubt, the loss of an earthly paradise, these were but the beginnings of sorrows. Bitterest of all was the distress of a heart which, having received the light of Faith seemed to lose fidelity, and to go astray in a miserable wilderness full of pitfalls, and when that soul sought to take refuge in the sweet shelter of a religious life, it was baffled and thrown back by long continued infirmity. But now it has found the true Cross, and wishes to embrace it joyfully and learn the meaning of the new name which obedience has bestowed on it.

Please use your discretion about giving any message to the children. In our Lord's own good time they will know how much I have loved them.

I remain always gratefully and affectionately yours in Jesus and Mary.

FIDELIS OF THE CROSS, Passionist.

CHAPTER VIII

A Passionist

THE Passionist Order is one of the youngest in the Church. It was founded by St. Paul of the Cross on September 14, 1737. St. Paul was born on January 3rd, 1694, at Ovada in the north of Italy, and received at Baptism the name of Paul Francis. His father, Luke Danei, and his mother, Anna Marie Massari, came of noble families but were reduced in circumstances. We are told by the biographer of the Order, Father Felix Ward, C.P., that from his youth he was of a pious nature. He served in the War of 1714 between the Republic of Venice and the Turks, but while praying before the Blessed Sacrament in a town where his regiment was quartered, his vocation came as a direct command from our Lord on the Altar. He declined a suitable marriage, and associated himself with the Confraternity of St. Anthony. The Passion of our Lord became his constant subject of meditation. In due time he formed the Congregation of the Passion. Under the patronage of Bishop Cavalieri, he received from Pope Benedict XIII, who was a Dominican, the approval of the foundation of the Congregation of the Passion. He was ordained by the Pope himself on June 7, 1721, and with him his younger brother, John Baptist, his inseparable companion and co-operator in the foundation of the Order. Father Ward tells us something of the tale. While the Congregation of the Passion is

modern, and adapted to our age, it holds some practices of the old orders in the Church. The office is chanted in choir and the Fathers rise at night for matins. They pray while the world slumbers. Five hours are given daily to devotional exercises, but not consecutively. Study and other duties vary the order of the day, and the ennui of routine is not apparent. There is joy and sweetness of manner, and cheerfulness of heart at recreation, that come from union with God in prayer, and there is freshness of spirit for each duty as its turn comes. While the rule is austere, nothing is enjoined that can be injurious to one in normal health, or fit for missionary work. Here again the blend is perfect of old and new. Passionists are neither Monks nor Friars nor Canons Regular. While they rank with modern Congregations, they have the charm of Monasticism; yet their homes are neither Monasteries, Priories nor Abbeys; they are called "Retreats"; and the Superior is neither Prior, Guardian, nor Abbot; he is simply Rector. A group of Retreats form a Province, and the Superior of the Province is called Provincial, while the Superior of all the Provinces is called General. The Fathers General and Provincial rank as Prelates. To the three simple vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience a fourth is added—to promote in the hearts of the faithful a grateful memory of our Lord's Passion. This now forms their special feature in the Church, hence the popular name, "Passionist." In essentials it agrees with other orders, yet it differs from all so much it has been said St. Paul of the Cross not only founded a new Religious Order, but a new Order of Religion.

Father Felix explains that the chief work of the Passionist Fathers is the giving of missions to the people, and retreats to the clergy and religious communities. They are bound to go on foreign missions wherever sent by the Holy See. Their habit of black, heavy coarse cloth bears on it a shield with the words "Jesu XPI Passio," in the

shape of a heart with the nails to show that the Passion and Crucifixion of our Lord must always be kept in the heart. This emblem was revealed to St. Paul by our Blessed Lady, and he himself was first clad in it by his Bishop. While the Passionists do not take charge of parishes in cities, in non-Catholic countries they find it necessary sometimes to have a parish connected with their Retreat. They are always ready to come to the aid of the diocesan clergy, but when their services are no longer needed, they return to their Retreats.

The first Retreat was opened at Monte Argentaro in Tuscany, called the Cradle of the Order. In 1740 Benedict XV being then Pope, a revised rule was approved by him by rescript, and in 1746 by Papal Brief. Under Clement XIV the rule was further revised. Before the death of St. Paul, Pius VI gave further canonical stability to the Institute, if such were needed, by a Bull of September 15th, 1770. Meantime, Clement XIV gave to St. Paul and his companions the Church of Sts. John and Paul in Rome with a large house adjoining it on Monte Celio, which has ever since been the Mother House of the Congregation. Before his death on October 18th, 1775, twelve houses of the Order were established throughout Italy and formed into three Provinces with a Novitiate in each Province. It will thus be seen that the saint, whose pilgrimage lasted nearly to his eighty-second year, had from his boyhood shown an unusual aptitude for the religious life. He wrote his rule himself, while still a layman in 1720. His devotion to the Passion and to the Immaculate Mother of God, under her title of Our Lady of Sorrows, set its mark on his future life. Pius VI in 1784 declared him Venerable. Pius IX in 1852 declared him Blessed, and in 1867 canonized him as St. Paul of the Cross.

The distinctive spirit of the Congregation embraces both the contemplative and the active lives, thus uniting

the solitary life of the Carthusians or Trappists with the active life of the Jesuits or Lazarists. The Order is mendicant. It has no endowments and possesses no property, privately or in common except their houses and a few acres of land attached to them. They live by their labors, and the voluntary contributions of the faithful. They have two classes, choir brothers and lay brothers. The former, unless priests already, are students for the priesthood, the latter are charged with the domestic duties of the Retreat. The students take a seven years course of ecclesiastical studies. The life in the Retreat is exceedingly austere. They rise at midnight, and spend an hour and a half chanting matins and lauds, and except in cold and severe climates they abstain from meat three days in the week and during the whole of Lent and Advent. They wear sandals on their feet, sleep on straw beds, and wear their habits of coarse wool.

The Order had not spread beyond Italy when in 1810 their houses were closed, with all others of a religious nature, by Napoleon, but on the return of Pius VII in 1814, they resumed their religious garb and community life at their Retreats in Rome, and gradually their other houses were opened and new ones founded elsewhere. At the present time they have Retreats in almost all parts of the world, and occasionally their priests are made Bishops. The Order was introduced into England in 1841 when Father Dominic Barbieri and one companion, Father Amadeus, came to Birmingham under the auspices of Dr. Walsh, Bishop of the Midland District, Dr. Wiseman, his coadjutor and Father Ignatius Spencer, who joined the Congregation in 1847.

The first Retreat was at Aston Hall in Staffordshire. They have since grown with the growth of Catholicism in England and have wielded powerful influence. Coming subsequently to Ireland in 1856, they made a great

foundation near Dublin, and later other houses were founded in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. They are now very strong in Australia, and as we shall see, are firmly established in Latin America. At the invitation of Dr. Michael O'Connor, Bishop of Pittsburg, three Italian Fathers and one lay brother came to his diocese in 1852, ignorant of the English language, and without any knowledge of the manners and customs of the people, they were to serve. Humanly speaking, they seemed to have undertaken an almost impossible task. The whole spirit of American civilization seems contrary to a rule such as theirs, and especially the site chosen for their first foundation. On one of the lofty hills rising abruptly from the Ohio River they have erected their Retreat, a site by nature of great beauty, but made by man a singular illustration of the transformation brought about by manufacturing industry. With the traditional monastic love of horticulture, a symmetrical garden is enclosed wherein fruits and vegetables are cultivated for the use of the Community. A spacious Church and Monastery building have been erected and when one passes the threshold the religious atmosphere of an Italian foundation is evident. All about the neighborhood the contrast between Italy and America could not be more pronounced. At the foot of the hill, interspersed with factories of a dingy red brick, residences of workmen, and across the river great steel mills, working night and day, make of Pittsburg a hive of activity, where the flames of the furnaces cast at night a lurid reflection on the clouds of coal smoke that are ever hanging over the city. In such an environment, one's thoughts more naturally turn to the struggle of man to wrest the forces of nature for the service of the material wants of life, than to the contemplation of the eternal verities. Yet here is the Mother House and Novitiate of the Passionists, and from this centre have radiated influences that have lifted many

thousands of souls above the most depressing and sordid conditions to a mental atmosphere as great in spiritual contrast as that of the mountain regions of the Apennines to the scarred hills of Pittsburg.

At the time Kent Stone began his novitiate at St. Paul's Monastery, Pittsburg, the Order had already become well established in the United States. The great dome of the Monastery at West Hoboken tells the incoming traveller from Europe, when he looks upon the lofty buildings that make New York so unique in aspect, that religion has its seat on that magnificent harbor, and its servants seek to interfuse the community which clusters about those waters with principles of Christian faith. Other houses in Baltimore, Cincinnati, Louisville, Dunkirk and Kansas, were adding strength to their respective dioceses. Dr. Stone began his Novitiate under a severe master, Father Amadeus, an extremely austere man, who felt it his duty to search the very foundations of his subject's character; if there were any lurking temptations to pride, they must be ruthlessly destroyed. This handsome young man, gifted by nature and mentally enriched by years of study, this Ex-President of two noted Colleges, this controvertialist whose work had arrested the attention of the religious world, received no different treatment than if he had come from the common ranks untrained in the religious life. Indeed it would seem as if he were singled out for a more severe test. The wisdom of such training is not apparent to the lay mind, but it has the sanction of venerable authority. Those who are found worthy know from their own experience how to probe the depths of the human heart, and separate the impulses of emotion from the settled convictions of reason. It is all for the greater glory of God and the true Novice Master is impersonal in his purpose. Doubtless he applies the discipline of the rule with consideration for the needs of the individual character.

That the Novice in this instance suffered of course follows: he had a strong nature and it was, whether he knew it or not, self-willed. He was ready to treat himself with rigor, as is shown by his previous and subsequent life. He found in the contemplation of our Suffering Lord that which most appealed to his nature. Just as the Franciscans find in the love of our Lord the central object of their contemplation, the Passionists find in His suffering and His death as the Son of man that which is most impressive as an incentive to personal perfection, and for the conversion of souls. To the Novice in any religious order, when times of intense discouragement come, as come they must, there may be some human aid in the reflection that they are undergoing during that period a special test, and when it is over their trials will be less intense. It is most likely with his temperament that he looked upon trials and mortifications, purposely inflicted to test his vocation, as accidents without deep significance in the solemn effort to adapt his will in all things to the will of God. In any event, there was no flinching under trial. He received the habit of St. Paul of the Cross on August 10th, 1877, and on August 11th, 1878, made his vows, taking the name of Fidelis of the Cross, after the mode of his order.

During one of Kent Stone's missions in St. Stephen's Church in New York, among the large congregation who hung on his words, was a lad whose whole future life was determined by his appeal. His name was Theodore Dehon Smith. The preacher, looking down from the pulpit, was attracted by his earnest attention among so many others, and when later, while seriously ill the boy expressed a wish to see him, he hastened to his bedside. This was their first meeting. Kent Stone was attracted not only by the personality of his young admirer, but by the fact that he bore the name of Dehon. He had had an intimate friend and classmate at Harvard named Arthur Dehon, who had been killed in the Civil War. The

friendship that began ripened into intimacy, and a few years after, when Dehon Smith was at Altoona in the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad and Kent Stone was a Novice at Pittsburg, the relation which had been kept up by visits and occasional correspondence became closer. Dehon Smith, filled with admiration for the heroic course adopted by his friend, made up his mind that he too would become a Passionist. He was then but twenty years old, and at the earnest solicitation of his family, waited until his twenty-first birthday, when on January 1st, 1877, he too began his Novitiate. The affection between the younger and the older man remained unbroken until the death of the former years later in Buenos Aires.

It naturally led to close friendship with the family of Father Maurice, the name by which Theodore Dehon Smith was known as a Passionist. From an occasional letter one can get side glances at the life of Father Fidelis as a Novice. Thus he writes in reply to a suggestion of a visit:

I would be delighted to see you, but you must judge for yourself whether it would be worth while to come all the way from Altoona in this dreary weather for only a little talk of half an hour at the outside; for that is all I could give you, and this only by special permission. You were surprised at my change of state, but I have had it in mind for years more or less—in fact ever since I became a Catholic. They call me now "Father Fidelis," but ask for Father Amadeus, the Master of Novices; he will give permission for me to see you. . . . If God gives me the grace to persevere, my Novitiate will be completed next August. I sign myself by my new name in religion.

Yours from the heart,

FIDELIS A CRUCE,

Novice, C.P.

Writing after the completion of his Novitiate to his young friend, under date of Nov. 5th, 1878, from Louis-

ville, he speaks of the pleasure he had in meeting his mother and brother at Eden Hall.

I understood better, [he writes,] when I talked with your mother why God has given you so many graces and especially (as we trust) the great grace of religious vocation. Your mother is full of gratitude for what she believes a blessing and a gift from God.

Writing of Theodore Dehon Smith's mother to his brother, Walter George, Aubrey de Vere says:

I have spent a great part of this morning reading your letter, which it brought to me, and musing on one whom I have never seen, but whose image rose up before me with a vividness which made her seem like a memory. Your letter gives a portrait of your mother, which is deeply touching to me, for hers must have been of the same type of character as my mother's, and they must have died at nearly the same age. Hers was evidently one of those lives which give the only real answer to that pathetic question, now so often asked, viz., "Is life worth living?" I have endeavored to answer it in one of my late sonnets, but it is best answered by a brief biography. It has then often a completeness which comes in great part from its brevity. Yesterday you have heard but the name, and today you have the total life before you, a life lived aright and therefore not lived in vain. Her life has its unity, because it was evidently the life of Faith, and that Faith is now represented by her children, who will be remembered among those who helped to advance it over the huge new world, in the day of its difficulty and distress, when many despised it.

This gentle and dignified figure was the centre of the family group where Father Fidelis came from time to time for nearly half a century, sharing the joys and the sorrows. Writing from Rome to her son, Walter George, at the time of her death, Father Fidelis says:

I say to myself, if I feel these losses so much (for losses they are, so far as this world is concerned), how must it be with you all at home, to whom your mother's companionship was daily a comfort, a stimulus and a joy?

. . . I feel that, while you might have hoped for your dear mother's presence among you for a few years longer, yet her life work was really complete—symmetrical, beautiful. There was no sudden, violent cutting short of an unfinished career. The treasure of her memory will always remain, after the first tumult of grief has subsided, a perfect and finished picture, bringing no sense of regret, no sigh for the thought of what might have been.

Best of all is the consolation which faith brings. A holy life has been crowned by a blessed death. She has fallen asleep in the Lord, has "gone before us with the sign of faith," and her works do follow her. . . . I would give much could your consolation be one day mine.

One little regret I have that your mother will not see the portrait of her son, the dear Passionist Missionary, which I have had painted for you. I had hoped to give her and you a little surprise. The picture is finished, and will be sent in a day or two. But what matters it? She will see him in Heaven, beautiful beyond words. They are doubtless together now to be parted never more—the mother who gave her son to God, and the heroic son who went before to prepare the way. And Adrian too and the rest—what a reunion! May it be ours some day to join their blessed company.

Just two years before he had written to Mrs. Smith from SS. Giovanni e Paolo, under date of November 21, 1897:

I don't believe you know how often I think of you, and how much I thank you for all your goodness to me. What a great store of memories I have in connection with your beloved and gifted family,—those who have gone before, and those who still remain,—what a wealth of spiritual and intellectual treasure, the accumulation of many years! It is a little world in itself, and you are the central figure in it; your gentle presence pervades and blesses all. Away back

in May last, Grace sent me your sonnet: "My Son's Portrait," which brought tears to my eyes, and which I prize for his sake whom it recalls, and for his mother's. Here in this antique Monastery, and in its sombre garden, I am more often reminded of him than of any one else, although his stay here was but for a few brief days.

Among the papers of Father Maurice was found written on the back of an envelope the following tribute to Father Fidelis:

JAMES KENT STONE

A man of this Century,
Yet most meek.

The Newman of New England
So I like to call him.
One of those gifted beyond measure,
Yet displaying wealth rather
Of nature than of art.
Fidelis, call they him
His brethren of the gown.
Humility his chosen state and virtue,
Ill-according with the renown
His talents bring him;
Yet he is strong in action.
Nowhere showing signs of weakness,
Full-voiced and full-throated,
Preaching in tones of vehemence
The bitter and the sweet
Of Christ's meek Gospel.
I love him, better it may be
Than I do his doctrine.
Of old he reached my heart,
Not by charm of weakness, no,
But fiery strength
Of love divine,
Consuming with a breath of flame
My soul and all my being.

I call him Newman.
It pleases me to mark the parity
Between them. Sooth to say, however,
He is a different man. He has more
Dash and verve than the
English Newman, but lacks the quality
That distinguishes our Mother country
From this nation. At least for English taste,
We none of us have weight enough.
But oh! his spirit is tremendous,
With all the finer instincts well developed.
To discern what is holy sacrifice
And all the qualities to aid and make successful
His indomitable resolution
To accomplish it.
And for this I love him. For this
I place him high o'er all
My household gods. Can I
But be true to the lofty ideal
He has set before me,
All may yet be well
In that last day when we shall
Stand to make account
Of all the blessings Christ has given us
This love of ours may deepen
Into Charity divine.

It was very natural to compare Father Fidelis to Newman. Less subtle minded, perhaps, he was almost equally well equipped for controversial writing. He had a literary skill and taste which gave him a forceful, clear and almost perfect style. *The Invitation Heeded* clearly shows his power as theologian, philosopher and historian. The world lost a great force in literature, when the humble-minded convert chose an inconspicuous missionary field of labor, holding personal sanctity and the love of souls for God above any other consideration.

Years after it was written, Father Maurice's sister sent

the tribute to Father Fidelis, and he wrote in reply from Pittsburg:

In your last you express a hope that I may now have some time for literary work. Why, bless you, I haven't five minutes to myself. The Master must attend to *everything*.

This house is full of the memories of dear Maurice. . . . Often it seems to me I am back where I was twenty-five years ago and all that lies between is but the shadow of a dream. I returned to you the lines written on the old envelope. They were a surprise to me, and affected me profoundly. I hope and pray the dear boy was never undeceived. The shattering of his ideal would have been a rude shock to him.

It is almost impossible to write an account of Father Fidelis as a Passionist without referring often to the correspondence of more than thirty years with the family of Father Maurice. His young friend followed him into the Order, abandoning all things for Christ, to preach Him Crucified. He illustrated remarkably the name he bore. On the east wall of St. Michael's Church, Charleston, is the following inscription:

Sacred
to the Memory of
The Right Revd. Theodore Dehon, D.D.
Late Rector of this Church and Bishop of the Diocess, who ceased to be mortal, on the 6th day of August, 1817. In the 41st Year of his life, and the 20th of his ministry.
GENIUS, LEARNING AND ELOQUENCE
Added lustre
To a character formed by Christian principles and a constant study of the Christian's model.
Meek: He was swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath.
Humble: He esteemed others better than himself.
Merciful: He sought out the poor, and the afflicted.

Devoted to God: He counted his life, not dear to himself, so that he might finish his course with joy, and the Ministry, which he had received of the Lord Jesus, To testify the Gospel of the Grace of God.

Zeal: fortified by DISCRETION, and FIRMNESS by MODERATION

SANCTITY united with URBANITY,
and GOODNESS with CHEERFULNESS,
RENDERED HIM
the DELIGHT of his friends;
the ADMIRATION of his COUNTRY;
the GLORY and HOPE of the Church.
His death was considered a public calamity.
The pious lamented him as a primitive Bishop,
the Clergy as a Father,
and youth and age lingered at his grave.
He was buried under the Chancel, by direction of the Vestry, who also caused this Monument to be erected, in testimony of Their affection, and His merit.

Qius desiderio sit pudor, aut modus,
tam chari capitis.

Strangely enough the young Passionist Missionary found interest in the volume of eloquent sermons of his namesake, the Episcopal Bishop of Charleston, which was in his father's library. He too was destined to preach the gospel, and then he gave his young life in a distant land, having made sacrifice of all things.

He was most lovable, charming in person, slender and tall, with aquiline features and eyes of peculiar beauty and eloquence of expression. There will be reference to him so often in these pages that this description is not out of place, and the epitaph to Bishop Dehon might fittingly be ascribed to that later Theodore Dehon Smith, who became Father Maurice.

Father Fidelis wrote from Rome in 1897, on September 22nd:

Though anniversaries in general are beyond my grasp, I always remember this day, because it is the feast of St. Maurice, our dear boy's patron. And when poor old Father Amadeus chose the name, I think he must have been directed "better than he knew," the choice proved so appropriate. They were both true soldiers, the two Maurices, and finished so nobly and without flinching. May the same spirit be ours!

Kent Stone in passing from the Paulist Community to the Passionists only strengthened the bond of union between the two Congregations. He was not unhappy as a Paulist, which is plainly shown in his letters. He was Master of Novices and loved his work. He practised severe austerities, and went about shabbily and thinly clad, the result being a severe pneumonia which left him thereafter subject to bronchitis and kindred troubles. He found it difficult to follow the Paulist rule, and yet, strange to relate, he told a member of his former Community that he had never been obliged to ask dispensation from the Passionists.

His power as an orator was unrivaled. Very graceful in movement and gesture, the perfect symmetry of his figure enhanced by his black robe in severe outline, he held his hearers spell-bound. He spoke like an inspired prophet. His diction was beautiful. But above all was his earnest appeal for truth, and the eloquent witness to the divinity of the Master Who held his soul enthralled. He swayed the multitudes, and his great Passionist career began by the giving of missions and retreats. One mission given in Baltimore at the request of the Archbishop, afterward Cardinal Gibbons, is of special note. The old Cathedral was filled to overflowing. Such eloquence had never stirred the Catholic heart so profoundly, and President Arthur with persons of distinction came from Washington to hear him. The great Archbishop, as he finished one of his sermons embraced and thanked the humble Missionary.

On February 16th, 1878, there were impressive services for the dead Pontiff, Pius IX, and it was most appropriate that Father Fidelis should preach the Panegyric at the Requiem Mass celebrated by the venerable Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati. Pius IX had called him to the fold and had before all others been his shepherd and his friend.

The account of the ceremony taken from the public press said:

At the conclusion of the Libera me, Domine, which in the Catholic ritual closes the Mass for the Dead, and which was sung by the choir in unison to a Gregorian hymn, the Rev. James Kent Stone, Father Fidelis of the Order of Passionists, stepped upon the platform that had been raised on the altar railing to the left of the middle aisle. He first knelt before a crucifix and image of Christ that stood at one end of the platform, then removed the outer dress worn by his Order, and appeared in a black cassock, with a large crucifix in white on his breast, and confined at the waist by a belt. He also placed the beretta on his head, and began his discourse in a clear, distinct, and measured style. Gradually, however, he became more and more earnest, his words came faster, and his voice took a higher pitch. He began by reading a few verses of Scripture, then pronounced the names of the Trinity, laid aside the book, and spoke without notes for an hour. He said:

"It is hard to speak today, yet I cannot be silent. A child once stood before a work of art, a masterpiece, and his breast heaved and he was greatly moved, because, he said, it was so beautiful; but when he was asked why it was so beautiful, he could not say. So it is with us. We are incapable of analyzing the greatness of him whose outline we appreciate. In the words of a great Pope, 'the difficulty to speak is caused by the necessity which forbids us to be silent.' Behold, my brethren, a strange spectacle. Confine not your gaze to the walls of the sacred edifice in which we are assembled. See a world in mourning. It is not too bold an assertion to say that such an event as this has never before

occurred in the history of the human race; never has there been such grief at the death of a feeble, aged, defenseless man. Great men have died before, and been honored; holy men have died and been revered; beautiful, gentle souls have passed away and been loved, but never has there been a Pope or a Saint who, when he passed away, caused throughout the civilized world so profound an emotion as was caused by the death of Pope Pius IX. He was our father and we his children, and we loved him because he was good. This goodness was a union of many beautiful qualities—virtue, gentleness, patience, strength and fidelity. He was gentle, his heart was tender as a woman's, his smile so sweet, his look so benignant that it has become a proverb among men. His face beaming with sweet, burning love has become dear to the hearts of thousands, and is the most familiar object on the walls of the poor man's cottage, as well as on those of the rich and learned. He was gentle as a woman, simple as a child. They tell of him that in his earlier days, when he was free, he used to go dressed in the simple garb of a priest into the schools of Rome, sit down with the little children and talk to them like a father. We loved him because he was gentle. He was patient with a patience like that of God. It was divine, inspired, and sustained by the love of God and men. Who has ever sustained such injury, outrage and injustice as Pius IX, yet he endured it all with the holy serenity of a saint. He was not only serene, but he had forgiven in his heart. Never did he think of it with malice, and if you want proof of this look at the last public act of his life. There, in a palace which had been his and his predecessors for thousands of years, lay dying a robber king; a king who in his last agony called for mercy. Pope Pius IX, as a minister of Jesus Christ, as His vicar and priest, was bound to give absolution to any one who called for it, but was there not something more than this in the manner in which he responded to those piteous appeals? He took him back to his heart, and blessed him fervently and forgivingly. O, blessed man! O, triumph of love! which enabled the Catholic Church today to sing requiems for the souls of Victor Emmanuel and Pius IX. He was a man of strength—Shame on those who would dare

to accuse him of imbecility! With a sublime strength he faced the world for thirty years, and abated nothing from his rights which he asserted in the face of Emperors and Kings, revolution and commune; and when all the waves of anarchy came rolling against the Vatican he wavered not, but answered with a calm *non possumus*. We cannot give away the rights of the Church. He was strong with the strength of inflexibility and of fidelity. He knew God had given him a charge, and his it was to keep it. One of my earliest recollections is that of a time when the world clamored because the Pope had said that a child that had been Baptized a Christian should be brought up a Christian. 'Give up that child,' thundered the governments of Europe. 'Give up that child,' said the shallow mob here in America. 'We'll send out ships and bombard your walls,' came the cry, but the answer was a *non possumus*. His last words will be memorable so long as the Church of God shall stand. 'Guard well the Church I loved so sacredly.' His only thought was of his Church and his children. He was unselfishly devoted; in all the long history of his reign there is no trace of any selfish thought, of any care for the future for himself, of any shrinking from pain for his own sake. He thought only of us, his beloved, and for this we shall love him so long as our hearts can feel. His qualities were those which go to make up a saint. A world which would gladly hate him, would gladly tear his character to pieces, stands abashed, and can find nothing against him.

"We loved him then because he was beautiful and good, but there is more than this, a deeper meaning in the spectacle which we witness today. We not only love him because he was good; we also honor him because he was great. A combination of the qualities which we have spoken of always makes a great character, but the providence of God has so ordered it that the events bring out his greatness with new emphasis. He will soon be prominent in the history of modern times, and as time goes on, I am bold to say, his figure will stand out with increasing magnitude as a great Pope, perhaps the greatest of Popes."

The speaker then spoke of the present crisis in the history

of the Catholic Church, which, he said, surpassed all that had preceded it, and contrasted it with the crisis of the Thirteenth and Sixteenth Centuries. From the former the Church had been delivered by Pope Innocent III, and flourished as it never had before. Three centuries later broke forth that great apostasy called the Reformation, which seemed to threaten to blot out Christianity; but it was a grand time in which to have lived—a time of confusion, tyranny, and warfare, it is true—but it was a time when saints were plenty, a time in which there was a Pope Pius V, a Saint Ignatius Loyola, a Saint Philip and a Saint Theresa. A greater crisis then is that of today. Protestantism has done its work and is passing away, passing into Rationalism, infidelity and materialism. It will blot out God, justice, Heaven, Hell from the hearts of men, and will give place to the spirit which shall say, "Crush out the wretch," that the name of Jesus Christ may not be heard again. A re-paganized state and a brutalized humanity—communism; both of these powers are attacking the Church, and in the face of these Pius IX stood and said the Church cannot make terms with the State. This crisis made him so great a man. No Pope ever saw so many gatherings around him of all the Bishops of the Church. No Pope ever canonized so many saints, established so many Episcopal Sees, announced so many articles of creed, to renounce which hereafter will be to make shipwreck of the Faith; no Pope so nearly reached the years of Peter as did Pope Pius IX.

In conclusion, Father Fidelis spoke warmly of the thanks due from Catholics to the dead Pope for instituting the worship of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, of the Immaculate Conception of Mary, and of St. Joseph as the Patron of the universal Church.

Father Fidelis hated notoriety. The keynote of his character was an almost rigid simplicity, and with all his heart he was humble. He knew his own power of eloquence; he knew his magnetic charm; he knew its danger; he realized fully what it meant to be the sensation of the

hour. He would gladly hide from all eyes, fly to the desert as the anchorites of old.

His health was failing; the strain of mission life was very great and to save him he was summoned to Rome in 1877.

Clement XIV in the summer of 1773 gave to St. Paul of the Cross the Church of Sts. John and Paul, with the house attached to it for a Retreat. To this place of remoteness and silence on the Celian Hill, in the beating heart of Rome, the centre of Christian and Catholic piety, the brave missionary took shelter from the admiring crowds in the cities of his own land.

He wrote to Mr. O'Connor under date of June 5th, 1877, from St. Joseph's Seminary in Troy, New York, the following letter:

Dear Mr. O'Connor:

My hope has been fulfilled, and I have been called to Rome. If I remember rightly, I mentioned the possibility of this in my letter of last December; and now our Father General has been good to me, and sent for me. I am very thankful for this. The work which I have been doing lately is work for which I have felt myself not yet fitted, and I am weary in body and mind. When I entered the Order three years ago, I felt as if I were leaving the world forever, and would never see old friends again. I remember writing a letter to Miss Lily Rosecrans, which seemed to me at the time like a last will and testament. I was going to become a monk. But scarcely had a year of brief novitiate elapsed, when I was thrown out into more intensely active work than I have ever known in my life. My dream of contemplative retirement was at an end. Now once more I seem about to leave the world, and all its fluctuations. The sea shall open a way for me, and I shall glide into the quiet haven of obscurity, and there, in an old, old monastery, amid the ruins of the Coelian Hill, I shall dream myself back in the ages of faith, and seek to learn the lessons of the Saints.

Good-bye. May God bless you, and reward you for all your nobleness and generosity.

Some pious soul—I don't know with what inspiration—has told me that I am not coming back. Well, one could not have a better place to die in than Rome; and I would rather die there than come back to offend God. If I do return, it will probably be not before a year or two. What changes may not take place before then!

I am engaged now in the last piece of work which I am appointed to do before sailing,—a retreat to the Seminarians before Ordination. It is nearly over now, and in a few days, perhaps before this reaches you, I shall be (if God wills) upon the waters. . . .

Tell Mrs. O'Connor that I thank her for all that she has done. If I do not return, tell the children that I loved them.

In the Sacred Heart of Jesus,

Sincerely yours,

FIDELIS OF THE CROSS, C. P.

He little knew what labors were in store for him, and that his seclusion and peace of the cloister would be of short duration. A description of his surroundings in Rome written in 1891 by his young companion, Father Maurice, is most appropriate here. In a letter to his sister from SS. Giovanni e Paolo he says:

This is a most charming and delightful mass of antiquity. . . . There is no reception room at all in the house, so if you were to visit me I should have to see you in the Sacristy of the Church. I have not yet a clear idea of the whole place, but I will try to describe it as I see it. In the first place you must know that it is as old as Constantine, or very nearly so, about 1500 years. SS. John and Paul, brothers, were courtiers in the train of the Princess Constantia. They suffered martyrdom in or near their own house. Upon the place of their martyrdom and over the ruins of their dwelling, the present Church and Monastery were built. Like all the

ancient buildings that we have seen, the material of construction is a very narrow brick with heavy mortar between, and in this case plastered over and painted white. But the white has faded and become almost brown. A Campanile or bell tower unites the two buildings, which are three stories high, and lifts its head a little way above them.

The monastery forms a rectangle tacked on to the Church. In the space between the sides of the angle is an enclosed garden. In the rear of all is a large garden surrounded by a high wall, containing perhaps ten acres. The only vegetation noticeably different from our own is four large date palms that wave their fringed branches gracefully in the enclosed garden outside my own window. A beautiful avenue of ilex trees is a feature of the larger garden which abounds in boxwood and grape arbors. There are also some specimens of the Eucalyptas. The walls inside the house are of rough white plaster, numerously adorned with pictures more remarkable for piety than art. The floors are brick or stone—so cold and dreary! Long, long corridors with unexpected twists and turns lead to dormitories (that is, rows of cells, for every friar has a cell) chapels, choir, refectories, recreation rooms, *et id genus omne*. It seems to be of immense size. About fifty of us seem to be lost in it. In the refectory a row of tables extends along the four sides of the wall. Before every two of us are a queer little stone jug of water with a turned out nose and two quart jugs of thin wine. Immense soup plates filled with boiled rice or macaroni, or beans are placed before each one. I gaze in admiration at Father Fidelis who finishes his devoutly. The fare is thus very plain and simple but abundant.

We were greeted with great kindness on our entrance by the Superiors and the Brethren. Except Father Fidelis, we Americans have to converse in Latin. We don't talk much in consequence. The Superiors are Father General and four Consultors, Father Rector and Vicar, Father Lector. . . .

The Scala Sancta is a Church and Monastery built in more modern style and presented to our Fathers by Pope Pius IX. It was specially designed to contain the precious relics brought from Jerusalem, the best known of which is the Scala Sancta

or Holy Stair, up which Our Lord passed when judged by Pontius Pilate. . . . As I stood there observing the Brethren in their habits and the devout people, my eye caught this inscription on a marble tablet above the door: "Vulneratus est propter iniquitates nostras, attritus est propter scelera nostra." Hereupon it seemed as though a spark of the divine faith which had prompted all this devotion touched the cold and indifferent heart within me and I fell on my knees to pray. Presently we departed and went across the square to S. John Lateran, one of the four great churches of the world. A broad flight of stone steps brought us to the entrance, and lifting a ponderous curtain, heavy as if it were a door suspended, we passed into the central nave of the solemn temple. A splendor of golden light fell from above, and filled my already awakened soul with delighted reverence. There were no people in the church, but God was there. The majesty of His Presence was like a spell bending all things to His worship. It breathed from the lips of the Apostles, whose life-like statues, in gleaming white marble stood in niches of the wall. It folded one about like a garment, descending like the mantle of the prophet from the lofty ceiling towards which I dared not lift my eyes. And oh! thought I, "All roads lead to Rome," but through what devious ways hath the Deus Optimus Maximus led me miserable to look upon this wondrous work! It was a minor additional blessing to know that under the High Altar were the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul. What could I give of worship to the saints at that supreme moment?

I felt as if I had seen God. And so it is that Rome, the home of the saints, where the very streets are sanctified by their footsteps, and the soil saturated with the blood and sweat of their holy lives and deaths, is nothing if not a monument to their Creator. D. O. M.—Deus Optimus Maximus is the dominant spirit that is felt in this place. Yea, He speaks through the ruins of the pagans as well as through the temples of the saints. The next day I said Mass in the Chapel of St. Paul of the Cross, our holy founder. His body, clothed in the habit of the Order, can be seen when exposed for veneration under the Altar. The Chapel

itself is a new addition to our ancient Basilica. I suppose it must be an anachronism in art, for it is simply a lofty dome built in to the side of the old church. However, it is exceedingly beautiful. It is especially noticeable in its richness and elegance (it is the munificent donation of a Prince) by contrast with the stern severity of the old Church and cloister. That same day we went to the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, and the Church of St. Gregory the Great.

Ever affectionately,

MAURICE.

Three years were spent in what Father Fidelis himself calls the happy retirement of a Roman cloister.

In 1881 it had been decided that he should go back to the United States. He wrote to Mr. Richards in 1880, as follows, so the project of giving him the Argentine Mission had been contemplated before he actually undertook its onerous work:

SS. GIOVANNI E PAOLO,
ROME, 16 May, 1880.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND:

I think I may call you so, for indeed you are about the oldest friend I have. I have no friends back of the day when I was born into the blessed fold of Christ's Church. It is but a little more than ten years, but it seems to me like a long life time, since I began to live. How crowded with memories! How many experiences, sweet & bitter; how many painful lessons; how many new friends scattered here & there; how many dead & gone! You have been "raking over" my old letters, & quoting sentences which I did not know I had ever written, & which made me open my eyes & think that I was very wise in those days. Ah, well! I suppose I understood the theory well enough,—& theoretically things are not very difficult after all; but the *practice*, ah, God help us! I am getting very anxious, for I fear I have spent ten years & have yet to begin. When I call you my "old friend," I mean to count myself as old too; for I feel

much advanced, & as if I belonged to the same set with your dear, sweet, humble "friend White," & Mr. Hoyt—Father Hoyt now, God bless him,—of New York. I am getting quite rheumatic & stiff in the limbs, & my hair falls whiter each time that the brother crops it. So you see, I laughed heartily all by myself, when you spoke of the "great work which lies before me," & of your desire to "hear the trumpet sounding in our midst again"! Bless you, it was only a penny whistle at best, & it's cracked now. Honestly, I have never gotten over that attack of pneumonia which I had & I don't think I ever shall. I may do some quiet work here & there, but as for being a great missionary, that will never be, my dearest friend, & the "great work" which still "lies before me" is to save my own poor, miserable soul. I know the "fields are white" in America, but others must be the reapers,—the *great* reapers; & you & I, though we may gather a few handfuls, must content ourselves with fulfilling our Lord's command of "praying the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers." Don't worry about scandals. "It must needs be." I know that to a soul zealous for God these are the greatest of trials; but our Lord told St. Gertrude that even zeal for His glory should not disturb interior tranquillity. Our Lord will look after His own cause. He may have to *clean us all out;*—I am sure we deserve it! Do you know, I came near running away from the United States altogether, & going down to Buenos Ayres, where there is also some reaping to be done. I offered to go, & the Father General was very propitious; but I think it is hardly likely now, for other arrangements seem to have been made, or partly made. I only mention this to show you how little I am impressed with "great work" &c., & how little desire I have to "sound the trumpet" in the "centre of Puritanism"! Don't be disgusted with me, my dearest old friend! If God spares my life, I hope to see you once again before I die, & to quaff a glass of ale with you for auld-lang-syne. As for you, you seem to be getting younger & fresher every year, & all the "changes & chances of this mortal life" seem only to sweeten & mellow your dear soul. Do you know that you are developing quite a fund of humor in your old age? Not but that you always loved a sober joke,—

but your last letter is particularly sprightly & entertaining. Indeed it was a charming letter. (You are too old to be hurt by blarney;—don't mind it!) I wonder whether you meant it for a joke when you said you were "not without hopes that Havens might make a good religious"! Bless you! if Havens isn't a good religious, what is going to become of us all? I felt like crawling into a hole when I talked with him at Woodstock.—Do you remember our old friend, (*another* "old friend"!) F. Mazella? I have seen him here several times. He is becoming quite a modern St. Thomas, physically & intellectually, &, I trust, spiritually.

I am going to ask you to do me a little favor. The Feast of St. Paul of the Cross here was a great occasion,—the translation of his relics to the new chapel. I had the honor (I can hardly call it the pleasure) of preaching in English. The MS. of the sermon was sent to our F. Provincial at Hoboken, & I don't *know*, but I *suspect* that he *may* have published it, —perhaps in the *Freeman's Journal*, for Mr. McMaster is quite a friend of his. *Now*,—I would like my poor old mother to read it, for it hits somewhat hard at some of her theories; but it would never do to let her suspect that *I wished* her to see it. She would take it very nicely from Miss Edith Salter—who "came across it," you know. What a *Jesuit* I am getting to be!—Father Robert is indeed a fine little man, & "I am not without hopes that he may become," &c. He was not my master, however, but my Vice-Master. My Master was a man of very different mould,—a real Master in Israel, the most thorough-going old 13th Century religious I ever knew. He is now in Spain, where he has been founding a new house of our Order.—

I have been praying hard for your intentions, & will try to keep it up. You are always the same, & always loved. Lots of love to all!—If the sermon is published, & it wouldn't be too much trouble, will you send me a copy, to keep as a curiosity?—

Always gratefully & affectionately in the Heart of Jesus,

P. S. Come to think of it, I doubt whether a newspaper would be delivered to me.

Father Fidelis offered himself. He was modest by nature and after coming into the Church, he was absolutely determined to make his life "hidden with Christ in God," as one of his companions has said of him.

That was why he became a Passionist, why he fled to Rome, and why he did not do a multitude of things which to the worldly mind would have been just and proper, but with the help of God, Who glorifies His Saints, his second life will be found more fertile than his first.

He thought that perhaps the end of his life was approaching. He was preparing himself for death. He had practised a "ferocious penance," to quote one who knew him as a Paulist, and enfeebled by resulting illness he must have found the stone corridors and rigid walls of his Roman Retreat uncomfortable enough. His sandaled feet trod sometimes the same ways that his quick boy's step had followed gaily so many years before, when he knew nothing of life in a cloister but what the young monk had shown him on the height of Fiesole.

He was forty years old. He thought to remain hidden from the world, to be forgotten. He wanted to possess his soul in peace, and to save it by the way of contemplation and of sacrifice. If he could have looked into the future he might have wondered, but he would never have flinched from the heroic task demanded of him.

CHAPTER IX

The Argentine Mission

THERE had been serious difficulties in the establishment of the Passionist missionaries in South America, and the decision to send Father Fidelis to this field of labor proved to be a very wise one. The following letter to Cardinal Niña, Papal Secretary of State, from Dr. Aneiros, Archbishop of Buenos Aires, is very comprehensive.

BUENOS AIRES, 25 June, 1879.

MOST EMINENT LORD CARDINAL:

My great and special predilection for the Irish people resident in this Archdiocese induces me to write this letter, which, I hope, will merit your consideration and approval.

The number of Irish in this Province is about 28,000, and they are scattered over a superficies of about 7,400 leagues; by reason of the pastoral life which they lead, the families live at a considerable distance from one another. This is a great difficulty in the way of their spiritual assistance, although ten Irish priests are engaged in it. It is a well known fact that the Irish population is undergoing a great change in their customs and ideas, and this change, particularly among the young of both sexes, is causing serious alarm for their spiritual good.

The position of the Irish is rendered more critical by the fact that they have accumulated immense wealth by their industry.

The future of the Irish is sad if a timely remedy be not brought to them. Missions are most necessary in the camp,

in order that the people may be instructed in the faith, and taught to practice its most holy precepts.

It is necessary also to provide for the education of both sexes. If there can be found in Ireland a religious community of men who dedicate themselves to missions and education, it would be well to procure members of two different communities: the one specially for missions, the other for schools.

These are my wishes and if I should be so happy as to be in a position to realize them, I am convinced that an incomparable good would be effected for this most deserving population. In order that a permanent good may result from the work of missions among this people, the presence of a religious community is necessary, because no matter how zealously the secular clergy may labor individually, no matter what sacrifices they may make, each one can not attend to all, nor do all they might desire to do.

The Irish people are deserving of all possible care. If your Eminence will kindly take into consideration what I have written, and interest yourself in favor of this work, you will do a great act of charity and leave to posterity a monument of your zeal in the purity of the life of this people.

The necessary funds to pay the passages and establish the religious Orders of both sexes in this Archdiocese will be ready whenever your Eminence will favor me with an answer.

With profound respect,

FREDERICK, Archbishop of Buenos Aires.

A young Passionist from Dublin, Father Martin Byrne, had come to Buenos Aires to collect funds, and he began the foundation of the Order there, remaining a year and a half, giving missions and retreats with the approval of the Archbishop.

The Argentine Irish wanted Irish priests to minister to their needs, and had collected a fund for this purpose, asking that they be sent from the Anglo-Hibernia Province.

When the General of the Order sent priests of other

nationalities, a controversy arose over the so-called Italianizing of the Mission, and this with funds raised by the Irish settlers.

The Father General was the saintly and wise Bernard Mary Silvestrelli, so holy, so beautiful in character that his memory is revered with special honor. He appointed Father Fidelis Superior, and to this hostile atmosphere Father Fidelis came with Father Nilus and Brother Waldo, in 1880. The unhappy controversy was taken to the Sacred Congregation in Rome, and there was publication of certain letters which caused scandal and trouble to the faithful missionaries in the Irish Argentine Community.

The tact and zeal and patience of Father Fidelis brought order and success in this difficult situation after years of trial and vicissitude. Father Nilus left Buenos Aires very soon to consult the Father General and Father Martin left a week later.

The first mission, given in 1881 in St. Roque's Chapel in Buenos Aires, was perfectly successful. The Passionists had no Church of their own, and ministered to the Irish community at the Balvenera Church, the Mass being said at 1 P.M., which of course necessitated long fasting. For a year or perhaps longer, the situation was very discouraging. Father Fidelis insisted upon carrying out to the fullest measure the design of the Father General that the Order be established on a wide basis, for the benefit of all classes and nationalities in the Argentine. It meant the exercising of Christian fortitude and immense endurance.

Then a band of Irish working girls, about two hundred and fifty, zealous and generous, presented a petition for a church, promising to help with their earnings to build it. It was such as these who have built the great Cathedral of New York, and who support in measure many churches of the Western World. They loved the hard pressed Missionary; they felt his zeal and lent their own.

On September 12th, 1882, a property was bought on the corner of the Cala Urquiza and Calle Estados Unidos, and there was erected a house and chapel of zinc, into which the three Missionaries moved on the 6th of January, and Father Fidelis preached the opening sermon to his humble congregation.

The long fasting, the troubled life and exposure made havoc with the health of Father Clement, and on April 19th, of the same year, he died at the Spanish Hospital, in the arms of Father Fidelis.

For a time he was alone, with just a lay brother to help him, and there were many difficulties, many problems; then some companions were sent him in the persons of Father Eugene and Brother Athanasius.

Regular missions began from this time. They were given in English, though Father Fidelis preached occasionally in Spanish, and very well. The Order had a competently equipped band to give missions in Spanish, some years later. Some notes of the regular missions of Father Fidelis are of deep interest, and may be given as they are sent, in fairly chronological order, from the pen of one of his companions:

All of our missions in the Argentine until 1898 were given to English speaking Congregations, for the most part Irish sheep ranchers, and their descendants, who retained the brogue of their fathers while they also spoke the language of the country. These Irish were generally from the pastoral countries of Ireland, Westmeath, Longford, etc., and readily took to the sheep raising industry. More than any other element they contributed to the development of this industry, making the Argentine one of the greatest sheep raising countries of the world. The pastoral life, while it enriched many of them, and gave them opportunities of higher education, tended at the same time to preserve their faith and religious fervor, making of them the very choicest material for missionary and religious cultivation. There were also a number of English

Catholics in the country, and some Highland Scotch, some of the MacDonald clan.

From the very first the missions given among these people by Father Fidelis were attended with extraordinary success. His New England accent softened automatically as he spoke to these Irish exiles, whose English was enriched with the soft melody of Erin. The poor garb, the sandals, and the zeal of the Missionary made a deep impression upon these people. They listened to him as to an apostle of Christ Crucified, and to the present day they remember and speak of his sermons.

A young Irish Argentinian after years told of a beautiful illustration in one of his sermons on the Passion of our Lord.

In order to bring home forcibly to the people a realization of the immense significance of the well-known words: "Greater love no man hath than that he should lay down his life for his friend," Father Fidelis related an incident in the Civil War, in which he had himself fought. A young man, on whom some helpless relations depended for support, had been drafted for service. But another noble young man, hearing of the pitiable plight of these relatives, generously offered himself as a substitute. He told the drafted man to remain with his poor relatives who needed him, and that he, being free, would willingly go and fight in his place. In one of the battles that followed, the generous young soldier lost his life, and was buried among a thousand others whose numbered graves billowed some Southern cemetery. Father Fidelis told of the deep sorrow of the first young man when he heard of the death of his heroic friend and how, after the War, driven by love and heart-felt gratitude he journeyed far to the South in search of the grave of the man to whom he owed so much. After long and devoted search he found the number. Reverently laying a wreath of flowers over the heroic dead, he carved a brief sentence over the grave, a sentence that bore for him a world of meaning, and into which went his soul's deepest gratitude: "He died for me!"

So dramatically did Father Fidelis embody in this incident from the War, the parallel case of the World-Crucified Re-

deemer, and so powerful was the appeal that his hearers could never forget.

Others spoke long years afterward, of his powerful perorations in which the irresistible appeal of the Bleeding Victim on the Cross was voiced and driven home to the most obdurate who might lurk in the Congregation.

Showing in his own masterly way the prodigality with which the Redeemer suffered and shed His Blood, under the scourges and on the Cross, he ended his sermon with words that were followed by profound silence: "For you who still resist, shall all that Blood be shed in vain?"

In order to attend these missions, people would come fifty miles on horseback and during fine weather pass the night sleeping on the pampas grass. Boys and girls have remained fasting until 4 P.M. to receive Communion after services uncomplaining in their fervor.

As the people came, many of them from great distances and thus could make only one trip a day, the main exercises of the mission had to take place at 9 A.M. and 3 P.M., so that those who came might, by bringing luncheon with them, be able to attend all the exercises in a single trip.

Father Fidelis generally lodged at some "estancia" not far away from the Chapel, and among those who best cherish his memory today, are the wealthy "estancieros" who were children when he sojourned at their homes.

Another form of missionary labor on the pampas, in which the Passionists had to engage their missionaries was the giving of what are called "Stations" at these "estancias," at intervals during the year. These "estancias" are something like the Mexican "haciendas"; large tracts of land owned by well-to-do or very wealthy "estancieros." They might consist of a league, nine sections of 160 acres each, by U. S. measurement to forty or more leagues. These immense properties were dotted at intervals by "puestos," smaller sheep farms, occupied by single families, caring for one flock, at a mile or more distant one from another.

A flock numbered from 1200 to 2000 sheep. Missions and Stations had to be arranged so as not to conflict with the work of the shearing time in September or October, nor with the

lambing time in April and May, nor with the dipping time just after shearing to preserve the sheep from "sarna" or scab.

The seasons are inverted south of the Equator, and such snowless winters as they have in the Argentine come in July and August, cold enough to form ice thick as a window pane. The warm summer lasts four months from the middle of November to the middle of March. The cold is penetrating, the heat oppressive.

Father Fidelis endured many hardships, travelling on these vast pampas. There were few graded roads in his time, and distances were magnificent. A mile is so small that the journeys were counted in leagues.

Fancy the incident of a sick call, frequent on the missions, the Sacrament carried forty or fifty miles, the changing of an exhausted team of ponies at some "estancia" half way, and riding in a jerky "volanta," a kind of light buggy. Often it was necessary to alight and make a detour through a barbed wire fence, while the driver and his ponies floundered through a "pantana," a distinctive feature of Argentine roads, a kind of mud wallow from which escape is impossible because of wire fences on each side, into which ponies and carriage often sank until there was danger of leaving only a wreck to mark the end of that lap of the journey.

When the Missionary arrived at the "estancia," he generally found good accommodations, sometimes even luxury, as some of the aristocracy dwelt on their "estancias" in summer time.

But at a "puesto" things were often extremely primitive, and there are cases known where the household have slept outside, to leave the one poor bed for the Missionary.

For one wearing the heavy woolen habit of the Passion, already penitential enough, the Argentine flea was a source of discomfort, and only one who has worn the livery of the Passionist for a few years in the Pampas can imagine what Father Fidelis suffered from these "sanguinivora" in "puestos" and sheep ranches while on missionary duty. For weeks and months at a time, especially during the pioneer days of the Order in the Argentine before our houses were built,

Father Fidelis and his companions would remain at different "estancias," saying Mass every day on an improvised Altar and ministering to the spiritual needs of the "puesteros" and others glad to avail themselves of his services.

It was the more wealthy estancieros who afterwards enabled him to build the two Monasteries at Buenos Aires and Sarmiento, and especially the beautiful Church of Holy Cross at Buenos Aires. During one of his sermons in the old zinc chapel, where he began his labors for the Irish, he pointed out the vainglory of those who had become wealthy in the land, and were not generous. They counted their sheep by the half million, but out of their increase they did not make corresponding investments in the safe property of Almighty God. The appeal was effectual. One of the principal "estancieros," Don Tomas Duggan, led the way with a donation of ten thousand pesos. Others followed with like generosity.

Another account of the building of the beautiful Church of the Holy Cross tells us that the Irish laboring girls, those faithful devoted ones, brought each week their collections to pay the workmen. One Saturday evening, when the time came to make the payment, there was no money, but just in time one of the girls came with her collection and saved the situation. This Church is a beautiful example of 13th Century English Gothic—with five marble altars and a pulpit which is a consummate work of art.

The corner-stone of this church was laid by Bishop Aneiros on May 4, 1889, and it was blessed and opened for the people on November 11th, 1894.

Father Fidelis had opportunity later to help the Irish working women who had grown old and were in need, and he never failed to come to their assistance. A Mrs. Margaret Morgan, who gave the High Altar and Pulpit, was visiting the United States when Father Fidelis was there, and her daughter became ill and died, and he made a long journey to visit and comfort his old friend. This

Holy Cross, Church of the Passionist Fathers, Buenos Aires

Founded by Father Fidelis, 1894

same lady built the Hospital at San Antonio de Areco in the Argentine, and established there the Little Company of Mary, in gratitude for their care of her daughter.

Father Fidelis in his later years wrote a vivid description of his first mission on the Pampas, as a part second to his volume, *An Awakening and What Followed.* He says:

We had chosen a good spot for our mission, not because there were houses there, much less any town, but because it was central and accessible. The nearest "estancia," or ranch house, was half a league distant. We had sent out notices beforehand, and the word had spread, so that expectation had grown into something like excitement. There was a little Chapel, which stood quite solitary in the open camp; it was a tiny affair, and already crumbling, but it served as an assembly point; and if it should prove too small, we could say Mass and hear Confessions there and preach in the open. . . . Towards evening some of the neighbors came to welcome us. They thought nothing of a gallop over the smooth camp, and the first notice of a visitor's approach was a little whirl of dust somewhere on the far horizon. Later we sat in the open and watched the sunset.

No scene remains more vividly in my memory than that same quiet evening on the Pampas. There was a sense of vastness and openness about it that to me was awe-inspiring, and I did not feel inclined to talk. Above all it was the unwonted stillness that impressed me. It was not like the silence of other places; it seemed different in character, more intense; and no doubt it was, for in ordinary quietness, however profound, there are sounds of which we are not conscious: the blending of minute and distant noises, multitudinous faint vibrations, which our sense of hearing does not analyze or detect. I could not help thinking of the silence of outer space, and the undertone of cosmic harmony of which Cicero speaks. Of course there were sounds out there on that prairie, but they were isolated, and seemed to accentuate the stillness,—such as the plaintive bleat of sheep, returning leisurely

to their corral, the lowing of cattle far off, the call of the plover—the "tero-tero" of Argentine,—or the sudden clatter of the "gabiotas"—land-gulls—as they circled around some distant lagoon. . . .

Our camp missions were short, lasting generally four or five days, and rarely so long as a week. We gave some five hundred Communions, I think, during the first mission; later we sometimes gave over a thousand. The missions always closed with renewal of Baptismal Vows, and giving of the Papal Blessing. The scenes were inspiring, and the leave-takings affectionate, sometimes even tearful; and there was a pervading, happy consciousness of much good done. . . .

It may be interesting to note that on the precise spot where that little chapel stood our second large monastery was built a few years later, the Retiro San Pablo, which became our novitiate and house of studies, with a pretty church alongside, and preparatory school close by. The whole establishment, especially when seen from a distance, loomed up quite grandly on the level plain.

But meanwhile things happened. It was not long after our memorable little mission together that my dear comrade's health began visibly to fail. He passed into a rapid decline, and died in my arms,—the most peaceful death I ever witnessed. It made me think of that sunset out on the camp. We were alone at the last, he and I. I was reciting the Prayers for a Departing Soul, using his pocket Ritual. I saw he was going, and stopped; holding up the tiny volume, I whispered: "I'm going to keep this." He smiled faintly, inclined his head ever so gently, and was gone. He was only twenty-eight. God rest his dear soul! Then I was left quite alone, for the poor lay-brother proved unworthy, and finally decamped, I know not whither.

What loneliness of heart, what unutterable pain of anxiety and suspense the missionary suffered in these days we can hardly know.

Shortly after these events he tells of a violent outbreak of black smallpox in the city of Buenos Aires. Father

Fidelis worked night and day among the plague-stricken, panic-stricken people. In telling of this epidemic, many years later, he said that he had not been vaccinated, and that he not only helped to minister to the dying, but to bury the dead; and that lifting or easing the sick, his hands came constantly into contact with the hideous disease. In the providence of God he was saved to continue his labors, and two other priests from the United States with a Brother, came to relieve him.

In 1883 Father Fidelis went to Paraguari, Paraguay, to recruit his physical strength, failing from his heroic efforts, and from there on July 22nd, he wrote to his dear friend, Henry L. Richards, Esq., a beautiful letter, which appears in *An Awakening*. He says:

. . . There is so much I might write, about which would be interesting: about the beautiful, half tropical land of Paraguay; and how it looks now after the War,—that awful war, in which all the men were killed off, so that now there are only women, and young lads who were babies then; or we might ride away through the forests to visit the remains of one of the old Jesuit Mission Churches, and that would please you most of all; and your dear old eyes would fill with tears as you gazed on the ancient Sanctuary, still rich in its ruins . . . this is no letter but only a little love token on your 69th birthday. . . . So here's three cheers to my grand old friend far away; and let the "penny whistle" pipe the sound till it startles the solitudes of this sleepy Paraguay, and let the shrill echo fly past the Amazon, over the Gulf, past Cape Hatteras, till it faintly reaches the heart of Boston. What are time and space anyhow? It's years since we met, and it's leagues that we're parted; but all that is easily annihilated, or almost annihilated, and when we get to Heaven, (which why shouldn't we!) what will have become of years and leagues then?

Just at this time, the poor tired priest hidden in the semi-tropic depths of what would once have seemed to

him an outlandish place, thought of the friend of his childhood and boyhood, that friend who had become his brother-in-law, and wrote him the following touching letter which never brought a reply. It came after the death of James Fay into the possession of his nieces, for whom he had carefully treasured all family letters and pictures. He was a man of tenderest feeling, of upright and charming character, but he could not bring himself to forgive the one who had followed the light as he saw it, and who had taken his children away from what seemed a real danger to their Catholic faith. That no answer came to this friendly appeal was a grief to the heart of Father Fidelis of which he spoke later. Strange that both were suffering from the same cause, the same grief of heart, and that no explanation could ever make clear what seemed inexplicable until death should come to them, and then the mysterious Providence of God be revealed in their behalf.

Interior of Paraguay,
July 16, 1883.

To James H. Fay, Esq.,
Harrison Place, Brookline, Mass.

Dear Jim:

Are you not somewhat surprised to hear from me, so far away? I must have long since become to you only a memory, and, I fear, not a very pleasant one.

But I have had it in mind all along to send you some word of myself. I began a letter to you when I heard of your dear father's death, but I was not able to finish it. Indeed it is many months now that I have been unable to write any letters at all.

The tidings of your loss, dear Jim, affected me very much. Coming soon after the news of my own father's death, it made me feel, stranger and wanderer though I be, that I had met a double and irremediable loss. Ah Jim, the blows of time and change have told upon me. You will not do me the injustice, I know, of doubting what I say about your father.

I have cherished, and shall cherish, for his memory a deep and tender reverence. There was something "so hallowed and so gracious" about his character. His life, as I knew it, was without a blemish. He took adversity with such a gentle patience; he quenched all bitterness by the force of meekness; and brightened all things by the shining of a charity that "never failed."

I did not mean to be rhetorical, Jim, I don't care much for that sort of thing now.

I am up here in Paraguay to recruit, although I don't think there is anything serious the matter with me, only nervous exhaustion. I have been through a good deal these last few years, and you would, I do not doubt, be much entertained if I could tell you some of my exploits and adventures. This land of Paraguay is fair to look upon. But it is a ruined country. God help the poor people, it makes me sad to move among them. Buenos Ayres, on the other hand, where my work is, is all activity. The city is quite up to the times in all modern improvements, and is growing very rapidly.

Please, dear Jim, give my respectful and affectionate remembrance to all your family, if they will kindly receive it, and think of me sometimes as

Your humble brother in Jesus Christ,
FIDELIS OF THE CROSS,
Passionist.

Should you ever wish to send me any word, my address is

REV. FATHER FIDELIS,
Casilla 648
Buenos Ayres.

In 1884 Father Fidelis went to Rome for the General Chapter, and in that same year, on the 4th of May, he wrote to a younger sister of Father Maurice the letter which follows, in which he very touchingly refers to the wish of his young Passionist admirer that a friendship be formed between this sister and his own young daughters.

This friendship did not come about till very nearly the end of the long life of Father Fidelis, but it brought exceeding joy to him and to them when at last in the Providence of God it was accomplished.

GENOA, May 4th, 1884.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND:

I know that you are no longer little, and that you must be quite right when you say that "I would not know you now," but I like to linger a little over the first and only picture which I have of you, in my mind,—as the dear child who walked with me that wintry morning across the fields to Eden Hall. I did not think much about the future then, nor how glad I should one day be to count you as my friend; for this is the feeling which came over me when I read your kind note, with its lovely "Christmas Greeting." It takes longer, by the way, for a letter to reach Buenos Ayres than you suppose. Yours, written on the 2nd of December, did not reach me till the 24th of January. This is rather longer than usual, however.

Perhaps we shall never see one another again in this world; but it will be something for me to know that I have a friend, whom I believe to be good and noble. Friendship is not summed up in mere letter-writing (at that I am no hand at all), nor is it even altogether included in the power of prayer. It is something very wonderful,—something not only real, but strong and helpful, and *constant*, something which is involved in the great virtue of Faith, and in what is an article of faith,—namely the Communion of Saints. Now, I did not mean to philosophize,—your brother, Maurice, can do that better than I.

. . And now I must explain. In a letter sent me by your brother, Maurice, about the same time with your own, he says: "Grace was delighted with your kind remembrance. I have encouraged her to form the acquaintance of certain young ladies not unknown to you. I do not know how she will succeed, and I suppose I am very worldly to think of such things." Yes, very worldly indeed, my dear Maurice; and to the same

extent, I fear am I! I have just written to Maurice, and have told him what a real pleasure it would be to me to know that such a friendship had been formed.

. . . Oh! this is very sacred ground for me. And I would not enter upon it at all, only since your and your brother's letters, the thought has grown upon me; and if I were to die tonight, I would die happier with the thought that one whom I believe to be worthy of knowing and loving, would be a friend to one who is dearer to me than the apple of my eye. You see I speak more especially of "one." A long chain of circumstances leads me to do so. You can not be very far from her age. . . .

Perhaps if this little dream ever *should* "come true," you will one day write to me and tell me things which will be interesting to nobody but me, not in praise, but just the simple truth. "Whether or not," I shall always be glad to hear from you. I am on my way to Rome. Probably I shall soon return to Buenos Aires,—in a month or so. If you hear nothing you may infer that such has been the case.

I have not time nor strength left to tell you about South America, and our work there. And I am sorry I have not more time for messages to your dear ones at home. Especially your Mother, of whom I have a memory very beautiful, and Walter, the grand, and Adrian, the good, in whom Maurice seems to take such comfort. (When Maurice was a novice, I used to call him, "the lofty.") And believe me always, dear little girl,

Your unworthy but sincere and grateful friend,

FIDELIS, C. P.

I have been too unwell to write to you before, and perhaps I shall never be better.

The great strain of missionary labor, requiring heroic courage, mental and physical, had had its effect, and the father's heart turned with longing to those "little children" across the many leagues of land and ocean. His eldest daughter would soon be of age, when the time of her

legal adoption would end. He wrote again from Buenos Aires, June 19th, 1885:

May our dear Lord bless you and keep you ever. And this is a wish and a prayer which comes from my heart of hearts; and though it has been waiting for a long, long time to find expression, yet it has been often silently uttered, when none but Our Lord knew it. . . . It has pleased God (in mercy, I know) to send me an affliction,—a grief of mind and heart,—which for a long time put it out of my power to write letters, even the briefest and most urgent, although, thanks to His Goodness, I have been able to get through my other ordinary duties.

I can not bring myself to say anything more upon the matter on paper, although if I should see you, I think I could tell you all. . . .

It has come to pass, in God's Providence, that I have learned of the desire, which, like a beautiful flower, has sprung up in your heart, to know and to love one whom you have never seen and for *that* I am grateful. May God grant that your generous and unselfish hope may one day be accomplished.

A letter written to his daughter at this time came back to him unopened, a great grief to him. It probably never reached her.

It would be impossible to write the history of this period without referring to that special martyrdom, that intimate grief, the separation from his children which wore the heart of the exile to exhaustion. In the same letter he says:

I have heard of your brother Maurice's ordination to the priesthood. What a magnificent *fait accompli!* I am going to write to him as soon as I can. Meanwhile, I congratulate you. Isn't he "just splendid"? There is something chivalrous about Maurice, and I am glad he had a warrior's name.

I will send you in an accompanying enclosure, the pic-

ture of our little temporary Convent here. And when a fine new Monastery is finished, (and it is already nearly built) you shall have the picture of that also. . . .

Thank you ever so much for the pretty Christmas Card, which came safely, and in good time, and made me feel very wistful,—for Christmas here is not like the Christmas of other days. Imagine Christmas in midsummer! "Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining,"—Ah! as I look at the picture and repeat those words, a breath of the memories of childhood comes wafted back like an indescribable sweet perfume,—for alas!

"I know
Where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth."

. . . No,—for me, I must expect nothing, hope for nothing, think of nothing,—must leave all in the hands of God. To cherish a fluttering hope would go nigh to kill me. It has been only by abandoning everything that I have saved myself from utter shipwreck and the loss of reason.

As you may very likely write to Maurice before I can, say many nice things to him for me.

Your most sincere, humble friend,
FIDELIS OF THE CROSS.

On August 3rd, 1885, he went again to Rome, and he wrote shortly after the following letter:

AT SEA,
August 25, 1885.

DEAR FRIEND:

I wrote to you but a little while before I left Buenos Aires, not dreaming then that I should so soon be called away. And one of my regrets at departing was that perhaps a letter may come from you in my absence. . . . Well, who knows whether I shall ever return to South America at all? However, whatever was sent will reach me, I have no doubt, safely in the end.

And now let me explain to you how I am "at sea" today. Our Mission in South America has not been without its trials. For nearly two years (we went there in May, 1881), things seemed rather hopeless. We were knocked about from place to place, without house or church of our own. Two of our number died, & four returned to Europe, discouraged, or with shattered health. At one time I was left alone, with only a poor Italian lay brother. Then things brightened, & the change in so short a time seems marvellous; for now we have a handsome property on the outskirts of the city of Buenos Aires, with a pretty little Chapel (at least in the interior), & a fine large Monastery, nearly finished (of which no photograph has been taken yet); we have also made a second foundation farther inland, at a place called Salto.

Meantime, my own health had suffered, & more than once I asked our Father General to appoint another Superior. About Easter last I wrote to him, begging him more earnestly to relieve me of responsibility, & telling him at the same time that I did not wish to leave South America, & that I hoped to be able to help the new Superior in many ways. The General replied, telling me to come to Rome, & we would "talk over matters there." So I just packed my bag, & came; & that is the end of my story.

Of course I do not know what the General may decide to do. If he grants my request, I shall soon be escorting the new Superior back to Buenos Aires, accompanied also, perhaps, by other religious. I know there is a possibility of my being sent *somewhere else*, but I try to shut my eyes to it, lest it should prove too great a temptation! The best thing is to leave all in God's hands; for our happiness is not in anticipating, but simply in doing His holy Will.

It is more than three weeks since we set sail, & we are still tossing on the Atlantic. Tomorrow we hope to enter the Mediterranean & as soon as we reach Genoa, I shall post this letter to you. This is the ninth time I have crossed the ocean;—four times across the Equator; and the third time that I have made this long voyage between Italy & the River Platte with no other companion than my Guardian Angel. I am tired of wandering. And ah! what a dreary voyage this

has been! It has done me a heap of good, though; and I begin to think that when the Father General sees me looking so well, he will only give me a good scolding,—and that would be rather a ludicrous conclusion to my petition!

I have written to Father Maurice. I hope his health is good; he didn't say anything about it in his last. I have a relic of St. Maurice with me, which I got for him in Rome, & which has travelled with me now some 14,000 miles.

You will probably hear before long what has become of me. In case I return to Buenos Aires our address will be the same as before. I gave orders, when leaving, that any letters coming for me should be kept, so I shall expect (if I return) to find your answer to my former letter awaiting me,—as a welcome. I am not quite sure about *your* address,—whether I have your father's name correctly. Best remembrance to all, as before. I rather wonder at myself, writing in this way to a "little stranger"; but somehow your place, in my thoughts, has changed, you have "gone up higher"; you are no longer a "child," but a "friend." Why, I can hardly say, but so it is.

I send you a photograph of one of the statues in our Chapel at Buenos Aires, but it does not give a fair idea of the original.

God bless you, & say a little prayer for me that I may do His holy Will *right cheerfully*.

Yours gratefully,
FIDELIS OF THE CROSS.

It will be seen from the brief note following that Father Fidelis went to Ireland for a short time, and of his visit there we have no record.

ST. PAUL'S RETREAT,
MOUNT ARGUS, October 6, 1885.
DUBLIN.

DEAR FRIEND:

It is quite possible that this little letter will cross the Atlantic by the same steamer which is to carry me. Yet it is a

pleasure to me to send you word beforehand, that I am to make a brief visit to the United States before returning to Buenos Aires.

And I will try to look in a moment at Torresdale, if you would like me to,—unless indeed I should chance to meet you and Father Maurice elsewhere. I will have to stay awhile in New York, & a few days in Boston, so that my visit to Torresdale would probably have to be made somewhere in the early part of November.

He came to the United States in obedience to his General, who counselled him to see his children, first as a parental duty, and then to ease his mind of its grief and anxiety. He made an effort to do this, but without success, and returned to Buenos Aires in January of 1885. After visiting Baltimore, Pittsburg and Cincinnati, he writes:

I am really glad to go back to South America; it is so clearly God's Will. My mind is quite at rest.

CHAPTER X

Foundations in Chile

ON June 15th, 1886, Father Fidelis with Father Luis as his companion went to Valparaiso, Chile, and laid the foundation stone of the Church of San Luis. The passage to Chile in those days was difficult and dangerous either by the Straits of Magellan, a long rough voyage, or across the Andes on mule back, for the railway was not yet completed, and the mountain roads were steep and rough.

He writes thus from Valparaiso, Chile:

July 22, 1886.

I send you by the same mail as this a *recuerdo* (as they say here),—a souvenir, which I hope will not be unwelcome. Finding myself in this strange city, where nobody knew me, I thought it a good chance to have my photograph taken for my mother, and some old, old friends who had begged for the same; and having this copy to spare, I bethought myself of you! Can not you be classed now as an "old friend"?

I am here in Chile for a brief sojourn only, and must return before long to my post in Buenos Ayres. Our Father General in Rome commissioned me to visit the Pacific Coast, in order to see whether a foundation of our Order can be effected here. And so it happens that I write to you from under the shadow of the Andes. I hope indeed that we may soon have a house here, a Passionist Convent on the Cerros—the heights of Valparaiso. For I like this country. The people are of good

type, good material to work upon, responsive, kindly, bright and courteous. And then these snowy Cordilleras are a magnificent contrast to the monotony of the Pampas. The decision, however, will remain with our Father General; and I am not quite sure that he will accept the conditions which have been proposed, or that he can send the necessary priests.

We are prisoners here for the present, myself and Father Luis, my young companion,—for news has come that the vessel by which we were expecting to return to Buenos Aires has struck a rock and lies disabled, in the Straits of Magellan. It is mid-winter, and the overland route is quite impassable from the snow.

When I reached Buenos Aires at the end of last February, I found your letter dated August 15th, 1885. . . . You were full of your project then. That was before my house of cards had fallen in. Well, dear friend, God knows best, and may His Holy Will be done. He wants me to be a good Missionary, and not to trouble myself about anything else. The past is dead and gone, and

> "The tender grace of a day that is dead
> Will never come back to me."

I have left no room for messages, but what can I say better than best love to all?

Ever sincerely and gratefully yours,

FIDELIS, C. P.

P. S. We had a shock of earthquake night before last, which jarred and startled us a good deal.

There was much kindness shown Father Fidelis by the people of Chile. He was given a valuable piece of property at Vina del Mar. It was Senor Don José Francisco Vergara, who gave this land, which was on a beautiful "cerro," a level upland where the wealthy built their "chalets." This family were of the most select aristoc-

racy in the country where caste lines are strongly drawn. There are three distinct classes: the aristocrats, the middle class, and the "rotos," which means broken or torn, referring to the condition of the shoes and clothing of this, the poorest class.

The first Retreat erected there was greatly impaired by an earthquake, and afterwards a new Retreat and Church were built at the foot of the hill.

There are now three Passionist houses in Chile, and the Passionist Sisters brought from England have five convents there. These now belong to the Spanish Province. Valparaiso is most picturesque. The houses climb the high hills, and the gardens are walled with niches and terraces, the Pacific Ocean rolling far below, and from the hills there are glorious views of the snow-clad Andes. The heart of the Missionary must have stirred within him at the sight of the soaring mountains, remembering his youth, and how they called him in Switzerland long ago to reach their white distance.

He wrote from Chile, from the Cerro Alegre, under date of September 16, 1887:

Father Edmund (Hill) is my only comrade at present. If all goes well with us, he will probably be stationed here indefinitely. And I myself am likely to remain here a good while, though by and by I shall have to visit our houses in the Argentine Republic, unless I should be relieved of the responsibility.

I like this place immensely; our Church is extremely prettily placed, and the Convent, though only half finished, is (or will be) very convenient. Nevertheless I think it extremely doubtful if our foundation here proves as successful as those on the Eastern side. One of our difficulties is want of subjects. Did you know that some years ago (two or three) Maurice offered to join me. I discouraged him when I saw him in Cincinnati; but a year ago I wrote him a few lines, saying that if he still wished to come, I thought he would be

happy here, and w'd do well. But it turned out that his Provincial could not spare him,—w'd not let him go.

A beautiful letter of sympathy for the death of General Thomas Kilby Smith, Father Maurice's Father, was written at this time, and is given because of its details of the foundation, and its reference to the children, those beloved of his heart, now children no longer.

Padres Passionistas,
Casilla 14
Valparaiso,
March 3, 1888.

Maurice's letter has reached me,—enclosed apparently by yourself, & directed in rather a trembling hand.

I need not tell you, that I sympathize with you with all my heart, having known somewhat also of sorrow myself. And in my daily Mass I will remember your dear father's soul. What a consolation to you that you have a *brother* priest, who will never fail in his constant remembrance, not only of the dead but also of the living, & who will be able to help so mightily. It must have been a great comfort to you all to have had the dear boy (I can't help calling him so) with you at Torresdale, & that he was able to conduct the services. I think that at that moment none of you regretted his vocation. Maurice writes me that your father died "in most edifying sentiments of peace & resignment, & the full communion of Holy Church."

How well I remember how kind and good he was to me the last time I was at Torresdale, & how deeply I was touched by his noble & generous nature.

I think it is evident *now* why our Lord did not allow Maurice to come to South America.

Meanwhile we have been having a serious & almost tragic time of it. After many difficulties & disappointments, we finally abandoned the attempted foundation on *Cerro Alegre.* I became convinced we never should be happy nor independent there, independent I mean in the sense of being free to

keep our Rule, as we would wish,—for we had money enough. We have started a fresh one (about Christmas time it was) in a new place, & I think a much better one, further out from the city. We are "free" enough now! But we are frightfully poor, & have to begin again from the very foundations. How we shall get through I know not; but I leave this to St. Joseph, to whom the new Convent is to be dedicated; & who, I am sure, will not abandon us. Say a little prayer to him for us. The cholera has been raging here this Summer, more among the lower classes than is generally known. And the native Clergy being scarce, we have been occupied during the past three months in tending the poor plague-stricken people. I myself am a good deal broken in health, & sometimes I fancy I shall not hold out long.

Let me thank you for your letter of October 27th, with the verses which it enclosed, the newspaper clippings. I like *Domus Pacifica* best. In fact, I think it is admirable. The gracefulness of the thought is not injured by any effort at effect, & the metre & rhyme are quite perfect,—which is saying a great deal more than most people understand. You encourage me to send you some lines of my own, which got into my head one day when I was down on the beach, at a place called *Miramar*, (which means *looking on the sea*), not far from our new grounds. Yet I would not send them did I not feel assured that you would understand them, for I need scarcely tell you that the name written on the sand, & which the waves *erased* was only that of a little girl, seven years old when I last saw her, sixteen years ago, & whom I never expect to see again.

I see clearly that I shall not be able to write at present to Maurice, for writing is almost an impossibility for me now, & I wonder that I have been able to write as much as this today. Will you kindly write to him, & give him my love & sympathy? Tell him not to grow too heroic—too detached,—too hard!

Upon my word, I believe Maurice could not be content to do anything in a commonplace way! And yet it might be the best way. I was thinking about sermons & instructions just then.

You might forward him this letter, if you think it would interest him. Oh,—the verses!—I suppose he would only turn up his elegant nose at them. But he knows the story, does not he?

On account of the cholera, I shall have to send this round by a long detour, through the Straits of Magellan to Lisbon, then overland to Liverpool, & so on. For all Western ports are closed against Chilian mails at present.

Tell Father Maurice that Father Edmund (my companion) joins me in affectionate sympathy & promises to remember your father in his Mass.

Pray also for your humble servant, & ever sincere friend,

FIDELIS, C. P.

The following passage from a letter of Father Maurice to his sister is very appropriate here.

SACRED HEART RETREAT,
LOUISVILLE, KY.
June 1st, 1888.

DEAR GRACIE:

As you may wish to write to Father Fidelis soon, I make haste to return you his letter of March 3rd. You may tell him, if you please, that since he thinks it best, I will try to be as commonplace as possible. I have a full course of instructions on the Commandments and on the Sacrament of Penance ready, which I have delivered three or four times with more or less of success on Missions. Say, if you will, that while he is always right about the interior life, there is something to be said per contra, which perhaps I may try to express some day. As to the nose and the verses, these last are more elegant than the first. It is a great comfort to hear from the dear man after so long a silence. I was afraid that dreadful cholera would carry him away.

Yes, I know the story he speaks of. I tried to be of service in the matter and while I failed indeed in the principal part, yet would it seem that the effort was not altogether unfruit-

ful. We couldn't give him back his own, you and I, but we gave him the best we had, a love and affection which if not filial in fact was so in desire.

But, do you know, this man of ours who bids you tell me not to be too detached—too heroic—too hard, is himself so much these things that he not only despises the applause of men, he cares nothing for their consolation. For what saith he, in a letter to me subsequent to your own, "If our happiness depends upon exterior things, we shall never be really happy." "And it matters little whether men applaud us or console us." Now, I would have liked to think that the applause of good men is a criterion by which an approving conscience is spurred on to good deeds, and that words of comfort from such were a consolation to be valued. Was I wrong? Does our friend, for instance, despise our testimony? And cares he naught for our true love? God bless him, he is better in this than his doctrine which is maybe too heroic, too hard. . . .

In the fourth chapter of the second part of his book, *An Awakening and What Followed*, in a letter to his dear friend and companion in the Missions, Father Edmund Hill, Father Fidelis gives a charming description of the physical surroundings of the Valparaiso mission:

"We have built a decent little convent, about as large as our first house in Buenos Aires, but more substantial. By and by there will be, please God, a much finer building there, and a more picturesque situation could not be imagined. Behind us rise the foot-hills of the great Cordilleras, and in front the land slopes grandly to the sea. I never tire of the view from my window. The Pacific Ocean deserves its name, for it is rarely disturbed; and somehow in the mere view of it, it always seems more vast than any other expanse of water. Of course this is imagination, but imagination has magic power. And then, there is the beach that "sickle of white sand," which sweeps northward in such a stately curve,

till it meets the first bold headland that plunges into the sea; and beyond that, promontory after promontory pushes out, growing each one fainter in the dim distance; and I strain my eyes to detect them, for they mark the line of that marvellous coast which stretches due North for thousand upon thousand of miles towards what I love to think of as 'God's own country.'"

The main chain of the Cordilleras is not visible, you know, from the city of Valparaiso, nor indeed is it from Vina del Mar; it is hidden by the nearer mountains; but if you walk half a mile or so up that curving beach you bring the whole line of those mighty peaks into full view, with Aconcagua and Tupingato in the centre, the loftiest summits in the Western world, each of them more than 24,000 feet above the sea. I believe they appear higher than the great Himalayas, for one cannot view the Himalayas from sea level. In the forenoon these showy giants are in shadow, and they look pale and ghostly; but towards evening, with the full glory of the sinking sun upon them, they glow with a golden whiteness which is indescribable. Nowhere else on this planet is there such a spot, nor can be; for nowhere else is there so majestic a combination of mountains and of sea.

I am glad you liked those verses. . . .

And now, my Father, let me say something in intimate confidence, which I am sure you will understand, for you know me well. When I wrote those stanzas I was not looking back, not as Lot's wife looked back, nor with any regret, not even that "first slight swerving of the heart" of which our American Longfellow speaks. I have never had such a temptation, nor could my hand for a single moment let go the plough. There was sadness in my heart that afternoon, yes; but no undoing, no wish to undo the past. The spell of the place, the witchery of the scene was upon me; and for the first time since I turned my back upon the old life years ago I gave my memory full play, and let my fancy loose,—as you would let a child go play upon the beach, watching it the while lest it stray too far. And then, when I grew tired, I went back to my little room, and wrote the lines. I enclose another copy of them:

VALPARAISO BAY

A name I wrote upon the sand,
  Where curled the long wave's foamy crest,
  Drawn from the mystic molten West,
To break on Chile's loveliest strand.

Deep in the curvings of the bay
  The city slept in dreamy light,
  And on the Cordilleras's height
The splendor of the sunset lay.

The cliff hung o'er the gleaming tide,
  And at its base, with muffled shocks,
  Reverberant amid the rocks
Tumultuous music woke and died.

And, drawn from out the slumbering past,
  Weird thoughts awoke within my soul,
  Like echoes of the ocean's roll,
Or driftwood by the waves upcast.

I wrote; and thrice the encroaching foam
  Swept seething upward, and erased
  The furtive lines which I had traced,
In vain recall of youth and home.

Dear God! In all the empty world,
  I seek no home for evermore,
  Nor look for rest, till by the shore
Of death my ship her sails hath furled.

'Twas but a brief beguiling spell
  That held me by these rushing seas,
  And I but played with memories
To which long since I bade farewell.

Once, in a far-off happy day,
  As in a dream, I sang and wrote;
  But sudden floods arose, and smote,
And swept my paradise away.

And now, throughout the silent years,
The sand-wastes lie, remote and dead,
By loving steps unvisited,
Nor ever dashed by showers of tears.

O Western Sea! O fair, fond Sea!
I stretch my arms to greet thy light.
Uplift me with thy generous might,
And breathe thy greatness into me!

Thy voices whisper peace; the breath
Of heaven is on the summits steep
That guard thy coast; then let me keep
Here by thy waves my tryst with death,—

No more to wander, and no more
In all the world to seek for rest,—
Only to wait, and by the West
Look wistful towards the unseen shore.

Again from the Monasterio de la Pasion, Vina del Mar, he writes under date of July 7th, 1890.

My nerves are all right, and have been ever since we sailed out of New York harbor on the 4th of December last. I have come to the conclusion that I have no marked vocation as a *beggar*. I don't take to it kindly, and would cheerfully starve, I think, rather than try it again.

We had a royal voyage back to South America. The sea is my delight, and my panacea too. We had a week in England, and touched at various Spanish, Portuguese and Brazilian ports. In the Argentine Republic there was plenty to be done, and rather wearisome work too. However, things were not so discouraging as I had feared; and at least there is movement and progress, which is better than stagnation and decay. Our third Monastery in that country, at a place called Carmen de Areco, is nearly completed; and in the city of Buenos Aires we began, while I was there, the building of a big new Church.

Towards the end of March I started for Chile, overland, across the Cordilleras, (strange they do not call them *Andes* here). I left Father Edmund in Buenos Aires,—where he still remains, and brought with me three others of our religious. I got hurt coming over the mountain. Nothing much, only a kick from a wicked mule, but as the journey is a long one, we had no end of a time getting down to civilized regions again. However, we arrived here safely at last, and took triumphant possession of our little Convent up among the hills. When we came, the building was empty,—only the bare walls, not a chair, nor bed, nor table,—nor kitchen even, and as the place is solitary, and not easy of access, we had to rough it for a while. This did not improve the cut I had got in the leg from the blessed mule, and after some weeks I was obliged to give up, and go to the hospital for a month. But I am out again, as you see, and as lively as ever. At present we are waiting tidings from Rome, where a General Chapter of our Order has just been held. Whether its results will affect the movements of any of us at present on the South American Mission, it is impossible to tell. And for myself I do not very much care. Not only, is there a satisfaction in the fulfillment of one's charge, but there is also, I think, a certain sweetness in the consciousness of exile:—and no doubt it is the best thing for me! Meanwhile I like the country well enough, and am used to the ways of the people, and the language; and, on this side of the mountains at least, there is enough of the beautiful in nature to make up for many other things. In fact I like this small Monastery better than any house of our Order which I have ever visited. There is an atmosphere of peace about it; the view is exquisite,—a bit of winding valley beneath us, all our own; then through the rift of the hills, the roofs of the town below; then a long semicircle of sandy beach and then the sea. Away to the right, the headlands of the Coast push out one after another, and grow dim in the North.

To Father Edmund he wrote of the injury he had received thus:

The transandine tunnel is progressing very slowly. If it should ever be finished, it would make the journey from Argentina easy enough. . . . I am out of the hospital, but have not yet recovered from the wound I got the first time we crossed the Uspallata. I doubt if I ever get quite straight again. Do you know the Uspallata Pass, between Aconcagua and Tupingato? It is higher than all but one or two of the high Alpine passes,—about as high as the Col du Géant, more tedious, but not more difficult. The accident was really due to my own carelessness.

For the rest of his life this wound in the leg gave him great inconvenience, and much pain, especially in his extreme age.

In 1890 he wrote from Buenos Aires a letter of sympathy for another bereavement in the family of Father Maurice:

God bless and strengthen you. The hardest thing about this distance which separates us is the slowness with which communication passes. Space is nothing; one can span it at a bound, be it small or great, and to our souls a thousand miles are as one furlong, and one furlong as a thousand miles. It is time which tells and wears on our spirits, and with God alone a thousand years are as one day. If communication by telegraph were as cheap as by mail, it would make little difference whether I were in Cincinnati or in Buenos Aires. . . .

Shortly after my return to Buenos Aires from Chile, came yours of September 17th, enclosing a sheet written at Cape Ann, a month earlier. . . . The *Harper's* for September came at the same time with the article: "Across the Andes," which interested me greatly. The illustrations are excellent. We followed the same route, except that during the first two days instead of following the line of the railway, we went northward over the mountains, descending again, and striking the proposed railway route near Uspallata. These places with names do not represent towns or villages, but at best a hamlet or two.

Perhaps my brother, Will, was among the artists who

wanted to paint C's portrait this summer. He and his wife are both artists, and I know Cape Ann is a favorite spot of his. Gloucester and Cape Ann recall to me also familiar scenes of my boyhood. Thank you for your kind remembrance of me in the loss of my poor brother, Phil. He was the youngest of the family and my Mother's chief comfort. She lived with him, for he was married and had two little children, the youngest a baby. The two boys of whom you write (what a memory you have) are my sister, Bessie's. She is married to Dr. Allen, professor at Cambridge, and I love her dearly. She deserves it for she is noble. And now I have something else to thank you for, namely your letter of November 2nd; and I know it will please you to learn that it reached me on *Christmas Day*. And that you may appreciate the effect of its arrival, I will tell you somewhat of my present situation. Though I date this from Buenos Aires (simply to remind you of our address), I am really writing from a little town far out on the pampas. Desolation reigns. The drought of summer, and the ravages of locusts have made the country desert and misgovernment and financial disaster have spread gloom among the people. Work has been stopped for the present upon a large monastery of ours which is building near the spot where I am. During some weeks past I have been driving about the camp (prairie)—leagues and leagues, from rancho to rancho; and the heat and dust have entered into my very bones. So you see when on Christmas day one of our Religious who came out from the city, brought to me your letter, it was a sweet Xmas gift, though you had not meant it as such.

You say that Maurice talks of coming to S. America. Well, I don't know; I have not asked him; in fact, I have always discouraged him. But needless to say, I would be overjoyed at his coming. . . . Honestly, I don't think he would be worse off here than in N. America.

. . . Father Edmund does not regret having come hither. Neither do I. I have drawn a dismal picture of the present aspect of the "Camp," but there is another side of the picture. We are a united and congenial little company. Our affairs in the city of Buenos Aires are prosperous, and Chile

is lovely. And we have no heavy city missions,—which are a terror to me.

If Maurice should ever come to us, I promise you to take good care of him. There is a prospect of my return to the States. Rome has done nothing for us,—can't, I suppose. The new Father General has confirmed me in my position, and told us (in effect) to go ahead, as best we can. But where we are to get recruits, Heaven only knows.

The letter following to Mr. Henry L. Richards tells the reason of his coming to the United States at this time:

S. S. "*Santa Rosa*"
Off the Coast of Peru,
May 5, 1889.

My dear old Friend:

I think it will please you to learn that I am coming north, having received permission from Rome to visit Mexico & the United States, in the interests of our Chilian Mission. I think the cause is one which ought to interest our countrymen. South America is waking up, & there is danger in the revival that the old fine Spanish Catholicity will be shaken off & trodden under foot. Our Passionist Mission in South America is composed of North American & Irish priests, & we are doing what we can in our humble way to infuse a little of Northern vigor,—something of the true American spirit,—into South American Catholicity. We have now three foundations in the Argentine Republic, & one in Chile. Things are going well with us in Argentina; but in Chile we have had to struggle hard, & need a little help. Pray for us now, that God may bless our work, & give us success, if it be His Will, in our present difficult journey. Father Edmund of the Heart of Mary (formerly Father Hill of the Paulists) is my companion in this expedition. We are bound first for Mexico, where we have two houses of our Order, & then we go to California before turning our faces Eastward. We hope to visit also the great Northwest. But I cherish the hope of reaching the Hub of the Universe at last. I wonder will Boston be kind to me.

So far as I can tell, I may be able to see you, my dear friend, somewhere in September next. By November we must be returning to South America.

Thank you for your good letters of a year ago. When one of them reached Buenos Aires, I was on the other side of the continent. In fact I have been a sad wanderer lately. I have made five winter voyages through the Straits of Magellan,—one of which lasted thirty-five days. Since I was sent on this South American mission, eight years ago, I have travelled more than sixty thousand miles.

Give warmest regards to all at home, & to Father Havens, when you write. Also to Miss Edith Salter, who must take her share out of this.

Semper in Corde Jesu,

FIDELIS A CRUCE, C. P.

When Father Fidelis arrived in Colon, in the Canal Zone, it was then a "miserable scattering of huts, oozing out of a steaming hot tropical swamp." He gives a short account of this experience in the end of his book, *An Awakening*. He wrote:

. . . It was early in the year 1889,—the old Lesseps Company had just collapsed; and its wretched officials, like the Arabs, had silently stolen away, leaving behind them confusion indescribable. The line of their work could then be traced by the débris scattered where it had been abandoned by the workmen when the last signal had sounded,—trains of dirt cars, locomotives, wheelbarrows, implements of every kind, with the rank vegetation of the tropics already creeping and covering them. . . . It was all very sad, but far sadder were the rows of huts—neat little huts most of them—of the poor Jamaican Negroes: 20,000 unhappy derelicts, who had come there as hired laborers, and now found themselves suddenly left, far from their island home, without sustenance, and with no means of returning. The English Government eventually sent vessels to carry them back. It was a merciful and

generous thing to do; but meanwhile the fever had got in among them, and they were dying off like flies. Every evening a train of dirt cars was sent out from Colon to bring in the dead and the dying, who were picked up where they lay. The Chaplain on the Isthmus himself was down with the fever, and the Bishop of Panama had asked me to take his place for a while. I found the poor man at the Sister's Hospital at Colon, and right glad he was to see a friend. Thank God, his fever had already passed the crisis, and in a fortnight he was on his feet again.

"No details were ever given by Father Fidelis of his heroic services to the stricken, for he would never willingly speak of any of his deeds that might savor of the heroic," writes one of his companions, "but I was in a position later to imagine what he had to undergo in heat, peril and fatigue, in that wretched shack of a church and house, and in those pestilential swamps, during his two weeks sojourn." A tramp steamer later brought him to Vera Cruz, and then he went on to Mexico City. This same companion in summing up his character writes:

The dominant note in the religious life of Father Fidelis would seem to be heroic sacrifice. His first sacrifice was (easily) heroic, and others followed quickly one after another. His heroism needed only the occasion, in order to shine brilliantly forth, as happened in the epidemics at Buenos Aires in 1882, and in Panama in 1899. Then he seemed to be in his element. He said of the scourge in Buenos Aires: "It was a good thing for me, since it saved me from thinking," and in Colon, "I never thought of the peril." He had other things to think of at these times: worries about the affairs of the Order. Since heroism in the evangelical virtues is the supreme test applied by Mother Church in calculating the merit of her saints, rather than the absence of human traits, Father Fidelis should rank high on this score. Faults he had. It could not be said of him, as Disraeli in fine sar-

casm said of Gladstone, "The man has not a single redeeming fault!" Father Fidelis was adorned with his full quota. Like Ligouri, Patrick, Augustine, Paul, he was intensely human in his faults. There are some persons so weak mentally or spiritually, that they take offense at the human in God's great servants. They can not bear to know the whole truth about even an Apostle. But those who best knew the human in Father Fidelis, admired the heroic in him all the more. His heroic love of God, and of perishing souls, flamed forth more gloriously from the human setting of the faults. It was intensely real in an intense human being. We, who have no experience, and scarcely an understanding of his sacrifice, we must all bow to his heroism.

A beautiful example of this heroic quality was the meeting in this same year of the Father with his children. Mr. O'Connor had become an invalid, as is shown by the following letters from Mrs. Stone to Mrs. O'Connor:

2 Phillips Place,
Cambridge, Mass.

My dear Mrs. O'Connor.

I have learned with deep regret of the serious illness of Mr. O'Connor, and I must beg you to accept, for yourself and the children, my sincere sympathy and sorrow.

I have understood from your sister, Madame Carrigan, that Mr. O'Connor was "suffering acutely," but if he could be removed, you would try the effect of change to Southern California. I trust the removal may have been effected, and that you may be spared further trial in his illness. You may be sure that anything so seriously affecting your happiness and the children's, is felt most sympathetically by us.

For yourself and the children, then, believe me, with love and sympathy,

Yours,
Mary K. Stone.

2 Phillips Place,
Cambridge, Mass.
June 14th, 1883.

My dear Mrs. O'Connor:

I have allowed your very acceptable letter to remain so long unacknowledged that I am not sure now of your whereabouts, as you were in San Francisco only transiently. It may be that you hardly looked for any reply, but I could not let a letter that gave me so much pleasure, go unacknowledged.

I was so thankful to learn of Mr. O'Connor's partial restoration, that my impulse was, to tell you so at once, but I have been rather prostrated myself all through the Spring, and have been unable to write, and now, who can tell me where you are, and how Mr. O'Connor is! This changing world may have upset all the good upon which, had I written at once, I should have congratulated you. It seemed a marvellous recovery to me, that Mr. O'Connor should get up from such lengthened pain and exhaustion as to be able to travel some, and give you hope of final recovery. I sincerely trust though tremblingly that your hopes and efforts have not been disappointed.

I regret that my own health through the Spring has been such, that I have not been able to carry out a purpose of seeing your sister a second time, at the convent in Boston. A succession of very heavy colds prostrated me. I am now on the recovery though not yet strong,—but I hardly look for complete recuperation at my time of life, and am thankful for tolerably comfortable health.

Give my love, please, to the dear children.

Trusting to hearing still good of you all, and ever with love and interest,

Yours sincerely,
M. K. Stone.

The recovery so hoped for was only partial, and Mr. O'Connor lived but a few years longer, and in great suffering. Father Fidelis having gone by order from Rome to San Francisco to see Archbishop Riordan about a

Passionist foundation, was in conversation with the Archbishop when a telegram arrived, announcing the death of Mr. O'Connor at Coronado Beach. The Archbishop said to Father Fidelis: "You will stay for the funeral of course?" and he answered: "No, your Grace, they do not know I am here, and my presence would be a shock to them; I did not dream of meeting them." The next day a Jesuit priest came to Father Fidelis with a request from Mrs. O'Connor that he be present at the Church and the house. After the funeral ceremonies, he saw his young daughters for a few moments with Mrs. O'Connor. They came shyly in to him, and he took the hand of the elder, and then of the younger in his own, and said to them: "I know my little girls are grieving for the loss of their dear Papa, and I am so sorry for them." He left them thus.

Michael J. O'Connor was born in New York in 1820. As a young man he was a clerk, and afterwards partner in the firm of Naylor & Co. In 1854 he married Miss Fanny Carrigan, eldest daughter of Andrew Carrigan, who had a beautiful estate overlooking the Hudson River at Bloomingdale, then a suburb of New York.

In 1852 the firm of Conroy and O'Connor (wholesale Iron and Steel) was established in San Francisco, and a few years later Mr. O'Connor went to California to join, and later replace the founder (his brother), and become head of the firm.

Mr. O'Connor is described as a perfect type of Christian, who bore much physical pain with great fortitude. He was tall, erect and handsome, generous and kindly; he had fine taste in art and literature, and travelled extensively. He died on June 8th, 1890. His devotion to his adopted daughters was only equalled by theirs to him. His wife survived him for many years, and her many charities, her charm, and true goodness endeared her to all who knew her. At the time of the death of her father, Mr.

Andrew Carrigan, Father Fidelis wrote of him to Mrs. O'Connor:

What can be more complete and beautiful than a life so spent and so closed as was your Father's? What is there to regret and what is there not to admire and be thankful for? A life so useful, yet so peaceful; a career so successful and yet so stainless. He served well his generation, and died in a green old age in full possession of all his faculties, a Christian patriarch. . . . He seemed so benignant and so mature, —a man in whom one could place confidence, and to whom all could come for counsel.

With such traditions, the young daughters of Father Fidelis were surrounded in a home that was an ideal of Christian and Catholic virtue.

On his brief visits to the United States, Father Fidelis was always in demand for retreats at religious houses. A Religious of the Sacred Heart says:—

I had the happiness of listening to an Instruction by the preacher of "Christ and Him Crucified," on the text from St. John: "Beloved, let us love one another for love is of God." He pictured in a graphic manner, our Saviour, dying for love of us on the Cross, when He committed to the Beloved Disciple's keeping, His own Mother. The simple, noble, Christian bearing of the preacher was touching, as he developed in a striking manner that there is nothing contrary to the spirit of the Sacred Heart, nothing inconsistent with the fulness of Christian love, in having our affections directed in a special way towards those to whom the special circumstances of our life have endeared us.

There are people, he said, who would have our love so diffusive as not to admit concentration on individuals, as though the love of many were superior to the love of a few, as though we might neglect those in our private life, while we are busy in expansive benevolence. With his dying Lord's Life and Passion before him, he proved that the best prepar-

ation for loving all mankind is to cultivate affection in our own households. This is the natural branch on which the spiritual fruit is grafted.

The love Christ came to teach begins at our Mother's knee, and grows gradually at home with our relatives and friends: ignoring their faults, dwelling on their good points; trying to imitate them; forming in our heart that root of charity, which, very small at first, grows rapidly with our growth, and may become like that of the Beloved Disciple, elevated, enlightened all-embracing love and sympathy."

When he came to the United States in 1889, which was the begging tour so very distasteful to his spirit, Father Fidelis was called upon to preach a sermon at the inauguration of the new Catholic University in Washington. It is a happy memory that he was thus associated in its beginning with that great Institution. He lived to realize its growth, and saw it a centre of intellectual light and Apostolic zeal. The subject of his sermon was: "The Vitality of the Church, a Manifestation of God."[1] In a beautiful passage, he said:

The Church is always the same in her character, her mission, her doctrines, her government, for these are all of God. But in her dress, her step, her carriage, her mode of dealing with races and nations, she may vary. . . .

She holds fast only to that which is good—she shakes loose and casts from her that which time has shown to be outworn and worthless. She perpetually disencumbers herself, and clad in divine panoply, stands forth for combat or for suffering.

The Autumn of 1889 found the Missionary on the wing. He wrote from St. Joseph's Retreat, London, December 18th:

We, Father Edmund and I, must spend Christmas at sea, for we sail tomorrow from Southampton for Buenos Aires.

[1] This Sermon will be found in the appendix of this volume.

In 1891 he went again to Rome, and on July 30th of that year at a General Consulta, the Argentine became a Province of the United States, while Chile became a Province of Spain.

In that same year Father Fidelis came for recruits to the United States, and in the Autumn of that year he took back with him to Buenos Aires, by way of Rome, his young friend and admirer, Father Maurice, with Fathers Stephen, Sylvester, Celestine and Brother Alphonsus.

He wrote from Notre Dame University, on July 8th:

I have been wandering over the West, in various States,—geographically and mentally considered. At present I am giving a couple of retreats to the religious here. And a grand institution it is.

Maurice and I do not start for South America until late in September at the earliest. It seems to be pretty well understood that he is going. For myself I am delighted. And all the more because the thing was settled without any pushing at all on my part. I think Maurice's own feelings decided the matter. He evidently gave his heart in that direction. I think it will be an excellent thing for him. The only objection I can see, is that the field is not *glorious* enough! But we often make mistakes in such matters, the mistake arising from our supposed importance. I speak from personal experience! Maurice's health seemed to me very good.

A tour for the gathering of funds for the mission was decided upon. Father Maurice wrote from Normandy, St. Louis, August 8th:

I am to lecture in Philadelphia next month. Father Fidelis has hidden himself, and the preliminaries are not arranged. I am also to preach in the old Cathedral of St. Louis on St. Louis, August 30th. Pray for the success of all my schemes, and that I may have strength to give all that I am and have to the cause.

They next went to Rome and thence to Buenos Aires. Father Maurice "for a time labored with energy," according to the Passionist historian, Father Felix Ward, "in this distant field, and with unusual success, winning hearts by the magnetism of his character and the charm of his spoken words." Then symptoms of heart disease became manifest.

Father Fidelis was summoned to the Chapter of the Order held in Pittsburg, and left his young companion very reluctantly. He realized his exceedingly delicate state of health, and would gladly have brought him home to his country and grieving family who had just suffered the loss of his very gifted brother, Adrian. This letter, written at sea, July 9th, 1893, to Mrs. Smith, tells the story:

MY DEAR KIND FRIEND:

. . . I specially desired to write to you after we received the news of Adrian's death, both by reason of my own great esteem and tender affection for the dear boy, so noble, so brave, so patient, and also to let you know of the beautiful manner in which Maurice bore the knowledge of his own great loss.

Maurice is a soldier, every inch of him, and all his views of life are heroic. I do not think that Maurice was *saddened* by the tidings. Of course the shock must have been great, though he took it very quietly. He was proud of his brother, of his character, and of *his career*, and Maurice is so imbued with the consciousness of the transitoriness of all earthly things that the question of a few years more or less of life seems to him of comparatively little importance.

. . . For myself, I am on my way to the Chapter of our Order which is to meet at Pittsburg early in August. I am going by way of Liverpool, as being an easier and perhaps cheaper route. What may become of me after the Chapter, I have not the least idea nor can any one divine. I may be sent any whither.

He was destined to remain for a time in the United States, and gave many retreats and missions, his magnetic personality and deep fervor being felt by his associates and brethren, and by the large congregations who heard him.

Meanwhile his dear young follower, Father Maurice, lingered in illness, while his brother, Walter George, made plans to go to Buenos Aires and bring him home.

Father Fidelis wrote from Normandy, St. Louis, on January 4th, 1894:

Walter will tell you the encouraging news which I have just received about Father Maurice. I just live from day to day and yet I am apparently as well as ever, and certainly I am not unhappy. On the contrary, the predominant feeling in my heart is one of quiet abandonment of all things to God, and of thankfulness to Him for all His mercies. . . . If Walter does not go for Father Maurice, I have a wild hope that I might be allowed to go and bring him.

The young Father Maurice lingered on earth till the 15th of February of that same year. A letter to his brother, Walter, came a few weeks after his death, like a voice, as Father Fidelis said, from another world, and is of such edifying and touching beauty that it may not be out of place here. It was dictated to the Brother who nursed him:

It seems to me that I draw near to the end of life. While it can not but be a subject of painful regret to you and to all the family, nevertheless it will be comforting to you to know that if it should please God to call me at this time, the call would find me as ready as I can ever hope to be. For my mind is and has been tranquil and content. I accept without a murmur the dispositions of the Divine Will. I am surrounded by my Religious Brethren, the kindest of nurses, the truest consolers who minister to me, not only in the spirit

of the dear humanity that binds us all in one, but also in that new and regenerate nature which springs from faith in Jesus Christ. Of course while we live we still hope for a prolongation of life, and so if I did not think that others would inform you of the fact I should not write as I do. But the subject is not a new one to you; you must have known long since that the end was drawing nigh! I may linger on some time yet. In the meanwhile do you place your trust in the Great Creator and in His Divine Son, our Lord, and you will find strength to bear the accumulated weight of these now so many successive bereavements. And now my dear old boy, let us not allow ourselves to be too much put about by the separation. Long ago we separated ourselves for God's dear sake and this is but the completion of the act. But oh! to have been able to have seen and embraced all of you once more before entering into the shades that guard the pathway to eternity. It may not be; we all must die alone and go alone to God. But I shall not forget. I shall carry you in my heart of hearts before the throne of the Omnipotent and All Merciful God. There I hope to find a place prepared for you and me. There I hope to wait a while until you also come. And when you shall indeed have come, and when you stand erect in our nature that was given in such beauty and splendor, and which alas! we so defile, God grant that the Sacred Humanity and Divinity of Our Lord may cover as with a mantle, all that was ever bad, and make the good to shine like the stars forever. Oh! what will be the joy of the just at that moment. They will look back upon the past as the glorious battlefield upon which they won the happiness they now enjoy. They will look forward to a never-ending future in which their perfect union with God and amongst themselves will render their beatitude without limit, and without flaw.

Ever affectionately,

MAURICE, C.P.

A few months earlier, under date of October 4th, 1893, Father Fidelis wrote from Normandy, St. Louis:

I have just been sitting out under a big maple tree,—a very old one,—near the Monastery, and whenever I sit there, I think of dear Maurice, and how under that same tree we discussed South America. It seems long ago. I can hardly realize that it was little more than two years. I think of the dear boy (as you call him) more and more as time goes on. I would give anything to be with him, as a companion, not as a Superior, mind you. It always embarrassed and annoyed me to be with him as his ecclesiastical Superior. Perhaps I am a little scrupulous on this point, but as Superior I never could freely manifest my feelings nor be quite at ease. There is a certain religious etiquette in the matter, you know, and a Superior has to be more careful than any one else in regard to "particular friendships"; he must not lay himself open to any charge of partiality. When it became certain that I was not to return to South America, a great wave of what I can only call homesickness came over me,—sehnsucht, as the Germans call it, the longing for what is far away, the desire of vision; and the next morning I cried all the way through Mass. Perhaps people thought I was very devout.

However, I am very contented here. My one desire (for which I worked hard) has been granted; namely that I am relieved of the cares of office. I am lecturing on "rhetoric and sacred eloquence," preparing our young priests for the work of their ministry.

A strong sense of responsibility for the willing companion who had offered himself for the South American missions filled the compassionate heart of the elder missionary and he said: "I have never suffered more grievously than I did in leaving Maurice to die without me since the day when I came home to my mother, leaving my brother, Hal, dead on the field at Gettysburg." He had promised their mothers in both cases to take care of the younger men.

By remarkable coincidence Father Fidelis wrote on the day of the death of Father Maurice, Feb. 15th, 1894, to Walter George Smith from Normandy, St. Louis.

He had asked for permission from Rome to go to Buenos Aires, and bring his young companion back to the United States. The permission had not yet come, and in the letter he gives advice as to the best route of travel should Walter George Smith go to get his brother, and then he adds:

When I was in Pittsburg (I was there for a fortnight) I learned some items from an old letter which were very touching. The letter was written by one of our fathers in Buenos Aires at the time when Maurice was so very ill, early in November last.

The dear fellow though apparently at the last gasp was tranquil and happy, perfectly resigned and even glad to go; he held his crucifix constantly in his hand, and made beautiful ejaculations; and he would say sweet and cheerful and even humorous things, though scarcely able to speak at all.

Three days later, Feb. 19th, Father Fidelis wrote to the bereaved brother of Father Maurice.

Dearest Walter,

The tidings have just reached us, sad indeed to us, yet mingled with a feeling of solemn exultation when we think of the noble record which our beloved Maurice has left, and of the glory and blessedness into which, after so long a trial he has now entered.

Think of the crown that is his, the "exceeding and eternal weight of glory," and thinking of it, who could wish him back? or wish that he had chosen some easier way of reaching the end which he proposed to himself so long ago? Ah! He indeed has "fought a good fight," and his is a career which we can contemplate with unmixed satisfaction, for its heroism was without a flaw.

There was no swerving *there*,—no flinching from beginning to end, no abating of his high ambition.

Through all his difficulties, and all his pains, the cutting off of his prospects, and the closing in of his hopes, he was ever

the same,—uncomplaining, sympathetic, beloved of all, the high-toned gentleman and the true religious.

He was endowed for great things, and seemed destined by God for the accomplishment of a brilliant life-work; and yet when the achievement of that work was just begun, it pleased God to call him mysteriously to a still higher destiny, refining his soul like purest gold, and leaving to us the example of one who could abandon all things without a visible struggle, who accepted helplessness without a murmur, and looked death in the face with a sweet and gracious dignity.

Oh Maurice! Your loss means much for me. I shall be more alone now who was much alone before. But of this I should not speak. And in truth I am thinking now of the grief of those who loved him best. God will sustain them.

Our whole Province will mourn for him. The news has come to us by letter from the Provincial, and the dates show that Father Eugene telegraphed from Buenos Aires probably to yourself.

We have just said the Office of the Dead for him in choir, and I shall sing a High Mass of Requiem for him to-morrow, and for days to come Masses will be said for him by all the priests of the Province; and in all the houses of the order many and various suffrages will be offered for his soul according to our rule.

Yet, though all will grieve, and will remember him in days to come with love and admiration who will miss him as I shall, who knew him and loved him best?

Please give my sorrowing and affectionate remembrance to your mother, and sisters, and brothers.

Faithfully yours,

Fidelis of the Cross.

CHAPTER XI

Missions and Retreats

THE year, 1894, was filled with heavy mission work. From the Church of St. John the Baptist in Manayunk, Philadelphia, he wrote: "We are in the full swing of the Mission. It is going to be a heavy, grinding one. The new church edifice is extremely fine. . . . The hills across the Schuylkill look pretty."

He wrote to Mr. Richards the following letter:

St. Joseph's Hospital,
Adrian, Mich.,
July 19, 1894.

My Beloved & Honored Friend:

May God's blessing be yours on your birthday, which is so near at hand. If I mistake not, you will have completed the good round term of eighty years. I remember well your feelings, as you described them to me when you had reached your 70th birthday, & your somewhat amusing difficulty in realizing the truth of your calculations. By this time, I suppose, you have grown more accustomed to being venerable,—& venerated. May God spare you to us long. Which is quite a matter-of-fact wish on my part, to whom longevity seems quite the proper & ordinary thing. My father was 87; my grand-parents were 85 & 87, my mother is still fresh as a daisy at 88; & my uncle was sweet & hale at *98*. My own age I should judge to be about the same, did I not happen to know the date of my birth. The next time I go to Boston, I shall certainly try to see you. The last time that I was there I had

no chance. I am a wanderer still, though on a smaller scale. I returned to this country from S. America (via Europe & Canada) nearly a year ago, & was glad to lay down my cares of office, at the Chapter of our Order which was held at Pittsburg. During the fall and winter I was engaged in giving lectures to our young priests at our large new monastery near St. Louis. Since Easter I have been working constantly in the missionary field, & have lately been giving retreats to some religious communities here in the West. I am giving one now to the Dominican Sisters of Detroit Diocese. Father Edmund (Hill) is engaged in the same work farther West still, just at present,—in Minnesota.

Don't mind about answering this (I finish here on your birthday). My headquarters are at St. Michael's Monastery, West Hoboken, N. J.

Affectionate remembrance to Mrs. Richards and the "boys and girls."

Yours devotedly in Xt.,
FIDELIS OF THE CRUCE, C.P.

He gave a two weeks Mission at Reading, and retreats at various Convents. In August he wrote: "I am done up, and there is a formidable vista of engagements stretching before me. I must work while the day lasts." In September he preached another great mission at St. Mary's Cathedral, Peoria, Ill.

December 28th found him again at St. Michael's, Hoboken, from whence he writes:

I have been hard worked on Missions since I saw you. Even on Christmas I was away doing yeoman's duty. And now, in an hour from now, I must be off again for fresh missionary work this time "down East." The New Year will find me at the extremity of Cape Cod. Then I go to give some lectures in Boston and vicinity.

My Memento of dear Maurice in the Mass is always the one on which I linger with most loving devotion.

In January, 1895, he gave a Mission in Provincetown Mass. He wrote:

This has been a queer Mission, and not an easy one. It is the oddest place you ever saw. The Pilgrim Fathers landed here first, but gave it up, and went on to Plymouth. There are plenty of Catholics here. Most of them are Portuguese, speaking broken English or none at all. They came originally from the Azores.

Tomorrow I go to Boston, for some lectures. Then probably to Portland and Worcester.

In March he was preaching at Avoca, a mining town near Scranton, where the Catholic population is large.

In November of that year he was stationed at St. Joseph's Monastery in Baltimore, where he was specially loved and from there he wrote:

For a long time I have written no letters at all. It required a desperate effort on my part to keep up mission work. And now that I have retired, it may take a good while to recover from the strain, if indeed I recover at all. However, I trouble myself very little about that. It is delightful here; very peaceful and quiet, and the best Monastery in the Province; and I shall be well content to end my days here.

Perhaps I may do some light work yet, after a while,—retreats and that sort of thing.

My last Mission, just before coming here, was at Cambridge, Mass., close by the University, and I could not help regarding it as a very pleasant winding up of my Missionary career, for you know I was on familiar ground, and met many of my old friends, and some whom I had known only by name; in fact the whole environment was exhilarating, stimulating me to make an effort and end off well!

Tell your dear mother (whom I thank for her message) that I saw my mother once more, and found her fresh and fair as ever.

In this year Father Fidelis had the joy of receiving into the Church, Miss Helen Smith, the dear Aunt Helen of Father Maurice, for whom he had faithfully prayed.

In the Spring of 1896 he was sent to St. Paul, Kansas. This seemed to him an exile. He was in wretched health, but his graphic pen tells his own story:

Yes, in spite of whatever misery and suffering there may be, you have struck the right note, for please God, happier days are always to come, and life will grow richer and not poorer as it moves towards the great Majestic End. I have made up my mind now to get well if it can be done! I have certainly been worse since I came here, but the tide will turn, I trust. The weather has been extraordinary,—rain and heat combined,—a long succession all through the month, of tremendous downpours, until everything reeks with moisture: and the little river, Neosho, (which is a branch of the Arkansas) has overflowed all the bottom lands,—the lower levels of the prairie,—which means destruction to the young crops and typhoid malaria to mortals. The river does not run in a straight course, but winds like a huge serpent. The storms have been very fierce,—in some places very destructive, as you may have seen by the paper, but, thank God, not just here.

I have never seen such wonderful and varied cloud effects as I have since I came here, sometimes beautiful, sometimes majestic, superb, and then again weird, lurid, awful in the extreme. Then there will be displays of lightning, incessant and marvellous. The approaches of the storms I have sometimes watched with intense admiration and have thought of Shelley's lines, which I remember once came to my mind as I sat by the banks of your own Delaware River.

. . . "The steep sky's commotion" . . .

"Angels of rain and lightning . . . spread
On the blue surface of the airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Father Fidelis

1891

Of some fierce Mœnad, e'en from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height—
The locks of the approaching storm."

Isn't that last line great?

We used to have fine storms down in Argentina, but not equal to these. Well,—I have had enough of them for the present! They cause too much malaria. But 'twill be dry enough by and by, they say. Do you know this place reminds me not a little of the "camp" near Buenos Aires? There are more trees here, but they are small and rather stubby. At present there is verdure in abundance. In the Summer they say everything dries up. Every morning I go to say Mass at a Convent of Sisters near by,—Sisters of Loretto, they are called, from Kentucky. The Mass begins at 5.30. I always go in my habit, and you would laugh could you see me walking in the wet grass with bare feet! for I have taken the notion of trying Father Kneip's prescription. I enjoy it, and all the more because the birds are in full chorus just then.

Later, on August 19th, he writes:

The Summer is drawing to an end, and it has proved as much of an exile as I anticipated. In fact it has been a very struggle for existence. I have been teaching and lecturing all Summer. . . . But, oh! the weather! one hundred degrees and more in the shade for weeks at a time. Towards the end of July I broke down,—had what the doctor called, an attack of Malarial Fever. But it did not last long, and then to recuperate I went off for a week's trip through the Indian Territory. Camped out and roughed it generally; saw the wild Indian in his paint and wigwams,—at least as wild as you find them now in these parts. The jaunt did me immense good, and I find myself now quite restored.

Father Fidelis was transferred again to the East. He gave a successful Mission at St. James in Philadelphia; he

preached retreats and triduums in various parts of the country, one in Wilmington in December of 1897, and in February of that year he was asked to preach at Harvard in Appleton Chapel. He was the third Catholic who had been heard in that historic place. His discourse was on the Grace of God, and one of the Boston newspapers gave the following account:

Behold I come quickly; hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown. Revelations, Chapter 3.

Such was the text that Father Fidelis took for his sermon in Appleton Chapel at Harvard, last night.

The old College Chapel was crowded to the doors. Hundreds of people were turned away after every seat and all the platform was taken. People were even seated along the platform of the pulpit. Every one crowded to hear the noted Catholic Monk preach, and none of those who were fortunate to get within the doors were disappointed.

Seldom has a preacher so filled Appleton Chapel with sterling individuality, and stood forth before the people as almost the ideal of his faith. Most striking was his personality, which seemed to fill the whole chapel with its largeness. Father Fidelis preached as to his own children, with beautiful simplicity, and powerful emotional earnestness.

For over an hour he held at will the attention of his hearers, and every eye was kept on his face throughout. Standing in the pulpit, a man of splendid physique, clad in a long flowing gown, Father Fidelis brought to remembrance the days when Bishop Brooks used to stand before the students of Harvard, preaching daily his beautiful words.

But few Catholics have preached in Appleton Chapel, and none have drawn so large a crowd as that of last night. The sermon was an excellent lesson which called to the surface all the deeper emotions. All responded to the deep earnestness which Father Fidelis's presence inspired.

The sermon was different from those of most of the preachers who come to Harvard. It was not a deep argument, drawn from experience of the present time; rather it was a splendid

exposition of the goodness of the Creator, founded on the Bible, and on the experiences and teachings of the Saints. The clear, ringing voice of the dignified man who filled the pulpit emphasized powerfully his words. His prayer, Father Fidelis said, was from the oldest litanies of the Catholic Church and was very impressive. The hymns were Lux Benigna and "Jerusalem the Golden."

The subject of the sermon was the Grace of God as we should use it.

It is a doctrine of the Christian religion, [began Father Fidelis], that there is a reward destined and laid up in heaven for every man. But the attainment of this reward depends upon ourselves. We receive from our Creator a certain stock in hand, certain gifts or talents. This initial deposit is put in our hands to use or misuse it as we choose. In other words, God has endowed us with free will. It is this which makes us in one sense divine, moral agents in the world. We co-operate with God or we defy Him. This free will endows us with responsibility and conscience. We may shut our eyes to it, but this will not keep us from being called to an account. We may bury our talent like the slothful servant in the story of our Lord. We are free to act, but within certain immortal divine laws, from which there is no escape. We are told by our Blessed Lord and by all His Apostles that if we act for the good and the highest good, we shall not be left alone, but shall receive certain divine helps and graces. We may in the end have these for ourselves, and finally realize God Himself. These doctrines of revealed religion coincide exactly with what we call material religion. But when we are true to these divine helps, the revealed religion goes beyond the natural religion and we pass into the realm of faith. But when we say that faith passes beyond natural reason, do not suppose, my friends, that it becomes separated from reason. It leads reason by the hand, illumines it and makes it absurd to believe that there is no reason in faith.

Reason is made and must be, the test of faith, and that is of the authenticity of anything that claims to be divine. It is the test of revealed doctrine. No doctrine of God can be

such if it contradicts right reason. Reason and faith go hand in hand.

I address you as Christians, believers in Christ as a Teacher of God. Why we are members and alumni of a University whose motto is: "For Christ and for the Church." Thank God we believe in Him.

Without God's help we can do nothing. With His help we can not only do much, but in the language of the Apostles, "I can do all things through Him that strengtheneth me." Grace is the action of God on and in our soul. That action being divine is incessant in one form or another. It may come to us from without or from within, through Sacraments, through special providences, or what we call accidents, in moments of ecstasy, through trials, nights of sorrow and dereliction. Though its form be varied, its origin is always the same. If there is one thing certain in modern science, we are approaching the demonstration of the simplicity of truths that are yet to be revealed to us. In time we shall find the secret that will unite God, the Universe and the soul of man. In the moral world there seems to be a great loss of divine energy. God seems to be thwarted in the very world which He Himself has created. The mystery of the evil which is in the world is one of the greatest problems that ever men of sincere faith have tried in vain to solve. It is an old mystery but it need not stagger our faith.

If there were no mystery the revelation of God would be incredible. God is not baffled or thwarted. Grace is never wasted. The existence of sin is bound up with free will. He that made the latter allows the former. Even out of the mass of sin, and the corruption of this world, God evokes a new world of His own. Yes, my children, set it down in your creed that God is never baffled. Spiritual force may be resisted, deflected, but wasted, no.

Finally, let us be patient. "No man," says St. Augustine, "runs well unless he knows how far he has to go." "Be thou faithful unto death, and thou shalt have the crown."

Let us keep our eyes fixed on the end, on God, and on the truth. The night may be dark, but there will always be some

kindly light to lead us step by step. Let us cultivate that spirit of attention that we call God.

Father Fidelis stood where he had not thought to stand and address an audience he did not seek to address. He had refused an invitation from the University Faculty to preach in the Chapel in 1896, but when it was renewed in 1897, he wired his acceptance, and it was surely a source of great satisfaction to him to be heard in that place filled with the hallowed memories of his youth. He spoke on Fidelity to Grace, and he was a living example set before his hearers of that which he eloquently defined for their acceptance.

In the *Harvard Graduate Magazine* of December, 1921, Mr. John T. Morse pays the following beautiful tribute to Father Fidelis:

To the Class of 1861 belongs of course the honor of listing James Kent Stone, (Father Fidelis, Passionist) as one of their members. Upon their domain we, of the Class of 1860, have no desire to intrude, but we feel sure that at this moment of his passing from earth, they will permit us to say a few words in expression of our affectionate memory of him. For in part he belonged to us also; he entered Harvard with us in 1856, and stayed with us until, at the close of the Freshman year, his delicate health obliged him to retire for a twelvemonth of rest. Before he left us, however, a bond of affection—of real affection, I use the word advisedly and in earnest—had been established between him and us which has ever since held us closely together. In gaining his new comrades of '61 he did not lose his old comrades of '60; his interest in us, and our interest in him have remained steadfast ever since through the long years. His purity and tenderness and exquisite gentleness were traits which are not at all commonplace among the exuberant under-graduates of our colleges of polite learning. If we did not emulate these preeminent virtues of his, we at least admired them, felt the charm which they gave him, and

loved him for them. If at the time some of us questioned whether they were altogether consistent with what we were pleased to esteem as "manly" virtues, he proved to us conclusively in later life that such a fellowship of qualities was quite possible. For he displayed not only great courage and energy but even a capacity in practical affairs such as one may look for in the business world, but hardly expects to find in monastical retreats. He had the spirit of a poet and the tastes of a scholar; his familiarity with the patristic literature of the ancient Church to which he attached himself was remarkable. These qualities, mental and temperamental, united to a profoundly devotional spirit would naturally have led him to a life of repose, of intellectual pursuits and tranquil religious contemplation, and this was what we were inclined to anticipate for him; but a supreme sense of duty impelled him to active exertion, and so it came about that his career was filled with ceaseless toil, and was marked by many a distinguished achievement.

His Church found his services invaluable and would have rewarded him with her honors, but these he modestly declined. His life was useful as are many lives; but it was beautiful to a degree that few lives can equal. Those who were for a while his mates of '60 render their homage to a truly pure and good man.

Thus Harvard paid tribute to her son. Undoubtedly he would have been more familiar with her hallowed precincts during his later life had he not given himself to the South American Mission. He was looking forward to the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation, and had planned to be present when his earthly pilgrimage came to its close.

In 1897, the same year made memorable by his address at Harvard, Father Fidelis was called again to Rome. He was elected Consultor-General, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Father John Thomas Stephanini, and to represent the American Passionists in the General Council till the Chapter in 1899. He wrote at sea from the *Dampfer Ems*, on April 21, 1897:

Often and often since we sailed away I have looked back over the rolling waters, and have silently sent a greeting and a blessing. The voyage has been rather a cheerless one, a crowded boat, dull skies, and a fretful sea. No "Molten gold of sunset . . . poured upon the waters." But now we have entered the Mediterranean and soon we shall be at Naples, please God.

Father Felix Ward in his valuable book on the Passionists, says:

By his unfailing courtesy to his friends in America, Father Fidelis was a great favorite as Counsellor in Rome. While he was not rugged and life in Italy was trying for him, he declined any concession from the austerity of the rule. This sustained the good record of the Americans with the Fathers in Sts. John and Paul's Retreat, who maintain the fervor of the days of St. Paul himself.

Archbishop Keane, Dr. Zahm, Consultor General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and Father Fidelis came together when the honor of the Church in America was attacked under the specious charge of "Americanism," and did fine work in dispelling misconception. This led Cardinal Gibbons to say: "Father Fidelis owes it to himself and the truth to be on the right side, and I take him into my heart for it."

The two years in Rome were very busy ones. In a note to a friend passing through Rome in March of 1898, he wrote from the *Ritero di S. Angelo, Vetralla:*

I am staying at an old Monastery up among the mountains (romantic but uncomfortable) and send these lines to save you from what would prove a fruitless visit to our Convent in Rome. Next week, from Monday the 28th, until Saturday, I shall be giving a retreat, a course of sermons, at the little Church of the English Convent, 16 via San Sebastiano. On Palm Sunday I go to the English College to give another short

retreat. On Good Friday I am to preach the "Tre Ore" at San Silvestro. Shall not be back at SS. Giovanni e Paolo until Holy Saturday. I trust you have been well. I have had rather a hard winter myself. Every day I have remembered you at the Altar.

This will show the tenor of the days.

Father Bernard Mary Silvestrelli was General of the Order at this time, and Father Fidelis was tenderly attached to him.

On December 5th of the preceding year, he wrote from SS. Giovanni e Paolo:

Meanwhile I am trudging along. It has grown cold here, and the dampness has penetrated these mouldering walls. The winters in Rome are more to be dreaded, I think, than the summers,—at least for those who live in Monastic halls. I don't think I should mind it so much, were it not for these floors of pitiless bricks worn into all sorts of unevenness by generations of "sandaled shoon." I am afraid I am something of a "tenderfoot" and like Achilles, my vulnerable point is in the heel. However, as I am the tallest man here, I hold myself as straight as I can, and walk blithely,—all for the honor of the American Province, and the Stars and Stripes. Rome is full of foreigners now, English and American, and I am in demand as a Confessor. Moreover I am engaged at present to preach a dozen sermons in various Churches and Chapels of the city. I would like to tell you were I with you of a retreat I gave at the English College. It was very interesting to me.

In the midst of this activity there was never time to write but short letters, no time for literary work, none for reading; and yet while convalescing from a severe illness in Rome at this time, Father Fidelis wrote to a young friend in America, whose taste in literature he was trying to form, some notes of exceeding interest on Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*. This book was his delight. In the last few months of his life it was ever beside him.

To his dear old friend, Mr. Richards, he also wrote during a period of convalescence:

SS. Giovanni e Paolo,
Rome, June 7, '98.

My very dear Friend:

When I received your kind letter in Christmas week, it seemed to me something more than a mere coincidence, as though it were another proof & manifestation of those mysterious spiritual influences which are at work around us, & in us, unseen & unknown; for you had been much in my mind shortly before, & I had been moved to send you a little token of remembrance for the same blessed Christmas Season. I was so glad to hear that you were in good health, & still at your noble work. In my circle of acquaintance (so to speak) I know of but two persons who can compare with you. One is Leo XIII. The other is an old lady who lives in Boston, whom I have known for the last fifty-seven years. In fact she is the first person I ever fell in love with; & she is now ninety-two,—which beats you out & out. Thank you most kindly for remembering my "Silver Jubilee." No one knew of it here, & I fancy very few remembered it at home. It somewhat saddened me to have you say, speaking of my active life, that I had perhaps been too busy for my own good. Whatever loss I have suffered has surely come from my own lack of correspondence with God's grace, & not from the occupations themselves; for I have never sought any active work—(*in omnibus requiem quæsivi*)—but have undertaken it only through obedience. Father Baltasar Alvarez, St. Theresa's Confessor, once complained to our Lord that he had too much to do, & had no time for prayer; & our Lord answered him:—"It may well happen that a man has not time to do his own will, but he always has time to do Mine."

I am very glad indeed to hear that Harry is so much better. I trust ere this his strength is quite restored. For myself, I am just recovering from an illness of two months. I had to work very hard this winter, with sermons, lectures, & retreats, especially during Lent. In fact I never did so much

solid (?) talking in my life before. And when Easter came, I simply collapsed. But I shall soon be all right, please God, now that the sweet summer has come.

Please give my kindest regards to Mrs. Richards & the children. Children they will always remain to *us old folks.*

If the Lord spares my life, I hope to see you again. The General Chapter of our Order meets here in about a year from now. They may try to keep me here, but I don't think they will succeed—Americans, you know, are not popular now in Europe; they are getting too bumptious & aggressive for these old-timers. In fact I have to keep very quiet on the question of Cuba & the Philippines!

May the dear Lord grant you yet many years in which to gather in the sheaves of your golden harvest.

Pray sometimes for your poor old friend,

FIDELIS OF THE CROSS, Passionist.

This is an astonishingly long letter for me!

Again on October 8th of this same year he wrote to Mr. Richards:

I am coming home soon, God willing. Perhaps I shall have started ere this can reach you. I thought that the General Chapter of our Order, which met here, last Spring, would have left me free to return to America then; but to my dismay I was appointed Visitor General to our Houses in Paris and the British Isles. I was engaged in the work of that special mission all Summer, returning to Rome a month ago. But now, that particular work is done, thank God, or nearly done, and I hear they have elected me to some office in my native land.

The office of which he writes was that of Consultor to the American Provincial.

He wrote one more letter before leaving Rome, descriptive of a visit from Walter George Smith, under date of October 10th, 1898:

Walter's visit was very sweet. . . . He called early in the week, and we had a stroll in the garden; but this was only to announce his coming. On Saturday evening, towards sunset, he came to spend the night. We put him in the best room, up in the corridor where the prelates and Monsignori stay, and from which he could have a splendid view,—nothing finer in Rome. The clouds were breaking away after a day of thunder showers, and I saw Walter watching the sky-scenery, which was unusually grand. Great masses of vapor were slowly rolling off in rose tinted cumuli and just opposite his window, quietly resting against the sunset, was a superb pile which did not seem to be moving or changing at all,—but stood there "a looming bastion fringed with fire." Walter seemed very well and very happy. I could not remain long with him that evening; for taps with us are at 7.30, since we have to turn out again at 12.30 A.M. for Matins. But the next morning I said Mass for him at the beautiful altar of our Holy Founder where Father Maurice said Mass years ago, and where you knelt when you were here. W. received Communion at the Mass which was offered for him, and for your Mother and the rest of you. And then we had the whole morning together, till nearly eleven o'clock, which is our dinner hour. When Walter asked to be presented to our Father General, the General insisted on going to Walter's room, which was an unusual favor.

Father Fidelis was a poet by nature. His taste was faultless, his critical faculty keen, and it is hard not to feel regret that he could not devote a little time to literary work. It was never possible to induce him to write or to lecture on poetry or general literature. The only time that he could be made to renew his Harvard associations was after the Spanish-American War, when the Cuban teachers came there, and Archbishop Williams prevailed upon him to lecture to them on the plea that it was necessary to have some one for this work familiar with Harvard and also with Spanish.

He refused to lecture on the New England poets at the

Catholic Summer School. He read and recited charmingly, but would never do so for general listeners, and after all, when examining in detail the tremendous work of construction that he accomplished for his Order, and the constant strain of preaching, we can well believe his time and strength were both exhausted. His critical faculty is shown to perfection in the following notes:

I was reading the other day in the *Golden Treasury*—a book most dear to me,—when it occurred to me that it would please you if I should put on paper some notes in regard to the songs and verses which I like best. As you, I think, already know, I am fond of the poets who wrote, or sang, at the beginning of our present century and the end of the last,—Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, Burns, Byron. I put Byron last, on the whole. Of the earlier poets I greatly admire Milton, barring his fanaticism,—and even his bigotry could not keep him from having many beautiful Catholic ideas and sympathies, as shown, for instance, in the ending of the *Penseroso*. *The Hymn on the Nativity*, (beginning of Book 2 of the Vol.) I admire beyond measure; and of course the sonnet *On his Blindness*. This last, you probably know, was a favorite of dear Father Maurice. My admiration of Milton probably makes me value all the more Wordsworth's sonnet (see Index of First Lines): "Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour,"—especially the 1st and 2nd stanzas—the 5th ("Our death is but a sleep and a forgetting," &c.),—the 9th ("O joy! that is" . . . &c.), and so to the end. Wordsworth's sonnets are great,—particularly *By the Sea*. ("It is a beauteous Evening," &c.) and *Why art thou Silent? The Daffodils* ("I wandered lonely as a cloud") is absolutely fascinating; there is nothing in English measure so fresh and airy. Of Wordsworth's other sonnets let me mention: *The inner vision* ("Most sweet it is," &c); *The World is too much with us;* and *Upon Westminster Bridge* ("Earth has not," &c.) This last was written as he was starting out for a long tour on the Continent; they left London by Post,—'twas long before the days of railways,—and the sun rose earlier than it does with us (what's the lati-

tude of London?); the whole city was asleep. Then I must not forget the *Cuckoo Song* ("O Blithe New-Comer!") And these: *She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways; She was a phantom of delight,*—tho' this last is marred by some poor lines; and *My heart leaps up.*

Of Keats—our Keats—I need not tell you which sonnet I love best. Then there is the *Ode to a Nightingale*, and *To a Grecian Urn* (which I believe is not in the old edition); and the superb sonnet on *Chapman's Homer* ("Much Have I Travelled," &c.) which was his earliest, as *Steadfast Star* was his last. *La Belle Dame Sans Merci* ("O what can ail thee") is weird and fascinating and *In a Drear-Nighted December* is beautiful as it is sad.

Of Shelley I think I like the *Ode to the West Wind* best ("O Wild West Wind"); and the *Naples Stanzas* ("The Sun is warm"); and of course the *Ode to a Skylark; To the Night* ("Swiftly walk," &c.); and I like his *Dream* ("I dreamed," &c.) and *Ozymanidas of Egypt* ("I met a Traveller"); and the *Indian Serenade* ("I arise," &c.); and his tiny gems, such as, *Music, when soft voices die,*—and *One word is too often profaned,*—and *Art thou pale of weariness?* His description of Venice from the Eugenian Hills,—in the passage beginning: "Beneath is spread like a green sea,"—is like a picture of Turner's (the poem begins: "Many a green isle"). It seems rather invidious to be picking out in this way,—and after all, what I like is only what every one likes.

Burns, I think, is best when there is a touch of sadness about him,—as in his *Highland Mary* ("Ye banks and Braes"), and his *other* "Banks and braes." This latter poem (of *Bonnie Doon*) by the bye, is outdone in utter pathos by the anonymous piece entitled *Forsaken* ("O Waly, Waly," &c.) Palgrave's *note* on "Waly, Waly" is poor, for surely the word is kindred with *wail.* Then of course there is *John Anderson*, and *Jean* is very pretty ("Of a' the airts," &c.). For myself, I confess that it is the East Wind just now, and not the West, that I "dearly like").

I wonder that Palgrave did not include the *Castled Crag of Drachenfels* in his collection; it is a true "lyric," and *Childe Harold* is another; for the magnificent sonnet on *Chillon*

("Eternal spirit of the chainless mind") is taken from another long poem,—as also are many of the little pieces from Shakespeare, and others. *The Elegy of Thyrza* ("And art thou dead") is stately and strong; and so, in a different way, *She walks in beauty*, &c.

For Moore I don't care much generally, but he sometimes touches a very true and tender note,—as in *At the midhour of night*, and *As slow our ship*, &c.

Cowper's Sonnet to *Mary Unwin* is a gem, and the piece which follows it is good too, tho' not *so* good. I cannot understand why Palgrave has passed Cowper's lines on his *Mother's portrait*, which, I am sure, are worth more than everything else he has given us from the same poet.

Lady Lindsay's *Auld Robin Gray* is a masterpiece of condensed tragedy.

Of course one admires Gray's *Elegy*. There is no poem in any language from which so many familiar quotations have been made.

Allan Cunningham's song makes one feel the salt brine in one's face. And Campbell's *Ye Mariners of England*, which follows, would make one wish to be an Englishman.

Coleridge's *Wooing of Genevieve* is pretty; but the opening stanza ("All thoughts" &c.) seems to stand by itself, and to belong to something higher and finer.

Sally in our Alley is first class of its kind.

Mary Lamb's child-poem is another "gem of purest ray serene," especially the closing stanza. I don't think it is in the old edition,—is it? Look at the index of writers.

Ah! there are many other beautiful things in the volume; but none has been in my mind so much, since I came away, as the dear little lines, of unknown authorship, which we read together as we sat by the river: "When I think on the happy days," &c. A doubt arises in my mind whether they are in the old edition. If they are not, tell me, that I may copy them for you.

Of Shakespeare's sonnets I love best the one called *Unchangeable*, beginning: "O never say." In truth I could address it to you.

A remark of the compiler in his *notes* (at the end of his

Summary of Book 4th) struck me as forcible and true: "Purity in taste is absolutely proportionate to strength,—and when once the mind has raised itself to grasp and to delight in excellence, those who love most will be found to love most wisely." I believe in that doctrine.

Forgive me, for being tiresome. I want to share my favorites with you. And then too, I am greedy of remembrance; for there is nothing which so vividly and so sweetly recalls the memory of a friend as *association* with that which is beautiful, in poetry, in nature and in art.

His notes on Palgrave's *Second Series* are even more interesting.

Though not equal to the *First Series*, this little volume contains many beautiful things. A book like this has an advantage over others for a busy man, or a sick man, in that he can take it up at odd moments, and lay it aside when he likes, can taste, skip, wander or linger, as he will. And it has proved what Mr. Stead would call "the book of the year" to me. I will jot down some of my ideas concerning it. And we will say the disagreeable things first.

Almost the first thing that strikes one in looking over the poems is the deterioration of Mr. Palgrave's taste in selection since the golden days when he compiled the earlier series, now thirty-seven years ago. That book appeared in the month when I graduated from college; and fell in love with it at once, as all the world did before long. With the additions which he subsequently made (notably Keat's *Ode to a Grecian Urn*), that earlier compilation is without doubt the most perfect thing in the way of correct choice that has ever been given us. The gems—the true brilliants—missing from that chaplet are few indeed. Among those few, surely, may be counted *The Castled Crag of Drachenfels*. Certainly it could not be ruled out by any canon of criticism that Mr. P. himself has laid down.

Turning, however, to the *Second Series*, we are quickly impressed with the conviction that the critical judgment of the compiler has lost its cunning. And the effect is somewhat

painful. It is like meeting in his second childhood someone whom we have known in the fulness of his powers;—for old affection's sake we try to ignore the change, and keep up a show of interest. The relative grade of the two compilations is pretty fairly typified by the *vignettes* on the title pages.

Of course, in a case like this, individual taste counts for little, and it is the general verdict of criticism which must decide; but I feel quite sure that, as the *consensus* of cultivated judgment approved the first collection as excellent, so it will rate the second as disappointing. And I think that this is the case chiefly because Mr. Palgrave has failed in his cullings from the *Masters*, and it is to *their* names one naturally turns first. The giants are, of course, only two,—Tennyson and Browning. Almost anything from Tennyson ought to be welcome, and yet, when I take up the book, I find myself avoiding him,—and why? Simply, I believe, to escape the feeling of exasperation at thinking of the *Corolla Tennysoniana* that *might* have been given us by one who knew him so well, and from whom therefore we expected so much.

As for Browning, it looks as tho' Mr. Palgrave did not quite understand the genius of him and had picked a due number of specimens at random, to satisfy the requirements of literary propriety. I should hardly care to read any of them a second time, except the splendid *Home Thoughts from Abroad:—*

> "Oh, to be in England
> Now that April's there!" (p. 149)

Pretty much the same thing might be said of the choosings from Matthew Arnold. Where is *Dover Beach*,—and the *View from Berne* (if that is the title, for I forget),—and where are all the lyrics to "Margaret"?

But the most ominous token of imbecility on Mr. Palgrave's part is his estimate of "Poor O'Shaughnessy." He (O'S.) had a good *ear*, if one may so use the word; he is always so smooth, and often melodious; but in thoughts, and in the expression of them, he never rises above mediocrity, and sometimes barely touches it. Mr. Palgrave, in his notes,

goes into raptures over the lines: "*If she but knew*," &c. (P. 203); yet, in spite of his hysterical praise, they are *not* "pathos" at all, but only *bathos*. Neither Mr. O'Shaughnessy nor Mr. Palgrave knew much about women, if they supposed that a high-spirited girl would "sigh" and "come" because some poor devil was "weeping still!" It was all very well to discover the good man, and a few samples from him would have passed muster creditably enough; but to sprinkle the book with him, and to rank him second after Tennyson, this is too much. (pp. 258, 266.)

I hardly intended to be either so garrulous or so spiteful; and one might be tempted to wonder why I should like the book at all. But there are golden treasures enough in it, without counting "poor O'Shaughnessy," and perhaps I should not have been so hard on *him* if Mr. Palgrave had not puffed him so. Elizabeth Browning, to be sure, does not count; I doubt whether her verses would survive long if she had not had the literary good fortune of marrying Robert. But there are plenty of others,—old friends who are well worth meeting again, and new friends, who grow to be dearer than most of the old. There are the Rosettis,—Christina, far and away ahead of all, and Dante, too, tho' a "bad second"; and Coventry Patmore, and Barnes, and Clough, and Kendall. And there are familiar pieces of rare worth, which a wanderer like myself could get at only in a collection like this; such as Domett's *Christmas Hymn*, and Clough's *Qua Cursum Ventus* (p. 89) and D. Rosetti's *Blessed Damozel*. And there are new *finds*,—stray nuggets—to be picked up here and there,—like Tennyson, Turner's *Going Home* ("A Death in the Thebaid"), so exquisite in its sadness (p. 240), and Ashe's *Old Jane;* and—well, yes!—O'Shaughnessy's song: "I Made Another Garden" (p. 205). I will admit that in *that* song he *does* "rise above mediocrity,"—except for the fatal "yea" in the first line, which is so evidently thrown in for the sake of "lay" in the third. A master-hand would have forefended even the suggestion, the suspicion, of such a weakness.

Again, if Mr. Palgrave's estimate of O'Shaughnessy was an infatuation, he is assuredly correct in his appreciation of Barnes, the Dorsetshire bard. It is a real discovery, and we

are heartily obliged to him for introducing us to this new poet. Anything so fresh and pure, so true to nature, so genuinely homely, has not been given us since Burns and Wordsworth. What could surpass the gentle pathos of *Readen of a Head-Stone?* (p. 251). And the *inscription* itself—how humbly, sweetly heart-breaking!

> "Mid God, dear Mary, gi'e me greäce
> To vind, lik' thee, a better pleäce
> Where I woonce mwore mid zee they feace;
> An' bring thy children up to know
> His word, that they mid come an' show
> Thy soul how much I lov'd thee."

And like unto it is *Ellen Brine of Allenburn* (p. 239). *Jeäne* (p. 56) might well be matched with *John Anderson;* and yet there is no sign or thought of imitation—out on the base criticism that would suggest it! There has been no such poet of rustic childhood, as witness the two pieces cited above. Or take the first sample of his art as given in the book, *The Surprise* (p. 3). At a first careless reading, it strikes one as rather silly, and we pass on. But I venture to say that there is no one, into whose soul a spark of the divine fire has fallen from above, but, having read it once,will sooner or later read it again, and having read it twice, will forget it never. No one else—unless it be Wordsworth—could have done it.

And then there is Kendall. Here is another genuine *find.* He, no doubt, *was* "poor" Kendall. Palgrave says his life was short and unhappy. Unhappy, very likely, as the only two poems given us seem to show; but not so short. He died at 41. Arthur Clough was 42; O'Shaughnessy, 37; Romanes, 46. Goldsmith's age was the same; while Burns, like O'Shaughnessy, was only 37. Byron was younger still, by a year. The really short-lived poets were, of course, Shelley, at 30, and Keats, at 26. And so, in the later of the two poems given, which he calls *After Many Years,* he (Kendall) tells us that he sits "where youth was once," and knows that he is "growing old" (p. 160). Kendall was clearly a born poet, an original product. He lived in what was then one of the

wildest parts of Australia, and which is wild and beautiful enough still. I got a map and guide of New South Wales, and studied up his country. The Clarence River comes down from the rich, verdurous mountains in the extreme North-eastern corner. As one comes up from the sea, the Orara is the first tributary that enters the main stream from the South. Grafton, the nearest town of any size, and a small one at that, is about ten miles below the junction of the little rivers; and the nearest railway station, at the time of Kendall's death, in 1882, was Glen Innes, some 80 miles away in the interior. Alas, poor Kendall! He "could not with his feeble feet climb after his desire." What might not this man have given us, if he had not been "unhappy"? I regard *Orara* as a gem of the purest water (p. 34). There is genius in every verse, and a picture in every line.

"The soft white feet of afternoon
Are on the shining meads"—

is a couplet which might stand beside anything of Swinburne's—"Where the wind's feet shine along the sea," for instance. If Barnes was a poet of peasant life, and of childhood, Kendall could have written the "lyrics of the leaf and stream." The other poem referred to is a reminiscence, a dying echo, of the first. They go together. After reading *Orara*, turn and compare the lingering cadences of the four musical stanzas on p. 160. Has he not done it most graciously? And then he goes on to add a touch of romance, which though it does not reinforce the poetry much, yet heightens our interest. Would that the "lady of the past" could have helped him, and made a man of him! Which of us has not had his own dream of the song he might have sung,—the picture he might have painted, the work he might have done? Poor Kendall! He gave it up. And yet he came so near. His very failure is finer far than anything that we can hope to do.

With Coventry Patmore I was already somewhat acquainted. But the lines on his wife's death ("It was not like your great and gracious way") have a stately beauty which gains upon us with frequent reading; and the *Toys*, too, (p. 12) will bear

any amount of reperusal. And this little volume has enlarged my scanty *repertoire* of favorites from this most careful and polished of poets. Indeed there is not an ungraceful phrase, nor inelegant word, and what is more, not a feeble or ignoble thought, in all that he has written. *Amelia* (p. 216) is an idyl quite unique in its apple-blossom freshness. And the fragment on page 71 furnishes us with a new thought, something, too, which gives us halt. I do not think I shall ever look again on the "purposeless, glad ocean" without the reminder of the greatness of Truth, which shall prevail—"*when no one cares whether it prevail or not!*"

What shall I say of Christina Rosetti, of whom I knew so little, and whom I still know so slightly, who yet by that little has so arrested and charmed me? There is in her verse a delicate, cameo-like fineness of finish, and at the same time a play of ethereal fancy, combined with a certain weird, sweet melancholy,—a very witchery of smiling sadness,—that to me are nothing short of captivating. Some time or other, perhaps—that time which never comes—I may get my ideas concerning her in order, and put them into readable shape. In all the English language there is nothing more hauntingly lovely than her *Echo* (p. 207). And the idea embodied in *Somewhere or Other* (p. 53), has been suggested by other poets[1] (and poetasters), but never expressed before with a precision so flawless, and cadence so exquisite. At her touch the thought has expanded, and become spiritualized, while its form, marvellous to say, has been condensed.

In some of her songs she seems to dwell on the thought of death with a hopelessness that looks like loss of faith. But it is hardly fair to hold a poet to close account for an occasional expression of graceful pessimism. Wordsworth, for instance, says of *Lucy*, dead:

> "No motion has she now, no force;
> She neither hears nor sees;
> Roll'd round in earth's diurnal course
> With rocks, and stones, and trees."

[1] Cf. Longfellow's *Endymion;* & Crashaw's *Who e'er she be.*

Yet Wordsworth was undoubtedly a man of deep religious faith and feeling. Moreover, before forming any such judgment, we should check what she says in one place by what is better said in another. The sombre hue of such songs as "Underneath the growing grass" &c., and "When I am dead" (pp. 229—230), is thus touched with a gleam of kindlier light when we read those other lines, so gracious and so full of faith and hope; "Heaven overarched earth and sea" (p. 105); or her hymn, the *Mother Country*—for hymn it is, so like a mediaeval anthem, reminding us of Bernard of Cluny, and "Jerusalem the Golden:"—

> "Oh what is that country
> And where can it be,
> Not mine own country,
> But dearer far to me?
> Yet mine own country,
> If I one day may see
> Its spices and cedars,
> Its gold and ivory." (p. 108.)

For reasons such as these, the little volume will surely endear itself, at least to the few. It has introduced me to a sweet and goodly company. These are the singers who make up the true choir invisible,—these the voices that make our dull silence musical, and this the companionship which touches all the dreary angles of life with colors of prismatic brightness.

These things I write here in Rome, on this 4th of July, 1898 —while my thoughts go quickly flying to the country I have left—"mine own country," till I find a better. They cross that bridge which Arthur Hugh Clough tells about in his poem (p. 63), that stretches high-arched, unseen, above the waste of rolling waves, and over which our messages can pass, "secure and swift from shore to shore." And while I write, the men of my old regiment, the 2nd Mass. Inf., are fighting and falling. Yet here all is so quiet! A few weeks ago, all was animation; it seemed as though half of Christendom were here. And then there came a day when we realized—we who stay here all the year—that there had come a change. There had been

no leave-takings, no formal winding up of the season, but we suddenly felt that everybody had *gone*. The sunshine falls hot and glaring on the old brown ruins, or lies dreamily on the slopes of the far off Alban Hills; the feathery palm-tufts droop listless in the cloister, and in the garden the wild red poppies bloom, and run riot among the vines; the cicada drones in the ilex and almond trees; and through dusky shades the nightingale pours his slow note of liquid melancholy; and we are alone, and the whole world is far away.

To a friend of Father Fidelis, who asked if he wrote poetry, he wrote in reply:

Since you are "after me," on this subject of versification, I may as well make a clean breast of it, and give you something, a very little thing, which *will* interest you, as being the first thing I ever wrote. And I did not write it either, for, so far as I can recall, I did not put it on paper; but it never left my memory, and it may have affected my whole life more than any other one thing. For it served to keep fresh and clear in my mind the *grace* received that day (that it was a grace I have not a doubt), so that Our Lord could make use of it afterwards, and many times to bring me back to the starting point of long before—from which, alas! I had so often, and so sadly, strayed. Yes, I am long in coming to it, but not on account of the words themselves,—for it is only a childish rhyme,—but because one shrinks when it comes to the point from disclosing the hidden things of the soul:

"To Jesus, Who on Calvary's Hill
For me the chief of sinners died,
This life of mine, my heart, my will,
I now devote, and in Him hide.

A first conversion? Yes, I think so. I was ten years old, possibly, eleven, but I think not. I am quite sure of the words, the time and the place. I was walking, had been walking for some time, in a grove attached to my father's country house. Pray do not imagine that I was a pious lad, for indeed

I was what St. Augustine calls himself in his Confessions—"tantillus puer, et tantus peccator."

In this same letter is a fragment of description of the recumbent St. Cecilia under the Altar of her church in Rome:

I could fill another sheet with an attempt, a poor attempt, to describe that marble statue—if statue it can be called, in its repose of quiet death,—the averted face, the modest sweep of the loosened hair, the delicate virginal figure, the hand (*the hand of St. Cecilia!*) the ineffable grace of it all. . . . I have sometimes said that I would believe in the Catholic Church because it could produce a St. Teresa. That is something like Valerian and Tiburtius when they made their profession which they were ready to stand by and die by.

This letter is but a fragment undated, but evidently written in Rome. Another fragment says: "I don't enjoy the Prophet Jeremias (Isaias, yes)."

At the end of some remarkable passages copied from John Inglesant in Buenos Aires in 1885, he writes:

At the end of the volume this fine and really noble gentleman appears as an amateur violinist in an entertainment at Oxford; and in a conversation on that occasion, he compliments the Church of England much at the expense of the Church of Rome, whilst at the same time admitting that the position in which the English Church stands "seems to be illogical, and that there is no answer to the Papist argument, except one, namely that 'absolute truth' is not revealed," in support of which proposition he says a number of vague, rambling and sceptical things.

The ending of the book is most disappointing and one asks himself what the author's design can have been in writing it. In his preface the author refers to the writings of Nathaniel Hawthorne, as of one whom he held in much esteem, and whom he had carefully studied. Now I remember somewhere

in Hawthorne (in his notes I believe, or may it have been in Theodore Parker, or some other New England writer) a striking remark concerning the young man in the Gospels who came to Jesus, and went away sorrowful "because he had great possessions," regretting our ignorance of his subsequent history and whether he was saved or not, and suggesting that it would be an interesting thing to write a romance based upon the supposed career of such a one. "How hardly shall they that have riches . . ." It must have been a beautiful soul that Jesus loved and grieved for, and his ending must have been full of regret to say the least. . . .

There are things concerning musical instruments, very wonderful, such as the laws concerning the octaves of flutes, which, make them how you will, can never alter, and which show how the principles of harmony prevail in the dead things of the world, which we think so blockish and stupid; and what is more wonderful still, the passions of men's souls, which are so wild and untamable, are all ruled and kept in a strict measure and mean, for they are all concerned in and wrought upon by music. And what can be more wonderful than that a maestro in the art can take delight in sound, though he does not hear it; and when he looks at some black marks upon paper, he hears intellectually and by the power of the soul alone.

This book was of deep interest to Father Fidelis, as it has been to many others finding their way through Anglican mazes, or having found their way, guiding other souls.

On the same paper, sixteen years later, he wrote the theme of his proposed discourse in Appleton Chapel at Harvard University

that the spirit of *loyalty to truth* is the very soul of a student and scholar. Incidentally to show that a recognition of this spirit in others is a *sina qua non* of Christian Charity, and the first step necessary for the removal of barriers which divide those who differ on questions of religion.

CHAPTER XII

Master of Novices; Foundations in United States

THERE are no letters to tell of the activities of 1900. A retreat was given in February of that year to the Religious at St. Joseph's Retreat in Baltimore, and another in Brooklyn, and many missions, retreats to Religious and triduums in many parts of the East. In 1902 the Golden Jubilee, the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Passionists in the United States was celebrated at Pittsburg. The beloved General of the Order, Bernard Mary, wrote from Rome:

> It is indeed consoling to behold among the eminent achievements of Christian piety which distinguished the young Church in America, the abundant harvest yielded by the small vineyard of St. Paul of the Cross. Indeed, it is a consoling spectacle to see so many souls in noble contempt of earthly things, meditating day and night on divine things, and laboring only for the heavenly inheritance.

The Chapter was held in this year, and when it came to the election of a Master of Novices, the President said that "he should be a man of God, imbued with the spirit of our Blessed Founder, a keen discerner of character, with a master hand to mold the youth of the Congregation." Father Fidelis was the chosen Novice Master, and in his acceptance he said, "I will be delighted to return to the Novitiate, just after the twenty-fifth anniversary of my

profession, and again receive the holy inspirations which won my heart to the Order, and its dear old traditions and practices."

In this Jubilee Year also a foundation was begun in Scranton, and to this work Father Fidelis gave his heart's best interest and his splendid constructive genius. There was also an appeal from the city of Chicago for a foundation there.

The Jubilee was a great and beautiful function carried out with becoming reverence. The well-beloved Cardinal Gibbons was present at the Mass of Thanksgiving, with many Bishops, an imposing and glorious procession, followed by the matchless Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, whose melodious voice echoed through the Church resonant and harmonious, like a great organ. He was a dear and close friend of Father Fidelis, and begged him always to be his guest when coming to Philadelphia. His own eloquence was very great, and he must have listened with deep satisfaction to the sermon of Father Fidelis, the humble Novice Master, as he preached before the distinguished audience on "St. Paul of the Cross, the Saint of the Passion." It was an inspiring occasion and Father Fidelis spoke with more than usual eloquent zeal.

His life as a Passionist had been for the most part passed in foreign mission work, but he had made a profound impression in his own land, and in the coming years this impression deepened to venerating esteem and respectful affection.

The Scranton foundation, known as St. Ann's, owed its being to the invitation of Bishop Hoban, who knew the Passionists from early years, and who had made his retreat with them in Rome before his ordination. His second Mass was said at the shrine of St. Paul of the Cross, and at that Mass, Father Fidelis assisted him.

It was difficult to make a choice of situation for the new

Monastery in the coal regions, because of the fear of subsidence of the surface, so a cottage was taken at Harvey's Lake near Wilkesbarre, and Father Fidelis became Superior of a small band of his brethren. He tells the story of the beginning of this work which met with beautiful success after a series of trials in a letter to a friend, dated May 23rd, 1902:

It is very quiet and peaceful here, and at present very solitary. Later in the Summer people will come, and fill the little cottages which cluster here and there along the shores of the lake. It is a small affair, this lake, only ten miles around, although they boast that it is the biggest in all Pennsylvania! It lies among the hills, some fifteen miles to the west of the town of Wilkesbarre, and is reached by trolley car from that place. The trolley runs through a winding little valley (everything seems to me little here)—to the foot of the lake, and then we take the very tiny steamer, *Rosalind*, which brings us to our "landing," which is the tiniest, ricketiest thing of all. The post office is a good way off, about three miles by the winding road, along the shore, but the *Rosalind* will take us there quickly enough. The Brother has gone a couple of times. I have not been there at all yet. The "Brother" is Brother Gabriel, who is my sole companion at present. . . .

Not a soul has been near us as yet, except a kind hearted man, who paid us a call, and some country women who "wanted to see the house," and who stared at our primitive chapel, having never seen any such thing in their lives. There is a "stone" at the other corner of the lake, which I have not seen, but the Brother has gone there to get a few provisions. Oh! yes, we are roughing it, and shall have to. We shall get through the Summer well enough, no doubt, but whether we can stand the Winter when the lake is frozen tight, remains to be seen.

By and by one or two priests will come to join me. The house is a very decent cottage. We have hired it for a year. Of course our present habitation is only temporary. We

hope to find a good site for a permanent monastery, a Novitiate, somewhere in this region, possibly on the shores of this really pretty sheet of water, but more probably in the immediate vicinity of Wilkesbarre or Scranton. Wilkesbarre is a town or city of 50,000 inhabitants, on the Susquehanna River; Scranton is double the size and lies some twenty miles further north. I am in charge here for the present, just to start things,—until the chapter meets in August; and I expect to remain here without intermission until the 20th of June, when I must go to St. Louis for a week, to give a retreat to the clergy of that Archdiocese. . . . I look out of my window, as I write, onto the steel blue rippling waters, and the densely wooded hill which slopes gently up from the other side.

At the Chapter, as has been told, Father Fidelis was made Master of Novices. With Bishop Hoban he had chosen the Round Woods in Scranton as the best site for St. Ann's Monastery, and the Fathers moved from Harvey's Lake to a small house in Scranton.

The new Monastery suffered from the subsidence of the mines, and was only saved by a miracle;—a great slide that threatened to swallow up the whole property stopped and settled under the Monastery. Repairs were necessary, and the Monastery was strengthened, and made perfectly safe by the interest and efforts of the people of Scranton who loved the Fathers and were proud to have them established in their city.

Father Fidelis was made Provincial, and on his visitation of St. Ann's, the following words were written on the records of the house: "Inspeximus hunc librum, et hanc historiam fundationis Monasterii Sanctæ Annæ magna cum delectatione ac spiritus edficatione perlegimus."

In 1902 Father Fidelis preached in the Cathedral at Baltimore. It was always against his will that he preached in high places or to audiences of distinction.

The same year he gave a great mission in Philadelphia, and a retreat at the Sacred Heart Convent there.

In 1903 he wrote:

I am rather in despair as to letters, for I have no more the "pen of a ready writer." I am with my novices, pegging away at my prayers, as Father Edmund would say, and trying to be good—else how could I talk to them. [And again]: The Rector has been away (is still away) and everything has fallen upon me. Moreover a new batch of novices arrived early in the month, and I have had to get them into shape. In fact there has been such a nice adjustment between my occupations and my physical forces that at the close of each day I have not had left an ounce of energy. But I am interiorly happy and all is well.

He wrote from Washington, D. C., St. Paul's Rectory, but without date:

Before coming here I was in Chicago, giving a public retreat in the Cathedral, which was more fatiguing than a mission. Then to Pittsburg, to receive a new class of novices, and get them started. The retreat here is in full swing, and the fashionable people of Washington are making much of me. I am seeing some old friends too,—among them Justice Holmes, and Senator Lodge. The retreat will close on Friday, and then to Pittsburg again. I would willingly write more, but am not able. How terrible are the limitations of life!

In 1905, at the Chapter of the Order in the month of August, Father Fidelis succeeded Father Felix as Provincial. This was the highest honor that could be conferred upon him in his own land, and a position of grave responsibility, which he was able to fill with his usual zeal and success until the end of his term of office.

There are few letters to refer to during these years of care and great activity. In March of this year he gave a retreat to the religious at West Hoboken.

From Louisville, Kentucky, he writes on April 9th, 1906:

Your postal to West Hoboken finds me here, superintending the finishing building of a new Monastery. Since last Summer I have been all over the country, and at West Hoboken only for a few brief intervals. There are many memories of Father Maurice that linger here, and there are persons here who remember him well. I am roughing it here, living in a cabin at present.

The new Monastery was the beautiful Novitiate of the Sacred Heart, which is one of the loveliest in situation and construction. At its dedication all the Superiors were present, and later the province was divided into Eastern and Western Provinces, and Father Fidelis returned to West Hoboken. He writes from there on September 5th, of this same year:

After a long and trying Summer I am at length back again at my old post,—just returned; and you perhaps have just returned too from your trip to St. Paul and the "great West." . . . Do you know that for some time I hesitated about choosing the West instead of the East in the recent division of our Province? It is not the Middle-West that attracts me, but the far North-West, where I have never been, up towards Seattle and Puget's Sound. The West certainly has the future before it. But I said to myself: Old Man, you haven't the future before you, so you had better stick to your old hunting grounds during the time that is left. And I am glad that I did. I have returned rather the worse for the wear, but shall pick up, all right, and my work will no doubt be perceptibly lightened hereafter.

The death of his dear old friend, Mr. Richards, had stirred his heart, for of all the friendships of his life, none had been so sacred and tender. What a pity that he did

not keep any of the many letters which would have been valuable to his son in writing *A Loyal Life*.

Sacred Heart Retreat of the
Passionist Fathers,
Louisville, Ky., July 18th, 1906.

Mr. William D. Richards,

My Dear Will:

I know not what you must have thought of me for my failure to answer your letter of nearly two months ago. I have been in many places, chiefly in the West, struggling with ill health, working at the establishment of a new Western Province, of our Order, & the building of a new Novitiate here at Louisville; & in truth I have neglected everything else. If I had had any letters, or anything whatever, from your dear Father, undoubtedly I would have forwarded them to you immediately, & I exceedingly regret for your sake, that they were not preserved. For many years I have kept no writings of any kind, whether by my own hand or from others. The last letters which I destroyed were those of my mother. This may seem "queer,"—& no doubt it is! There is a big stack of *unanswered* letters which confronts me, & at which I glance with a sort of grim despair! You will not think, I am sure, that I destroyed your father's letters because I did not value them, or him. They will live on in my memory. No letters that I ever received were more redolent with the sweet fragrance of devotion & humble piety, or glowed more with ardent faith & zeal for souls. The very look of the page itself stands out clear to my mind's eye, with the scholarly handwriting, which remained fair & firm up to the last one which he wrote to me in his gracious old age. May the Lord make us worthy to be united with him in the Kingdom of the Blessed.

Kindly pardon these pencil lines, as at present I am not up to writing with pen & ink.

With kindest regards to Father Havens & your sisters, believe me, dear Will,

Yours faithfully & affectionately in Xt.,

Fidelis of the Cross, C.P.

To Father Richards he wrote from St. Michael's Monastery, West Hoboken, N. J.:

September 5, 1906.

Rev. Jos. Havens Richards, S.J.,

My Dear Father Havens:

Gladly will I do what I can in reply to your kind & touching letter of the 14th ult.—I have already expressed to your brother, Will, my great regret that I have not preserved your dear father's beautiful letters, that I might present them to you. It seems a shame that I did not do so, & the only explanation I can give is that I have not kept anything whatsoever from anybody.

The first time I saw your father was at Kenyon College, when he came there once for a visit at Commencement Season. This was in 1866, I think, I saw him at my house. I had never met an educated Catholic before, one with whom I could feel on terms of social equality. I was greatly attracted by his gracious & winning manner. We did not speak on religious subjects, but I was conscious of that influence of personal sanctity which all who knew him must have felt. Even in a casual conversation one could not help the conviction that his heart & mind were filled with the things of God. Of course I was greatly interested in his being a convert, & in the fact of his having been rector of St. Paul's, Columbus. After I became a Catholic I learned from him that he had begun at that time to pray for me, & that he had then, or not long after, sent my name to the Apostleship of Prayer. God alone, therefore, knows how much I owe to him.

I do not think that I saw him again until I entered the Church, some three years & a half later; but we did not lose sight of one another. The impression—the *first* impression—made upon me was without doubt greater than I at all imagined at the time & was gradually deepening. When I was at Hobart College, shortly before withdrawing from the Ministry of the Episcopal Church, we exchanged some letters, & he helped me over some of my theological difficulties. He was a ripe controversialist, certainly as regards the Anglican posi-

tion, & knew his ground well, but he always fenced gently, used great forbearance, & never pressed too hard. He also sent me two or three books, Newman's *Loss & Gain* among them.

After my reception into the Church, one of my first delights was to meet him. But I met you all then, the rest of the family, though you, of course, were not with them. I saw you, however, then or soon after, for, unless my memory is at fault, you were, at that time, a scholastic at Boston College, or temporarily stationed there. From that time onward my friendship with your father is known to you all. I never knew anyone who seemed more constantly occupied with divine things. There never was a more ardent Catholic. He loved the Church with a really passionate affection. And when in after years his soul passed into the obscure night & down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, when he suffered untold anguish & thought himself an abandoned wretch, everyone else could see that he was only ripening in holiness, & passing through what the Saints pass through. May his life be an inspiration & his memory be in benediction.

I am always, dear Father Richards, faithfully yours, in J. X. T.,

FIDELIS OF THE CROSS, C.P.

P. S. If there be anything in my letters to your father which could be of any use to you, it is of course at your service.

On May 4th, 1907, from Baltimore he wrote:

When I get through here, I shall try to stop at Torresdale on my way North and see you and Aunt Helen. I am making the visitation of this House and shall probably finish it about ten days from now. I am feeling the weariness of years and of many cares.

Again on August 28th, 1907, from West Hoboken, his headquarters, he wrote:

Of course it was not a surprise to learn that dear Aunt Helen had gone, but it was none the less a blow, and I shall feel her loss most deeply. I have been away for some weeks, up in New England, attending to some important business of our Order. Part of the time I was at Manchester, N. H., where I gave a ten days retreat to the Sisters of Mercy, at the Convent where those little children were, ages ago. I consented to give the retreat because I felt that I owed them a debt; but I am not sure that it was wise on my part, for the place was full of ghosts.

Of the one hundred and forty Sisters who were there for the retreat, not half a dozen were of those whom I knew of yore,—though the lay sister,—little Sister Regina,—who opened the door to me, was the same who first opened it for me thirty-seven years ago.

On my return here, I found your two letters, and the black margin on one of them made the announcement. It is not without beautiful significance that Aunt Helen died on the Feast of her Patron Saint. She bore her name right nobly and royally. In all her ways she was queenly. When I saw her last,—and I am so glad I *went* to see her,—though so slender and emaciated, yet so gentle and gracious, I thought she had never borne herself so beautifully. Thank God there is no doubt as to her happy destiny! Give my truest sympathy to all. Of course I said Mass at once for Aunt Helen. And, you know I shall never forget her.

Aunt Helen was the beloved Aunt of Father Maurice—his Father's sister, and Father Fidelis had the joy of receiving her into the Church ten years before her death, and from time to time when he met her, he found her ever more holy and zealous in the almost rapturous delight of her possession of Catholic faith.

He went to the Convent at Manchester with a wistful heart. He could not bring himself to visit the grave of his little Ethel in the Sister's cemetery. There is living today a dear Sister of Mercy, Mother Raymond, who was a novice in the early time when the three little girls were

brought to the Convent by their Father. It was she who had entire charge of Ethel who was a winsome thing just four years old. This Sister said:

I never loved in my long life any child so dearly as I loved Ethel. She used to walk around the garden with her little hand in mine, and I was only seventeen, and we were like two children together. She slept in my room at night, and I covered her so carefully for fear she would take cold. She loved pretty things, and she would say, "When I am grown I will have pretty rings and dresses like Aunt Fanny;" and she would say, "Sister, when you go to see God will you tell him all about me? and when I go to Him I will tell Him all about you."

This sister saw Ethel lying fair and sweet and still in death in the Convent Chapel, just as her Father found her, when he was hurriedly summoned. She saw the young man in his grief for his motherless child, now gone to her sheltering love; but she did not see him when he came, an old man with white hair, to the same Chapel where she lay, to pay his debt of gratitude to those who loved her, and to speak to them as only he could speak of the supernatural joy of those who make the sacrifice of all things for the dear love of Jesus Christ.

He wrote on December 13th, 1907:

I am here in Boston, have been here for three weeks, working furiously but expect to return soon to West Hoboken.

The work he speaks of was one dear as possible, close to his very heart's core. It was a foundation of his Order, a Passionist Monastery on "Nevin's Hill in Brighton, overlooking the city of Boston, his native city. Fifteen acres of land, well wooded, with the Nevins homestead where the Fathers could live till their Convent was completed,

were acquired. Then the mansion house was moved away and the barn transformed into a beautiful Chapel, much of the work being done by Brother Gabriel.

The Monastery was dedicated on May 14th, 1911, and many thousands of people came to see the noble structure of attractive appropriate Spanish Mission architecture. It stands today, the witness of the constant zeal of its founder, the descendant of Puritans, the son of Harvard University, who left his home and his father's house, and the love of his brethren, and the sweet companionship of his friends, and went into exile in a far country. He brought the living faith, and the unchanging hope, and the perfect love which he had sought and found in the rule of Saint Paul of the Cross; and he worked with noble purpose that these treasures of Divine Grace be spread through the world, especially the New England world, where all his traditions lived.

When you have climbed the hill, and see the great city lying before you, and when you enter the Monastery gates, you will find the statue of a very young man, slender and graceful, clad in the straight garment and the cloak of a Passionist, with the seal of the Passion on his breast. His gentle gaze is fixed on the image of the Crucified. Many flowers are blooming around him, and behind him, through the cloister, you may see the quiet figures of the Monks as they come and go in silent procession. This is the little Saint Gabriel, to whom the Convent is dedicated.

This young saint was born in Assizi in 1838, so that he was only two years older than Father Fidelis. He was handsome and charming; he was full of the joy of life; he loved to dance and to hunt; he was quick tempered and eager. He was well born and popular, he was an orator and apt scholar. The world lay before him, and yet, like that other Francis of Assizi, whose name was given him in Baptism, he left the world. He became a Passionist, and he became a saint. Father Fidelis loved to tell his history,

Entrance to St. Gabriel's Monastery

St. Gabriel's Monastery, Brighton, Mass.

Founded by Father Fidelis, 1911

such a short simple history. He was absorbed in God. For just a little more than four years he lived, a young Novice, Gabriel Adolorata, following the rule of his Order in perfect simplicity, joyous and courteous, kindly and obedient, and then with the love of the Mater Dolorosa overflowing his heart he was taken to God.

How did they know he was a Saint? Sanctity will not be unknown. His brethren knew it. The peasants of the Abruzzi knew it. Hidden as he was in the cloister of Morevalle, with no mysterious sign about him, no vision, and no ecstasy, there radiated from his exquisite presence the light of perfect holiness, which means that there was perfect union with God. Perfect love is perfect duty, whether it be on the battlefield or in the forum, or in the cloister; whether it be in the humblest daily routine, or the sudden burst of heroism at an unexpected call. The heart of the world-worn Missionary was touched to tears by the wonder-working youth who wore his own livery, and was called so soon to his glorious reward. Miracles of grace were wrought in souls through his intercession. He who wrought no miracle in the sight of men, brought healing and consolation when companioning with Angels.

It was the profound significance of these things that Father Fidelis so well understood, and exemplified in his own person. "I will not work for rank," he wrote to his Father from Harvard. He never worked for rank unless it were to be ranked among the lowliest of the servants of God. But he worked with exultant joy to raise the walls of St. Gabriel's Retreat, and to place the Saint of his latest affection in honor there before its open door. On that hill men would draw apart to walk with God. The doubtful should be counselled, the weary should rest. For this had he left all things "to be made a spectacle to the world, and to Angels and to men."

CHAPTER XIII

Provincial in Buenos Aires; Tour in Spain; Foundations in Brazil

FATHER FIDELIS had finished his term as Provincial in the United States, and now he was made Provincial in South America, and returned to the field of his labors, that first foundation made under such great difficulties, thirty years before.

He was now old and spent, and he came to adjust disputes, to carry out the spirit of his Order, according to its rule, with the command of the General in Rome upon him. He had been popular, he had been successful. He had founded the Order in the Argentine. He had built the beautiful Gothic Church of the Holy Cross with the Monastery at its side; another, known as St. Paul's Retreat, he had established at Sarmiento; a Hospice of St. Patrick arose at Salto, and now in the Province of Cordova he built a novitiate, the Retreat of our Lady of the Rosary. His term of office was a "via Crucis." The fear of Italianizing or Anglicizing the Province was the constant anxiety of the Irish Argentinians, who wanted above all things to keep their national integrity, and who used their first argument, that Irish funds should be employed for their own benefit. The spirit of the Passionists however, is not national, but universal, entirely devoted, and though primarily they are chaplains of the English speaking population, yet they bring their missionary zeal to the needy of all the inhabitants of the Argentine.

The Mission in Cordova is for the large Italian population in those parts, and the missionaries preach in Spanish and Italian as well as in English. They have also been mindful of the Indians and given missions to them on the Pampas. It is to the generosity of the Irish Argentine population that the presence of the Passionists is due among them, and now that controversy is over, and the heart of the patient founder is still in death, they are grateful for his zeal, and mindful of the great constructive work he did among them. They realize today how remarkable a spirit dwelt among them; keeping his serenity of soul in the midst of untold trials.

The Southern Cross, organ of the Irish in the Argentine, commenting on a version of the Lecture, "Fidelity to Grace Received," delivered by Father Fidelis at Harvard, said that the Argentine community never fully realized the loss that they sustained when he left the country in 1893. They did not realize the great talents, and the remarkable character of the man who had labored among them in simplicity of life for so many years. He succeeded in keeping his greatness hidden from the pastoral people of the Pampas.

Many converts to the faith are made by the Passionists, and there is constant work of instructing and lecturing. Though the country of South America is Catholic, full of beautiful Spanish traditions, and the Spanish priests are devoted in ministering to their flocks, there is a materialism and rationalism, a spirit of anticlericalism that must be constantly checked, and the example of the Missionary who has abandoned all things and lives in utter poverty among the abject poor is powerful for good. Father Fidelis in strongly establishing his Order among them, according to the spirit and rule of its Founder, wrought an inestimable benefit, and not for his own lifetime but for generations to follow.

When Ex-President Roosevelt came to Buenos Aires,

one of his first visits was to the College of the Sisters of Mercy, as he had been nursed by these Sisters in the Mercy Hospital in Chicago, after he was shot. He then came to Holy Cross Church to visit Father Fidelis whom he had heard so much about. The Ex-President was taken to visit the Church and then to the Library where a number of gentlemen were gathered. Afterwards one of the American papers stated that Mr. Roosevelt was so much impressed by the tall, erect, military appearance of Father Fidelis even as a Monk that he remarked that you might imagine "you heard the clink of the saber."

Father Fidelis maintained his reputation as a pulpit orator both in the city of Buenos Aires and on the Missions given in country districts. On his last visit he preached on Good Friday. His white hair, venerable appearance and incomparable oratory held his audience spellbound.

In 1911 the General of the Order visited the Argentine and commissioned Father Fidelis to establish the Passionists in Brazil. With Fathers Martin and Modesto, Father Fidelis went to Sao Paolo, and finding an opportunity to make a foundation, he went to Rome for the necessary papers and returned to Brazil. Of the foundation in Sao Paolo Father Fidelis writes in his excellent chapter on Brazil in *An Awakening and What Followed:*

> Sao Paolo stands on that great fertile plateau which, beginning near Rio Janeiro, extends southward for a thousand miles, never at great distance from the sea, but always behind a buttress of mountains, running southwesterly, and averaging about 3000 feet in height. The city of Sao Paolo is the capital of the great coffee Estado of the same name; and it is thoroughly modern and up to date, with a population of half a million. . . . Our church and convent at Sao Paolo are well placed, on high ground in the suburbs; and our work there, though so recently begun, is prospering.

A foundation was also made at Curityba, a journey of thirty hours by railway from Sao Paolo, and Father Fidelis felt that these houses in Brazil had better prospects perhaps than any of the others in South America. This was because of government conditions, which he considered more stable in Brazil. He tells a touching story of the Bishop of Curityba, who met and welcomed the Missionary Fathers, fasting through a long journey and then preaching and saying Mass at a late hour. He writes of the holy man:

Later I learned that this successor of the Apostles was wont, on his diocesan visitations, to travel sometimes on mule-back, sometimes on foot, sometimes by canoe through swamps and bays and lagoons, now over mountains, and now through luxuriant forests, seeking the scattered sheep of his flock, assisting his poor or lonely priests; sometimes, it may be, admonishing them, always animating them; and last, not least, "in fastings often."

From the Sierras of Cordoba, October 22nd, 1912, he wrote:

For the last eight months or so I have been up here, in the heart of this Republic, superintending the building of a new monastery, which we greatly needed, as a base for our Mission work in the Central and Northern Provinces. The winter which has been uncommonly severe for this region, has somewhat crippled us; but the worst is over now, and before Christmas, please God, we hope to have a regular community established here.

A year ago I was in Brazil, trying for an opening there. By God's blessing, we were successful in establishing two missions, one in Sao Paolo, and the other in Curityba, farther South. I then went to Rome, and had the two foundations approved, and placed under the immediate jurisdiction of our Father General; for indeed I have quite enough on my hands here in Argentina.

My abrupt departure from the States no doubt puzzled my good friends there, and some perhaps were hurt; but when I knew that I was wanted here, I heard in my heart the call of God, and went, without preparations or farewells. In the light of Eternity these things will not matter. I have a work to do, and must work while the day lasts; for the night cometh,—and cometh very soon for me.

Much pain and discouragement filled these late years, arising from the same cause as the early troubles in the Argentine; but he proved successfully at last the disputed ownership of the beautiful Church of the Holy Cross, and he found still a few friends who were faithful to him, especially among the Irish working girls. He accepted the drawbacks, the crosses and humiliations as necessary for his discipline. An appreciation of his character says of him:

He had a special gift for young men; and children were at once attracted to him by his bright and genial manner. He had a wonderful gift for helping people to die. . . . He was truly called an Angel of Consolation.

Meanwhile the Chapter of the Order was held in Rome in 1914, and the decision was made that the houses of the Order in the Argentine should form a separate Province and there should be no foreign control, except that of the Father General in Rome according to the rule. Announcement of this decision was made by Father Fidelis on St. Patrick's Day, 1914, in the presence of Archbishop Spinosa and a distinguished gathering of Irish Argentinians both clergy and laity. Father Fidelis left the Argentine soon after this decision. He left the scene of his most strenuous labor, the scene of his consoling success in firmly establishing the Passionist Missionaries to work, as they had worked from the earliest days of the foundation, for the comfort and needs of the English

speaking of all classes, and for those of other races irrespective of condition.

The Passionist Nuns were established in Brazil, and the life of St. Paul of the Cross translated into Portuguese. The houses in Brazil belonging heretofore to the Spanish Province, were placed under the government of the Father General in Rome, with one of the Fathers as Commissary. There is a large Italian population in Brazil to whom the Passionists minister.

In the western Cemetery of Buenos Aires Father Fidelis left his young companions, Fathers Clement and Maurice, with Father Edward and Father Eugene,—who had been valiant aids in his work of construction. He left many and many a sweet association with the scene of his conflict and conquest. Who can tell the feeling that rose within him from the profound depths of his being as he turned away and set his face anew to the Northern Continent.

One of his companions tells of the journey to Rome in 1914 with Father Fidelis, when at the General Chapter of the Order his office of Provincial in South America with its arduous duties ceased, and he was assigned to Mexico.

They sailed on an Austrian vessel to Naples and spent the Holy Week at sea. No bells were rung on Good Friday, and on Easter Sunday an altar was erected on the upper deck, which was decorated with the flags of many nations. Father Fidelis said the late Mass, when a large number of people were present, among them the Ambassador of Austria-Hungary, and the Chilean Ambassador to some European country.

In Rome Father Fidelis said good-bye for the last time to the former General of the Order, Father Bernard Mary, whom he dearly loved, and who had been his intimate friend for many years. They were both far advanced in years, and could not hope to meet again on earth. They parted in silence and tears.

Father Fidelis was glad to be assigned to Mexico, where

he had once been on a mission, where there are several houses of the Order, and where he hoped to be useful. It was necessary, however, that he return to Buenos Aires for the Argentine Provincial Chapter in October of the terribly eventful year of 1914. There was an interval of a month in Europe, and that month from early in June was one of the happiest in the long life of Father Fidelis, for he had an opportunity to make a pilgrimage to the Carmels of the Reform in Spain. A very little journal of this pilgrimage, written in minute characters in the beautiful and clear handwriting of Father Fidelis, on the backs of post cards, gives an excellent outline of this experience:

May 25th to June 3rd, 1914.

Bishop Paul Nussbaum, C.P. started to go with me to Lourdes and Spain; but at Florence he changed his mind, and decided to go to Innsbruck and Vienna. Father Consultor John had gone with the Spanish Superiors to Isola del Gran Sasso and Loreto, etc. So I went on to Bordighera, to wait for Father Isidore,—who never came.

The season was over, and the big hotels all closed, but a quiet cheap one was open, near the beach and the station; and there I had my longed-for and blessed rest. This view is taken from the side of the hill, as you go up to the old town. The church is that of the Friars of the Holy Land, where I said Mass. . . .

Ventimiglia, Mentone, Monte Carlo, Monaco, are barely discernible in this picture, but are easily seen on a clear day. The snow had gone or nearly when I was there. Cap Arcona is beyond the picture on the left. It juts out into the sea at the east end of the town, the termination of the ridge on which the old town stands. Saint Arcona is the patron of Bordighera; an old solitary, who was also a smith or carpenter, and had his cell and work shop on the spot where his little chapel now stands. The solitude has been spoiled by a big casino which has been built near by. The parish church of Sta. Maria Magdalena is in the old town up on the hill. Queen Margarita, who was there when I was, is said to be

fond of it. The shrine of St. Arcona with his tools is near the entrance on the right.

Father John evidently met Father Fidelis and travelled with him, for he relates:

On the return from Rome, Father Fidelis and I went to Spain to take the vessel for Argentina. We were about a month in Spain. He had great devotion to Saint Teresa, so we went to Avila where she was born. The old man went through the streets there Rosary in hand.

Now we turn to the little journal and read:

June 21–22, 1914 [on the back of a little map of Avila]. On the first day we walked to Sta. Teresa Friars of the Reform; and then to San José (just able to drag myself). Next morning, said Mass in *Capilla* donde nacio. The Convent of the Discalced Friars is built on the site of the house where St. Teresa was born, and the little garden. We walked there first by the Plaza St. Tomé and the Plaza de la Frita; afterwards by the Paseo outside of the walls. Being the tercentenary of her canonization all the relics were exposed, and there was a big pilgrimage from Madrid. The whole town was in fiesta. What moved me (perhaps) most was the little piece of garden where she used to go and pray. There is a shrine at the end, with little marble figures of herself and her brother. Afterwards I went, guided by a good woman who went on in front to San José. I could scarcely walk. It is very easy to get there when you know the way. The great Puerta del Alcazar is about half way between St. Teresa and San José. From the Puerta you pass through the Mescado Grande, past the statue of the Saint and the Church of San Pedro and then down the Calle di San Juan de la Cruz. . . .

The devotion of the pilgrims was very great, but I would rather have been alone. Next morning, June 22, clear, calm and cold, I rose early and went alone, following the Paseo once more and was able (thank God) to say Mass for a certain

intention in the Capilla donde nacio la Santa. The view of the valley was enchanting, and I wondered which road the little saint had taken when she fled with her brother. It must have been so easy to get out of the city gate.

Among the views there is one of the great Roman walls of Avila showing the towers, and on the back of this is written:

Evidently taken from the West of the city, where the little river Adaja comes close to the walls. There are 89 of these towers. Avila could well have stood an old-fashioned siege. This view is taken from the Hotel del Jardin, where we stayed, just outside of the old walls. The Apse of the Cathedral protrudes from the walls, forming part of them.

Of his visit to the Convent of the Encarnation where St. Teresa was received into the Order of the Carmelites and professed, he writes, having marked in numbers the view of the Convent and Church thus:

1. Entrance to the Church. 2. Cupola. 3. Apse and High Altar. 4. Chapel built over the place where her cell was, in which she lived so many years. . . . You can distinguish the patio in front, with the entrance gate and the little grille. It is here we entered, and found the entrance to the Monastery on our right. Such a queer old bell! Everything "primitive" enough in all conscience. Went up the stairs to the parlartoria,—more like the stairs of some old barn. Such a bare old "speak-room!" Unchanged they say. And the heavy double *reca*. There was the chair in which St. Peter of Alcantara sat, and St. Francis Borgia, and St. John of the Cross. The Nuns wanted me to sit in it, but I knelt and kissed it many times. In this room the double ecstasy occurred. The inner door being opened, and the curtain drawn, we could see the foot of the stairway where the vision of the Escala took place; two figures of the Saint and the Child Jesus, looking tiny at that distance, but very

pretty. . . . The Encarnacion made a deeper impression on me than any other place; there is less change, very little,—and it is easier to imagine all the blessed things that happened there. Alba de Tormes comes next; but of that place, alas, I could get no picture. The Basilica de San Vicente is a most interesting old church which has been repaired. This St. Vincent was an early Spanish martyr buried here, with his two sisters, martyrs also. Their monument in the centre of the church is a fine antique sepulchre, or shrine. In the crypt of this church Saint Teresa discarded her shoes when she went to her new foundation of San José.

Father John, the companion on this pilgrimage which would have been difficult enough for the young and strong, says that Father Fidelis insisted on visiting Alba de Tormes, and there was so little time for the return train that they bought a loaf of bread and went down through the town eating their breakfast. Of this experience Father Fidelis wrote in the journal:

Alba de Tormes, June 27, 1914. Left Salamanca by early train, 5.30 A.M. Morning wet and chilly. Only an hour's ride to Alba. Station a solitary hut, a mile or more from the poor forlorn little town. An omnibus to match. The country too seems poor; undulating but no hills. What a place to die in! Alba exists on the memory of St. Teresa. Once inside the little church, one feels an inexpressible devotion. I said Mass (thank God) in the tiny chapel of the "First entombment," which is on the left side of the church near the middle. It was originally a portion of the old quoir; you can look into it from the church through the double grating; and you descend to it by three or four steps. The space between the two *recas* or gratings is wide, about two feet and contains the plain black metallic casket, rectangular, where she would be buried. "Can you not give me a few feet of earth here?" The Saint's precious body (what is left of it) is over the high altar; and the heart so wonderful, is on the epistle side, a friar of the Reform from their church near by, exposed it for us, with lights, cotta

and stole. I examined it very intently. The gash made in the transverberation is very plainly seen. I did not notice the thorns.

Through a grating near the entrance of the church on the same side as the chapel of First Entombment, we looked into the room, some distance away, where she died. There is a subdued light from an unseen lamp, and there is a Carmelite bed (like ours but smaller), with a figure representing the dying saint. Rather too realistic, perhaps, but the effect is good; at least I had hard work to keep from making a fool of myself! We could get nothing to eat at Alba. Returned to Salamanca the same morning, and then, via Medina del Campo and Valladolid to Penafiel by nightfall. June 27–July 8, 1914. Returning from Alba de Tormes, we expected to spend the night once more at Valladolid with our friend, Don Carlos, the dear old Chaplain of the big hospital of the Sisters of Charity, but catching an opportune train we pushed on to Penafiel where we spent several days. Penafiel was our second Spanish foundation, and seems to be liked by our Brethren. The house is a huge old Dominican Convent of the 13th Century, long abandoned, and half in ruins, much too large for us, and can never be repaired or kept in repair.

The town is small and there is a tremendous old ruined castle on the hill. Penarando is not far from Penafiel. We went by train (a couple of hours), to Aranda, and then by our mule cart, which came to meet us, an hour and a half more. Penarando is now a wretched village, more abject than Alba de Tormes, but it used to be a place of some importance, with a collegiate Church (the Church is still there) and a palace of the Duke of Alba, and another ruined castle on the hill, belonging to the same ubiquitous Duke. Turning to the right from the village,—about a kilometer's distance—you come to our Retiro. Country very desolate and forlorn. Our Brethren live on *intentions* sent to them from Densto. But I liked the little Retreat greatly, principally because it was once a Convent of Carmelite Friars of the Reform; in very good preservation and suits our Rule admirably. Keeps its old title of San José—the little Church quite unchanged. I passed happy days there. I had the cell occupied by the

Ven. Palafox, who edited Saint Teresa's writings (Escorial Library). Adjoining our cell and opening out from it, was the tribune with the tiny Chapel where Ven. Palafox used to say Mass. This tribune looks down on the High Altar on one side, and on the Chapel of the Crucifix on the other. Palafox at one time Bishop of Puebla in Mexico, and Viceroy and Captain General of New Spain, and Archbishop-elect of Mexico. Renouncing that dignity he returned to Spain and became Bishop of Osma de Duero, near Penarando, dying there in 1659.

When we left Penarando, good Father Rector Augustino (the only Passionist in Spain who took snuff) accompanied us, starting very early in the morning, in a mule cart, over the hills. Very cold for July. A long day's journey by a very poor railway to Zaragoza, where we saw the great Sanctuary of our Lady *del Pilar*. The best view of it is from beyond the the bridge going to the station. Then back to Bilbao, another day.

Of Toledo, writing in very minute characters on the back of a little map under date of June 24–25, (so that this visit was made before the one just described) he tells us:

From the railway station you enter the city over the Puente de Alcantara. View magnificent. Gorge of the Tagus begins. The Cathedral is of course the great thing. The interior is finer than Burgos. The city, well, there is no city like it. In the church of St. Tomé is the great "entombment of Count Orgaz," by "El Greco" (Domingo Teotocopuli). The view from the Paseo del Transito, close by the Casa del Greco is superb, including the Puente de S. Marten, near the lower end of the gorge of the Tagus.

Of Segovia he says:

Only a few steps from the Cathedral is the Carmel of St. Teresa's reform. The approach to the town from the station is very poor, but when you strike the aqueduct things begin

to get interesting. The aqueduct dates from the time of Augustus; restored under Trajan; the finest thing of the kind in Spain; carried the water all the way to the Alcazar. The view of the Cathedral from the windows of our hotel (del Comeraio) was fine. The Alcazar is superb, especially the view of it from the valley below, near the Carmel of St. John of the Cross. The convent of the Discalced Friars was founded by St. John of the Cross himself. His body is there over the Altar. The most beautifully situated Convent I have ever seen. Descending to it from the Alcazar reminded me of the descent to the Encarnacion at Avila, but this is much finer. Beautiful grove on the flat land below this convent, in front of the Sanctuary of the Fuencisla (Fons Stillans), which is at the foot of the cliff over which the Jewish maiden was thrown. She is called "Maria del Salto"; accused of adultery and thrown over the cliff, but called on our Lady, and alighted unhurt—13th Century. Fresco in the cloisters of the Cathedral.

Thus ends the little journal, and just here, to prove the reality of the "extraordinary devotion" to Saint Teresa, of which Father John testifies, is the beautiful appreciation of a Carmelite religious, who knew him well:

There were depths in the soul of Fr. Fidelis never unveiled save to those who made a Retreat under his direction, and I had almost said, a retreat in Carmel; for the surroundings there were such as to bring forth the highest, the most hidden, the most luminous spirituality in the master of the interior life.

In a Carmelite Monastery, the Father giving the retreat sits at a black iron grating, double barred, that faces the cloistered Choir of the Monastery. Within, the shutters are drawn, making it almost completely dark; the Nuns sit in two long lines facing each other, but sidewise to the grille; they are heavily veiled, and, save for an immovable form, nothing and no one is to be seen. There is no possible response, it is like speaking into space. This is emphasized

because it had the peculiar advantage in the case of Fr. Fidelis of making him completely oblivious of auditory; it threw him back upon himself; it produced an unconsciousness of the creature that held him face to face with the Creator, and so loosened the inner springs of his exuberant, yet strangely contemplative nature, that, it is safe to say, he never spoke as at such moments, and never so revealed the deeps he trod with God. The stillness was intense, one scarcely breathed, as if such breathless silence would hold the moments that they might not pass and end the communion with God that infallibly came beneath the spell of his inspired cadences. "This is the change of the right hand of the Most High—*dixi, nunc cœpi*, I have said, now I begin," fell through the darkness with rich full resonance, and echoed through the soul awaiting transformation. It was the opening sentence, the keynote of the Retreat. "Scopabo spiritum meum—I will sweep my spirit," and the fan of the Creator swept the wheat from the chaff in the soul bared to its influence. Text after text, commentary after commentary, clear, lucid, unanswerable truth, flooded, with the light of God, the attentive spirit, and was graven on the tablets of the heart never to be forgotten. Years and decades of years might pass, but the text lived, the meaning lived, the tone resounded. It was unique. The darkness, the stillness, the absence of a face wrapt him in solitude, and you caught him unaware upon the Mountain where he walked with God. Passing on to Creation, he beheld "the Heavens, the work of His fingers," the massy spheres, planet and sun rolled from the Creator with light touch as the play of the fingers in man, but for our Redemption "in bracchio suo"—in the strength of his right arm; so hath He wrought for us, so hath He battled for the salvation of His creature. "Behold the Tabernacle of God with man"—the Church, the "Bride coming down out of heaven," were words with which he began a discourse on the Blessed Sacrament, and would that it were possible to convey the realization of vision, of inspiration, they expressed. "Why the Sovereign Pontiff of Christendom; the sublimity of ritual; the hierarchical orders; the Bishop, the Priest, the vast system of the greatest organization upon earth? Why? For

the pomp of ceremony, the glory of architecture? No, for none of these, but that God might dwell with us in the Tabernacle of the Altar; and was it that he *remain* in the Tabernacle? No! but that He might leave it to enter into a human heart; might seek His one end and aim—the dwelling place of the soul!" Such words made living the Personality of Christ; the soul was caught up into the embrace of God to commune with Him.

A favorite theme with Fr. Fidelis was that of the transfer of grace. He wrote of it, he spoke of it with tremendous power of thought, for he had been thwarted in his prayer for souls, and yet wonderfully and unexpectedly comforted by unlooked for answers. Quoting from Isaias, "My word shall go forth from my mouth and it shall not return to me void, but shall do all things whatsoever I have a mind," he said this "word" was grace going forth from the mouth of God, knocking at the door of the soul, refused, going on to another soul, knocking again and yet again, but never lost, never returning void—God never foiled in His design—God always triumphant: if one soul refused, another would receive, and in the end "it would do whatsoever He had a mind." What soul hearing such words would not watch at her portal for every wandering grace? What spur, what inspiration in such presentation of divine Omnipotence. But enough of the attempt to express the impossible. Fr. Fidelis went on no trodden paths, he gave no platitudes, he seized the soul like a giant and bore it on to God.

His knowledge of Scripture was unusual, he was not tied to note or reference, and his familiarity allowed the fullest freedom in application and interpretation. In this he was like St. John of the Cross, as anyone familiar with the works of this great mystic will know, for the pages of *The Ascent of Mt. Carmel* and the *Spiritual Canticle* fairly scintillate with Scripture, and so it was with Fr. Fidelis. His flights of eloquence were not made up of high sounding phrases, but were glowing with the Word of life. It is rare that a man of theological acumen and cold, clear logic gives evidence of tenderest piety, intimate knowledge of the Saints, and of the simplest, most childlike devotions of the Church: witness

Newman and Faber, how opposite, how impossible of amalgamation. Fr. Fidelis had the characteristics of both, and in perfect harmony. He was especially conversant with the great mystics of the Church. A Carmelite could have no greater joy than to hear him discourse of St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross. His knowledge of their writings was such that he could quote by the hour from rare portions of their works, and few of their own sons had so grasped their spirit. He applied, as a Master of the mystical life, the burning words of the "Living Flame of Love": the "Caverns of the soul" were open to him, and the "heights of Carmel" he trod as lightly as the wild hart on their summits. The profound and philosophical analysis of St. John of the Cross, and the intimate experimental knowledge of St. Teresa, were alike to him; but much as he loved the former, he inclined with delight to the latter, and envied the favored coterie of Avila in those days of the past, when Master Daza, Jerome Gratian, John of the Cross, and Teresa's own brother, Lawrence de Cepeda, broke their spiritual lances before her and were pierced by the keen rapier of her wit. With ringing laugh, he would repeat some vivacity of the Saint, some repartee even with her Lord, who called her caressingly, "His little sinner." He was at his best in the midst of such memories, and he, better than most, knew that true mysticism is the sanest of the sane, and the true mystic is the Saint of common sense. His was a healthy, virile spirituality, robust in its military obedience, its disdain of sacrifice, its absorption in prayer. His love of St. Teresa was extraordinary. Shortly before the end, he had a last opportunity of going to Spain, and chronicled it thus: "Yes,—I saw Avila," and again, "Avila is to me the most wonderful City in the world." It meant the world of the Saints to him. He wore prominently a large medal of the Saint who he said was going to get him into heaven—he died at the first Vespers of her Feast, October 14th, and it would seem she wanted him for her Matins with God. But his love for Carmel did not preclude devotion to the glorious Saints of his own Order, and especially to St. Paul of the Cross, whose spirit he followed absolutely in Retreat, powerfully presenting some phase of the Passion each

day. One picture lives of St. Paul on the seashore, with uplifted arm poising a drop of water from the ocean that gleamed in a ray of the setting sun, then dropping it into the vast expanse of water: "so disappeared our sins in the ocean of God's love." He named the Boston Retreat after little Gabriel whom he tenderly loved. St. Bernard was peculiarly dear to him; and it was almost in ecstacy he breathed from memory the prayer from the Office of St. Felix of Cantalicia, the little Shepherd into whose arms Our Lady put her Infant Son, seemingly to taste the exceeding sweetness of the Latin, "Fac nos, Domine Jesu, in simplicitate et innocentia cordis nostri ambulare: quarum amore de sinu Matris inter beati Felicis Confessoris tui brachia descendisti."

St. Francis of Assisi was a Saint after his own heart, and no one could relate the Fioretti as he did. It has been said he had dramatic power, and it is true. The old monks and brothers of Centuries past became living realities to those who listened to their dialogues, their quaint sayings, their simple doings, their spontaneous outbursts of love. He was inimitable in his portrayal of the young brother who had to be taught by the aged Father what was a "quarrel"—he had never seen one, and had met the word in spiritual books! The sermons of St. Francis, the "O Paradise" of Brother Giles' rapture, were exquisite to hear. Such men as Fr. Fidelis make spirituality more fascinating than romance. Indeed, it is the romanticism of God which is to be the Communion of Saints forever.

In the Confessional, Fr. Fidelis "understood"—all is expressed in that one word. The humblest soul found comfort and large comprehension. Those who trod the ways of contemplation left him in peace and joy. He was unquestionably a great mystic, and if this was not generally known, it was because there were few souls to draw upon his powers. One word, and the matter was grasped. The enlightenment of the soul of prayer is found in the sense of complete understanding, and in the confirmation of the divine action by the Directors: this enlightenment it was always in his power to give. Not only in the Confessional did he bestow this peace, but by chance meetings, by unexpected conversations,

by a seemingly trivial accident; he gave of himself in such a way as to become a life long spiritual friend. Some narrow minded persons at times found here matter for criticism. How could he so draw souls to him, was it loyal to friends of the past who had the right of years? Broader minds who rose to his level saw differently. He was more loyal to the soul of every man than to the personality of the individual, or, rather, he was true to both. He was the star in many lives, but every life was a star to him, for in each he saw what few saw, what often none save God: the best, the noblest, the ideal so persistently hidden, yet immortal in the soul of man.

One time when travelling in Spain, he rode upon the locomotive, and talked at length in his beautiful Spanish with the young engineer whom he found to be "charming." I am sure the passing stranger lived forever in the memory of that Spanish youth. Such encounters could be multiplied at infinitum. At times, Fr. Fidelis was positively provoking, as for instance, when he was the honored guest of a great assemblage all longing to meet him, and he disappeared—no one knew where. He had escaped to the home of a gardener on the place, where he was deep in conversation with a "soul," like his Master at the well.

His charm, his courtesy, his appreciation, his presence, his voice, all lingered with him to the end. He became enfeebled, but had he been a centegenarian, he could not have been uninteresting. His society was a delight to old and young, man, woman, and child: worldling and religious, saint and sinner. He had been endowed with every natural gift, splendid frame, aristocratic bearing, musical voice, courtly manner; he was a linguist, speaking each language as if it were his native tongue. He had remarkable memory, and deep understanding, so seldom mated! He had precision in detail and largeness of view at the same time. His business capacity never interfered with his power of contemplation. To his natural qualities, grace added a heavenly touch and prepared him to be the joy of those who loved him, forever."

Father Fidelis says in Chapter IX of *An Awakening* of his visit to Spain:

Gladly would I linger over the narrative of those happy visits. I know indeed that to recount them would leave me with a regretful sense of failure; for though one may describe a chapel or a cell, one can not put on paper the emotions of the soul. It is enough and let me thank God for it, that I can carry with me and cherish ever the memories of Avila and Segovia, of Toledo, and Alba de Tormes, and the rest,—but first and last of Avila.

It is to a Carmelite that we owe the most complete understanding of the method and manner of Father Fidelis in conducting retreats. He reveals himself in this Spanish pilgrimage with unconscious sweetness. His learning, his proven ability to govern, his largeness of vision, his accuracy, his methodical patience, his oratorical power, all these things are lost in the contemplation of that childlike piety which made him follow, painfully and slowly, step by step, the way his dear seraphic Saint had trod from her birthplace to her tomb. He says further in the same chapter:

When we sailed from Spain, Europe was quiet, and no one dreamed of war. But when we reached Rio, we learned of the invasion of Belgium, and all plans were upset.

He was delayed for two weeks in Brazil. He stayed over night at San Pablo with Abbot Kruise, who remembered him of old, and made him sit next to him in the refectory, and at Paranagua he stayed with Captain Michael Sheehan, the only Irishman in the town, and who had interested the good Bishop Beaga in the foundation at Curityba.

Father Fidelis continues his account of the sailing back to South America where he was detained a year by the War.

We had the sport of being chased on a British steamer through the Straits of Magellan by the German cruiser

Dresden,—the same that afterwards escaped alone from the Battle of the Falkland Islands, and still later was sent to the bottom off the shore of Mas Afuera, the island of our ancient friend, Alexander Selkirk. I had been through the Straits seven times before, but never in such lively style. We shook off the pursuer, however, and made Valparaiso in safety. While I was still at that port, the tragic sea fight took place off the coast not far to the South, when the German battleships which had slipped quietly across from China, met and sank the British Pacific squadron. And then Admiral Von Spec and his gallant men came into our harbor, and celebrated for twenty-four hours, the Chileans entertaining handsomely. Accounts were squared afterwards at the Falklands; but I did not hear of that at the time!

When at last I reached Panama, I found that entrance into Mexico was barred to such as myself. So I had a chance to look around for a while, and to recall old memories. The great engineering works accomplished by the United States Government along the whole length of the Canal, and at its approaches, have so completely changed the Isthmus that I failed to recognize large portions of it. The transformation has been magical.

Father Fidelis could not go into Mexico because of the anticlerical Carranza government. He writes:

Our own Convents in different parts of Mexico had been turned into barracks and stables, and those of our Fathers and Brothers who did not escape from the country were in jail. Some of them, it was supposed, had been killed, but I believe that all have now been accounted for.

So I concluded to come here to Cuba, which belongs to the same Province of our Order as Mexico: and here I am now at our house at Santa Clara, acting as a member of the community, and wondering whether I shall ever get any farther, or whether my long journey has come to an end. The great European War waxes ever more furious, and affairs in Mexico grow ever more chaotic.

There is a group of letters written at this time to a Religious of the Sacred Heart, who had devoted the early years of her religious life to South America. They are unusually beautiful and characteristic. The first bears the date: Santa Clara, Cuba, 7 April, 1916.

Dear Mother McGloin:

A greeting and a blessing to you from the heart of Cuba. Your letter, which I acknowledged from Chile, was an inspiration in a double sense, for it was not only an inspiration to me, but I think you must have had an inspiration to write it.

Some how it made me think of the dear Blessed Fisher, the brave old English Cardinal. (I was so glad when he was Beatified!) He was so lame that he could hardly walk even with crutches; but when he came in sight of the scaffold he threw his crutches away, and said: "Ite pedes! parum distat a Paradiso." Go ahead, old feet! We're only a short way from Paradise! And when he reached the ladder and climbed it, he intoned the Te Deum.—I am here, awaiting permission to go to Mexico. It may come any day, now; I applied for it in Rome two years ago. I fancy I might do some good there, —if only by getting my throat cut, though *that* may be my foolish conceit. If it does not come at all, I suppose I shall stay here. Quien sabe? We are in the hands of God, and I am very happy either way, and astonishingly well too, though I don't deserve that. I don't care to go back to the States; I want to be somewhere where I can be spiritually free to make a good preparation, and certainly this place has its advantages, for it is dull and squalid, and I don't know a soul in all Cuba, nor any one who speaks English. Your nuns in Chile were a help to me, especially Mother Finlay, and Mother Egan and Mother Galbraith, God bless them. I am fond of a certain chapter in the *Imitation*, the 47th of the 3rd Book. Do you know some little verses entitled "My Journey?"

Yours in Jesus and Mary,

Fidelis of the Cross, C.P.

Mother McGloin, who was very aged, had fallen and was going about very painfully on crutches; hence the reference to Cardinal Fisher.

He writes again in July:

I have been ill, or I would surely have written to thank you for your letter, and your brother's book. I am picking up, as you see, and have had a good chance to read the book leisurely and carefully. And at the same time to revive something of my knowledge of Hebrew, in which I have grown very rusty. I think it is quite extraordinary that a layman and a lawyer, should not only be proficient in Hebrew, but should show himself a careful student in that which is much deeper and broader, namely the science of theology. . . .

God bless you, and keep you, and make you a saint.

And on October 3rd, he writes:

I wish with all my heart that I were able to write a critical review of your brother's book, but I am too rusty in my Hebrew, and in truth have not time. I have had time enough however, to read some of it a second and a third time with renewed interest. The Chapter on "The Word of Jehova," though a short one, is to me one of the best and most conclusive. The work is a scholarly one, and worthy of a place in all good Libraries, especially in all Seminaries of learning. It is not a text book,—does not profess to be, and for that reason your brother will be pecuniarily out of pocket by it. Our American clergy in general are not Hebrew scholars; they are a generation of active workers, and have not leisure for such studies. If a good book notice be all that is wanted, there are sentences in the excellent Foreword of Archbishop Blenk culled from the last two pages, which would do very well. And if my previous letter has been kept, there might be some there also which would answer. . . . That was a magnificent celebration in Buenos Aires. Thank you for telling me all about it.

On the Vigil of the Immaculate Conception, that feast so dear to his Heart, he writes:

Be of good courage, dear Sister in Jesus. If the end be really near, so much the better, for our dear Blessed Lord is coming to take us to Himself, and we are safe in His everlasting Arms. I remember when a boy being much taken by some lines in Sintram, a romance by the Baron de la Mott Fouqué, which the author puts into the mouth of a dying hero, and which run somewhat as follow:

> See'st thou the Eastern dawn?
> Hears't thou in the red morn
> The Angels' song?
> Oh! lift thy drooping head,
> Thou who in doubt or dread
> Hast lain so long.
> Death comes to set thee free,—
> Oh! meet him cheerily,
> As thy true friend,
> So all thy fears shall cease,
> And in eternal peace
> Thy penance end.

That is noble for a warrior; but the saints have said finer, better things than that.

Why are you distressed because you cannot say vocal prayers? Do you not remember that there is a higher prayer of silence and recollection, which the saints have praised and practised and which one of them has called "A very sweet and humble prayer, quite sufficient for a life-time?" A prayer so simple that we can practice it also by simply resting like a child, in the arms of our Beloved. Your brother's book is not a failure merely because it does not "sell!" Nothing is a failure which is done for God. . . .

May our dear Lord bless you and keep you and bring you to a Christmas full of peace,—or full of glory.

Yours in His love,

Fidelis of the Cross, C.P.

Bless your dear kind heart, and may God reward your charity in sending me the copies of "America." But I am going to ask you not to send it, nor any other periodical. Never mind about the reason,—you would never guess it. Please dear kind Mother, don't feel hurt. Write to me whenever you please. I am very happy, happy beyond words. Our Lord has been unspeakably good to me. It is all interior; nobody knows.

The physical surroundings in Cuba are described in the letter to Father Sebastian, and the keen mind and discerning vision are shown undimmed after seventy-six years:

PADRES PASIONISTAS, SANTA CLARA, CUBA,
Sept. 25th, 1916.

REV. FR. SEBASTIAN, RECTOR, W. HOBOKEN,

MY VERY DEAR FATHER:

I had no idea so much time had elapsed since the receipt of your last kind letter. I went away to give a retreat at a place called Cardenas, on the north shore. It was a heavy ten days retreat. I managed to get through without a break, but I shall never try it again. I mean, I shall never again attempt to give a retreat in Cuba in August,—nor in July, nor September either. I don't suppose the heat was so very great, but there was something suffocating about it. And the mosquitos came driving against one's face like the snowflakes of a blizzard. Worst of all to me were the "congrejos," or sewer-crabs, which came swarming up from the lower regions at night-fall. It took me a fortnight to get over the effects of that retreat, and I can't think of it now without nausea. Santa Clara is all right; the air here is sweet.

Thanks for the pictures of West Hoboken, "before and after." The new addition is an immense improvement.

Now about that sermon on Judgment,—meaning, I suppose, the General Judgment. I preached once on that subject as a Paulist, forty-two years ago; but I never tackled it again. It is the only mission-topic on which I ever had any special

difficulty; and I think it is rather significant that you should have struck the same snag. Nor did I ever hear a decent sermon on the subject. The fact is, as an effective mission-sermon, it requires imaginative and descriptive powers which are beyond the ordinary capacity in oratory. The great pulpit orators,—Bourdaloue, Ventura, Segneri,—have left sermons on Judgment, which are grand compositions, but are not properly mission sermons; they have all fought shy of description,—and wisely. Ventura's sermon, as I remember it (I have no books), is an argumentative one, on Judgment as necessary to vindicate the Sovereignty of God. Jesus Xt. has two dominions—one as Lord of all, by essential dominion; the other, as Redeemer, voluntarily accepted as King. We cannot escape the former; but we *can* prevent His reigning in our hearts by His truth, His law, His grace. (I think this idea is taken from St. Chrysostom.)

Now the world has rejected Jesus Xt.; in mundo erat, et mundus per ipsum factus est, et mundus eum non cognovit. Nolumus hunc regnare super nos. But it belongs to a King to vindicate His sovereignty, and He will do it. He will assert His Essential dominion by the vindication of His Divine attributes. Then comes the main body of the sermon, divided into four points:

Judgment necessary to vindicate:—

1. The Power of God. 2. His Omniscience. 3. His Justice. 4. His Goodness.

Bourdaloue's sermon, as I remember it, is richer in material for a Passionist preacher. The main theme is that Judgment *began* with the *Passion*, making good use of Our Lord's words: "*Nunc* judicium hujus mundi" (St. Luke XII, 31). (Perhaps that was the text of the sermon.) Jesus Xt. stood before three tribunals. (This was the *division*.) In fact the sermon might be called,—perhaps *is* entitled—The Three Tribunals;—and He was condemned, insulted, maltreated, by all three.

1. Caiaphas; the Tribunal of hatred and violence.
2. Herod; the Tribunal of pleasure.
3. Pilate; the Tribunal of politics.

Thus the world treats Jesus Xt. But all this is to be *reversed* in the Judgment to come, when *He* will be the Judge, and His

enemies appear as the sign of Judgment: "Hoc signum Crucis erit in coelo cum Deus," etc.—It is a magnificent composition, but would hardly be effective on an ordinary mission. Too stately, too elaborate. The ignorant hearer would not appreciate it, and the educated would admire it, without being moved.

In my opinion, it is better to preach on the *Particular* Judgment, not as a sermon by itself, but as the second half of a sermon on *Death*, from the text: "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that, the Judgment." This I never omitted.

Well, my dear Father, I have not helped you much, but,—quod habui, feci!

Sometimes in your good prayers remember,

Your poor old friend,
FIDELIS OF THE CROSS, C.P.

To Walter George Smith he wrote the following on September 3rd, 1916:

DEAR WALTER:

Returning from some mission work in another part of the Island, I find your good letter of the 21st ult. It was nice to hear from you again and to learn that you were all together in the dear old homestead. Somehow I fancied you were scattered for the Summer.

. . . I learn also now of Archbishop Spalding's death, and that my dear old companion, Father Edmund Hill, is, or was—dying in London, and has doubtless passed away ere this.

Father Edmund Hill had often come with Father Fidelis to Torresdale. He was his close friend and dear companion on the South American Mission, and was greatly loved by everyone who knew him. He was a poet, and of so winning and gentle a nature that he was incomparable. There seems no way to describe him unless the word, angelic, might be used, and this would surely

describe his piety. His faith was unquestioning, perfectly simple. His devotion to Our Lady was that of a Knight of old.

He was the son of an English clergyman, who was chaplain of the English Embassy in Chile when Father Edmund was a boy. He was educated at Oxford, and later at Cambridge. He studied medicine, but gave up this profession to take orders in the Anglican Church. He was always very Catholic, and followed the Oxford Movement with deep interest. When a young Irish girl who had deeply attracted him, became a religious of the Sacred Heart, beginning her novitiate in Paris, his attention was directed to the Catholic Church, and he decided to become a Catholic and a priest. He became a Paulist, and Father Stone was his Novice Master. He then followed his Master into the Passionist Order. He was a scholar, a finished orator, and his poems are exceedingly devotional and artistic. He died in England, a beautiful and holy death. His friendship and companionship were a solace and comfort to Father Fidelis.

Father Fidelis wrote also to a friend who was a Carmelite in California from Santa Clara in April, 1916.

A greeting and a blessing to you from the heart of Cuba. . . . I am here awaiting permission to go to Mexico. It may come any day and if not? Well I should be very content to remain here, where the Providence of God has brought me. It is the dullest of old towns; no exterior distractions *here!* Our Church here dates from 1642. And Columbus had discovered the island just a century and a half earlier. . . .

. . . I am very well, and happy, as you may suppose; for here I have made a safe escape (from everything), and as your St. John of the Cross says, here,

"Among the lilies forgotten,
Cast all my cares away."

Father Fidelis

Santa Clara, Cuba, Christmas, 1916

I fear it is too good to last. I don't deserve it. . . . Sometimes say a little prayer to St. Teresa, that she may obtain for me the grace to pray well.

Again to the same he writes in May of the same year:

The landscape of Cuba is uninteresting; no trees, except the tall palms. The whole island is given up to sugar plantations and tobacco. . . . I belong now to our Mexican Province (which includes Cuba). I went there once as a visitor in 1889. Our Fathers there have been barbarously treated, and driven out. Perhaps by God's help and blessing we may get our Mexican houses back again; and that is why I wanted to go there,—to help, if God so willed. But if I am to stay here,—one can find God here. He will come, He will surely come; for the soul that finds no pleasure out of God can not be long unvisited by the Beloved.

That is from your St. John of the Cross. But St. Teresa has helped me more. It was she who said: "I grew tired of offending Him before He grew tired of pardoning me." Oh! pray to Jesus for me, and ask Him to give me the spirit of prayer.

To Father McMillan, Paulist, he writes on November 17, 1916:

PADRES PASIONISTAS,
SANTA CLARA, CUBA.

DEAR FATHER MCMILLAN:

Father Searle ("devoted Searle," as he has always been to me) has written me a letter which has touched me deeply. He & I were lads together, as perhaps you know, & he brings me in, as such, in his *Reminiscences*. He is now, so far as I know, the only one of my early companions, friends, or relations who is still living. And now he can't live long, naturally,—& neither can I for that matter! Well, he has sent me his photograph, which is really an excellent one, although I do not think it can have cost much, for it is taken as a very plain *Post Card*. And he has asked me for one of myself in

return. Now I have none, & can get none taken here. The only picture of myself which I had,—or have had taken at all in many, many years,—was a sort of snap-shot taken by one of our fathers in the Library of our Monastery, & I gave it to the Flynns. I don't think I have changed much since then.—And now, as you have perceived, I am coming to the point. It occurred to me that you might be able to have that photograph of me *copied*, & so make a little Christmas present to Fr. Searle, which I am sure would please him—(& myself into the bargain!) I wish I could send you some money, but we are as poor as rats, & get few or no intentions here.

If you can't well attend to this little affair, or if the expense is too great,—don't hesitate to say so. Father Searle's picture bears the mark: Hall's Studio, 1456 B'way, N. Y.

In any case, I remain,

Most sincerely

Your old friend,

Fidelis of the Cross, C. P.

The two last letters from Cuba were written to the Rev. Andrew Kenny C. P. and tell of poverty and disaster. It was this destruction of part of the monastery that prevented Father Fidelis from entertaining his old time admirer and dear companion at Hobart College, Professor McDaniel.

The first is dated Dec. 21, 1916.

Dear Fr. Vicar, or "Dear Andy," as I always think of you:

I was quite delighted to get your jolly Christmas note, for indeed I thought you had quite forgotten me. So you still remember old Roman days! And Tivoli, and Nettuno? and "Father Noah."

I was puzzled at first by your reference to Father John "R.I.P." I did not know what Father John you meant, until I found out that you had been here in Cuba. We know nothing of the manner of his death,—nor what became of him after

he left here in May last; nor have I heard a word concerning his two Consultors since I came here some ten months ago. In fact we seem quite abandoned. And the heavy rains have broken down one wing of our monastery, containing refectory, kitchen, store-room, wash room, etc.,—destroyed them utterly, so that we are living like gypsies. For we haven't begun to build again yet; for we are too dead poor. During the time that I have been here I have not received a single alms, nor a single intention. How do we live? I don't know, but we seem to get along all right and are contented and happy. Fortunately the weather is mild, and the rain has stopped. The school which we teach brings in something,—enough to live on, I suppose. But I don't have anything to do with that.

I have the title of "honorary Consultor," much good may it do me! But it *might* do me some good, for among other small privileges I have that of having a "peculium." It has been rather a barren privilege until now; so you can imagine how delighted I was to get your little green-back enclosure. And not a word did you say about it! I can assure you, dear Father, that it will prove a *perfect God send* to me,—and may the Lord reward you for it.

I suppose I shall have to clear out of this before long,—for I am really of little or no use here. And Bishop Nussbaum is continually inviting me,—urging me,—to come to Corpus Xti.—However, if I go, I shall remain a member of the Province of the Holy Family, in which I have cast my lot. And I do not intend to make any more at present. A Happy Xmas to Yr. Reverence and a New Year full of blessings.

On January 10, 1917, he writes again to his friend.

Dear Father Andrew:

It was an impolitic thing, from a business point of view to send me that modest bill in your kind letter. Perhaps it was an inspiration. At any rate it has inspired me to ask for more. The case is this: I want to go to Corpus Christi, Texas, with a view of getting through to Mexico, if the opportunity offers. I belong to Mexico. This was an arrange-

ment made at the last General Chapter, and I have been trying to get there ever since.

I came here to Cuba to meet the Fr. Provincial John of the Cross, who had been driven out of Mexico by the Revolution. And now the good man (for he was indeed a good friend to me) is dead. . . .

I can't raise a cent here, they are too downright poor. And so, for the first time in my life, I am trying to wheedle something out of my friends,—of whom you have shown yourself one. I have absolutely nothing except my habit and sandals, and an old friars hat. Of course I know that you can't give me much, but any little favor would be "gratefully received." The greenback which you sent came safely, but it might be safer to send a cheque, however small,—an ordinary cheque on any bank. I can get it cashed here.

If you can't send anything, I know you have the good will; so thanks all the same.

Affetely

Fidelis of the Cross, C. P.

CHAPTER XIV

Corpus Christi, Texas, Mission to the Negroes

FATHER FIDELIS was restive in Cuba. His heart, old as it was, had a longing for martyrdom. He felt that his Order was threatened with destruction in Mexico; he felt the power within him to resist the destructive element. He thought of every possible avenue of approach to this scene of trouble, this battle-field of principles, and he wanted to give his life, if possible, for such a cause. He would have gone to the front, and gladly have laid down his life in Flanders or France, if he could have got permission. He forgot his great age. His heart burned within him, flamed with desire and zeal, and what was the result?

He writes in *The Awakening:*

Our Father General (God bless him!) has given me permission to go to Texas; and I want to get as near as I can to the Rio Grande, so that, if God wills, I may one day enter Mexico from the north. That would be better perhaps than via Vera Cruz. "One day!" There are not many days left for me, and that is why I am restive here. May the dear Lord forgive me.

Then to Mother McGloin again from the Bishop's House, Corpus Christi, Texas, March 15th, 1917, he writes

My Mexican aspirations have vanished at last, and I find myself here in the South East corner of Texas, with Bishop Nussbaum. I am preaching the Lent for him

and to his Carmelite friend on August 14th of the same year:

Soon after receiving your letter (April 2nd) I was obliged to go to New York to attend to some business relating to our Mexican properties. Returning to this place I found myself facing a question which involved my future work during the brief remainder of my life. It had become evident that I must give up the idea of going to Mexico. That door was shut. It was hard to abandon a hope which had sustained me so long; but Our Lord did not leave me long in darkness for I received quickly an interior call, as well as an exterior invitation, to devote myself to labor for the poor abandoned negroes of this forlorn region. The work had been begun about the time of my coming to this place (in February last) by Father Mark, C.P., a former comrade of mine, and his generous example inspired me. He bought some land cheap on the outskirts of this town, and with the Bishop's approval began the erection of a small church for the colored people. This, and other buildings which have been added, are now approaching completion. Since my return from the East, Fr. Mark and I have been working together. I have no misgivings, dear Mother, about my eleventh hour vocation. My interior conviction is clear and my consecration, by God's grace I trust is entire. I enclose a little photograph which will give you an idea of our new establishment. The church—we have called it Holy Cross Church—is in the middle, with the school in the upper story. The house on the right is a modest convent for our three Ursuline Sisters, who are coming, D.V., in a few days, and who will have charge of the school. The unfinished structure on the left is a small rectory, which will be just big enough for Fr. Mark and myself. We opened services in the church, with such equipment as we had at our command on the First Sunday and first day of July, Feast of the Precious Blood. The poor blacks are

Rectory. Holy Cross Church, for the Colored School, in the upper story. Sisters' House.

1918

Corpus Christi, Texas. Last Mission of Father Fidelis

interested, and we are greatly encouraged. Holy Cross is about a mile from the Bishop's house, where we are still staying, and it is a little hard to walk that distance, at least in this hot weather! but I am confident that with God's help, we shall soon be settled there.

At present we find ourselves somewhat at a stand-still, because to tell the truth, we are without funds,—our little treasury is exhausted. We can't raise a dollar here, and the Bishop says he cannot help us and we can't borrow,—or at least we won't.

Father Fidelis preached the opening sermon at the little church, which was crowded with the poor blacks, the only ones allowed to enter. He was full of holy zeal in the service of these little ones of God, and he thought of going to San Francisco to beg for the money needed to finish and furnish the poor quarters now in preparation. He wrote to his Carmelite friend for a little advice:

Do you think that if I ask Archbishop Hanna he would be likely to give me permission to try to get something in San Francisco? We need about $2,500 to finish; of course everything is of the simplest and poorest. I don't like the idea of public collections, and I don't think the Archbishop would like it either. So far as your knowledge goes, do you think that there are private individuals who would be likely to give me anything,—enough to make it worth while for me to try? You don't think so? Or at least you are unable to judge? . . . I should not care to try,—am too old—unless there should be a pretty good chance. I am not anxious I know that our Lord will help us out somehow.

Later he writes:

I know that our Lord will not abandon us, for surely he never abandons those who trust in Him. We are not with the Bishop any more, but are living, as best we can, in our

own place. What with the heat, and the struggle, I have not been very well, but am picking up a bit.

Our school has opened, and promises well. It is a free school, and must be so, for the colored people, for whom we are working, and among whom we live, are too wretchedly poor to give anything at all, but we have not starved yet, as you see.

On the Feast of Our Lady of Mercy, September 24th, 1917, he writes:

I appreciate and thank you for your beautiful letter as truly as though I had made the journey and returned successful. I see now that I cannot risk so doubtful a venture. I am old and absolutely without means. Doubtless I could borrow enough to take me to California,—in fact I had counted on doing that; but could I refund it? Could I even get back at all without borrowing more? What if I should find myself at the end of my life involved in debt? No,—I have followed hitherto the Apostle's injunction : "Owe no man anything, but to love one another." It is better that I should continue to work quietly on in this humble mission, so long as I have enough to eat and to clothe me; and if these things fail, my Superiors have told me that they will welcome me back to Cuba. God ever bless and keep you, dear Mother. By His mercy we shall meet in Heaven.

On hearing of the heroic death of a young nephew of his Carmelite friend at Lens, he writes:

I doubt not that his soul went straight to Heaven. Cardinal Mercier (whom I revere as a Saint) says that such men are martyrs, and I believe it. . . . Thanks for the little picture of St. Teresa meeting the Divine Child. I saw the place where the wonderful apparition occurred, in Avila, at the foot of the stairway in the Presentation Carmel. That is a wonderful house; it impressed me even more than St. Joseph, the first Carmel of the Reform. The Presentation is

"reformed" enough now, Heaven knows. Avila, the whole of it, is to me the most wonderful city in the world.

In a postscript to this letter he writes:

My brother, Henry (you may know), my companion in the old Civil War, was killed at Gettysburg.

That saddest loss of his early life never left him. He could never forget the long search for that young brother on the pitiful battlefield.

He came to Torresdale for the last time in 1917, and said Mass there in the little Chapel with great devotion. He arrived without warning in the afternoon of a fair day, looking thin and worn, with a cape around his shoulders. He had worn his habit in South America, that straight black robe of his Order. He said:

I *never* changed it; wore it in the streets, shops, tramcars, railways, everywhere; in fact I had no secular clothes; gave away those I wore in coming from the North, never felt that I needed any, and nobody noticed. And when I came North again after many days, I came in my old habit from Buenos Aires to Valparaiso, by steamer to Panama, to Cuba, to New Orleans, a week going about in that city, and then by the railway to Corpus Christi, and the Bishop's House; and nobody paid any attention, probably thought I was some old crank (and were right no doubt) and when Bishop Nussbaum wanted me to accompany him to New York on business, the other priests of the house had to fit me out with their old clothes, and I felt like a dandy. Even shoes, for I was wearing sandals all that time, and the old shovel hat of the South American priests.

He was thus clad, and it seemed too thinly clad for the cool Spring weather. He wrote shortly after from Corpus Christi:

My visit to Torresdale was to me beautiful beyond words, and I know not how to thank you, and all of you, for the affection and delicate attention which have made it such a sweet memory. I arrived here ten days ago, and now this very day I must start off again to travel more than half way back to Torresdale, to represent the Bishop of this Diocese at the Diamond Jubilee celebration of Notre Dame University. And then must hurry back here again, where work awaits me. So you were anxious about me? Oh! I got along all right.

In 1918, on July 4th, he wrote:

I was much interested in your account of Col. Benson. It has revived in my memory a whole train of far-away recollections, which seem now like a sweet dreamland of the past, a magic world of things which happened more than half a century ago, which have nothing whatever to do with the present, but have lain forgotten, "by loving steps unvisited," and from which now the veil of oblivion has been for a moment lifted,—with an effect that is startling and bewildering.

Mr. Benson, the father of your friend the Colonel, was, when I first knew him, a teacher in a large private school, prematurely gray, and with a touch of sadness in his manner, which came, I doubted not, from hard struggle with the world. His wife, a winsome little woman, was the eldest daughter of dear old Mardenboro White, treasurer of Kenyon College, and in all the world there was no sweeter, cosier home than "Park Cottage," under the stately trees within the college grounds. When I became President of the College, I caused Mr. Benson to be promoted to the vacant chair of Latin. There were two little Benson boys; the elder,—who it seems, was to become a military man of years and dignity, was then a lad of twelve or fourteen. . . . But now, oh! the changes that time brings!

It is mid-Summer here now, and we are in vacation, so far as our poor little free-school goes. Our spiritual ministrations, and Sunday work, of course, go on as usual. It is hot in Texas, steadily hot, but I like this constant heat better than treacherous "Northers" of the winter.

It came to pass that he met Col. Benson, and they had many a pleasant talk together of the far off days so full of sweetness. And in Park Cottage at Kenyon, the memory of the young President and his lovely family still lives in the hearts of the two surviving daughters of Mardenboro White. Col. Benson has been called to his reward, after a life of singular devotion and honor.

The very simple record of the last mission among the poor negroes of the South is told in the singularly touching letters which Father Fidelis wrote to the youngest sister of Father Maurice, who tried in every possible way to find out his personal needs and to gratify them. The first was written in mid-Summer.

Thanks for your lovely letter, which deserved a more prompt reply, but my time and my thoughts have been much occupied by my work, and the weather has been, oh! so hot!

Alas! we have no honeysuckle here, nor any sweet flowers that I have seen, nor any stately trees,—only a few scrubby ones,—nor brooks, nor singing birds; only flat, sandy stretches, and tiresome winds. In fact it is the most uninteresting region I have ever seen. The interior of Texas is far more attractive, as I could see from the car windows; but even that is not Torresdale, oh! no. It's a good earthly Purgatory, that's what this place is.

Don't think I am unhappy. I am quite content and am interested in my work, about which I must tell you something. It is for the negroes, you know. You have heard of Father Mark, haven't you? He and I were comrades long ago, and now we are together again. He took up the work long before I came here, and Mother Katharine[1] helped him generously. I was in despair about Mexico, and here was something ready to my hand, providentially offered, so I thought, and so I joined him, and by God's blessing I think we shall make a success of it. The enclosed photograph will give you an idea

[1] Mother Katharine Drexel, foundress of the Order of Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament for Negroes and Indians.

of our new "plant." Holy Cross Church in the centre, with the school in the upper story; the Sister's Convent (three Ursuline Nuns) on the right, and the "Rectory" on the left. I had the honor of preaching the opening sermon and the whole affair was a "rousing success." I hope Mother Katharine will be pleased.

Well, pray for me that I may hold out, and may be enabled to do a little something for God before I die.

The next year, in December he writes:

It was lovely of you to send me that dainty volume, and I shall cherish it for your sake, though I never cared for the Barrack-room Ballads—except two or three of them, Mandalay (which is a gem), & Gunga Din, & Fuzzy Wuzzy. And they have gone and stuck in the Recessional, which is not a "Ballad" at all, least of all a Barrack room one, but a Hymn, and an immortal one. It was the Seven Seas that I liked, and liked immensely. I send you some verses which I love, and which I have copied for you.

[1]And they were stronger hands than mine
That digged the ruby from the earth—
More cunning brains that made it worth
The large desire of a King;
And bolder hearts that through the brine
Went down the perfect pearl to bring.

Lo, I have wrought in common clay
Rude figures of a rough-hewn race;
For pearls strew not the market-place
In this my town of banishment,
Where with the shifting dust I play,
And eat the bread of discontent.

Yet is there life in that I make—
Oh, Thou Who knowest, turn and see;

[1] Kipling, "L'Envoi" of *Soldiers Three.*

As thou hast power over me,
So have I power over these,
Because I wrought them for Thy sake,
And breathe in them mine agonies.

Small mirth was in the making. Now
I lift the cloth that cloaks the clay;
And, wearied, at Thy feet I lay
My wares, e'er I go forth to sell.
The long "bazaar," will praise—but Thou—
Heart of my heart, have I done well?

On February 18th, 1918, he wrote:

It was good of you to send me the Madonna and it was lovely of you to write to me as you did. I would have answered your letter but was not able.

I am getting on nicely, and am very happy, but I must admit I have had a tough time of it, on account of the great cold, which quite crippled me. For a while I thought I should not pull through the winter; but the worst is surely over now.

I am so sorry that you have been ill yourself. Take good courage and don't worry about those heart symptoms. Take all things as *tranquilly* as you can. It seemed to me you were describing my own case,—which at one time seemed to me alarming, but of which I make small account now. I doubt whether there is anything *progressive* about it.

I have been thinking whether there is anything you could do for me, and I believe there *is*. I should so much like to have a copy of Tennyson from you. I don't want a handsome edition, nor a bulky one,—just a plain simple one; nor do I care whether it has all his latest things in it, so long as it has those which I love. A second-hand copy would do.

I don't want any other books. I have your Golden Treasury, which is lovely. Besides, I have the Following of Christ, and a Greek Testament and my Breviary; these are all the books I have, and I do not care to possess others now. No hurry.

And on March 7th:

My heart reproaches me for having put you to so much trouble. The Tennyson is lovely; the only trouble is, it is too much so,—makes everything else in my room look shabby! Any old second-hand copy would have done. I thought you might find one perhaps, somewhere in the house. How exquisite the dear old house looks in the photograph! How glorious the festoons of foliage, and how wonderfully the light falls on the pathway, and the group in front! . . .

I have thought of something else that you may possibly be able to do for me,—get me a copy,—any little old copy,—of the Fioretti, the Little Flowers of St. Francis. I say "possibly," because I doubt whether you can find one now. I tried when I was in New York last; went to all the Catholic book stores. The only copy I found was a Protestant translation, large and expensive, with engravings,—which I would not look at. The translation which I used to like was by Lady Georgiana Fullerton with a little preface by Cardinal Manning. Of course it was a small book. The original Italian would be equally nice.

And then in October:

Oh Caleen, it was so good and lovely of you to think of making me that sweater! You brought tears from my heart. I have had an old cardigan jacket,—which I have used a good deal, but it is too small for me, and rather shabby now, so you see, you could not have given me anything more acceptable, and God bless you!

The Influenza is bad here,—as it is everywhere, I suppose, and I have had a touch of it. But I am all right now, and in tiptop spirits,—so you needn't worry about *me.* I am a bit shaky, however, so I won't write much today, but just send my love to all, and hope that you are all well and happy.

On November 8th, 1918, he wrote:

The sweater—the magnificent sweater—came some days ago,—and I wanted to thank you at once, but could not until

now. And now I don't know how,—the words will not come. I will tell you what I said when I unfolded it. I said out loud: "Glory be! Now I can bid defiance to the Northers!"

The Influenza has been very bad here. Poor people dying all around us. But the worst is over, I think.

On April 2nd and 14th of the same year, to the same faithful correspondent, he wrote:

Thank you ever so much for your lovely letter,—& you know you *can* write the loveliest letter in all the world. Spring must have come early at Torresdale, for you wrote on the 18th of March, & you tell of beautiful things that have not come here at all. The plain truth is that the climate of this place is beastly, its principal feature consisting in importunate winds, "winds that will be howling at all hours," veering quickly from North & South, & then back again. And as for birds—well, there *is* a mocking-bird, the one that was here last year, but I think the winds rather scare him. However, here in the shelter of my cosy room, I can be very happy. The dear Lord has been good to me, & has granted me something of that "internal heaven of the mind" of which your friend Wordsworth speaks so marvellously well,—

> Some happy tone
> Of meditation slipping in between
> The beauty coming and the beauty gone.

And then I have your dear books to fall back upon, whereby I fill up the little chinks of time with beautiful thoughts, & wherein I now and then come upon some gem before unnoticed. No, I don't want *anything more*, that's honest. The chocolate lasted a long time, & was delightful, but when it was finished the desire had gone too; & I do not think it will return.

The grand sweater lasted me all the winter long, & kept me most comfortable, so that I dread the "Northers" no more. I have just put it away for the season, to be resumed next winter, if I live so long!

Talking about the winds, I shouldn't mind it, I think, if there were only more sunshine & blue sky, but it's mostly dirty, ragged clouds, scudding first one way & then another.

Don't think that you are useless. You have done lots of good to lots of people, & in the sweetest ways. That I know. You must take their word for it. It is not the fussy, or noisy people who *do* most. And there are those who accomplish the most blessed results, not by what they do, but by what they are.

See what you have done lately. Look at the trouble & expense you went to get that copy of the *Fioretti*. In its modest dress it attracts no special attention, yet it is three times as expensive, & five times as elegant, as the handsome *Tennyson*. It was what Horace would call *simplex munditiis*, —simple in its neatness. There is a poor old "nigger priest" down near the Mexican border whose library all told consists of five volumes (not counting his breviary); one is a Greek Testament, about half the size of the *Golden Treasury*, another is a still smaller copy of the *Imitation*. The remaining three books are those just mentioned. And methinks Our Lord will say *in illa die:* "Inasmuch as you did it unto one of these My brethren, you did it unto Me."

And now I am wondering whether your goodness would stand yet another strain! I don't want anything precisely for myself this time; I have enough, perhaps too much. There are some little children down here that I have come to take an interest in, & I have found myself wishing that I could recite, or read, for them some of those verses of Eugene Field that we used to delight in. Oh! those *Hushaby* songs;—or about the boy who was always good before Christmas.

My father calls me William,
My mother calls me Will,
My sisters call me Willie,
But the boys they call me Bill.

Or best of all, the rhyme of the famous Battle of Buena Vista Park. It was not Buena Vista, but I think it was Buena—

something. Don't you remember how gallantly the boys fought, & all for lovely Sissy Knott,—but the battle was going against them, & the big Indian Chief had got one hero down, when the day was saved by the well-timed appearance of somebody's heroic Bull-pup. But Sissy Knott was inconsolable, because her doll was torn; but the boys tried to cheer her, —for the head could be stuck on again. But she scorned their comfort, what did they know about babies!

They never had been Mothers,
And they could not hope to be!

I came across a stray copy of verses by Eugene Field down here, but it wasn't what I wanted at all. And they told me that he wrote ever so many volumes. But the only one I care for is the little copy that I used to rejoice in, or its *replica*. Probably, like some other things, it is unattainable.

Good-bye, for a while, dear blessed Caleen. I *promise* I will never ask for anything more.

May 1, 1918.

You are indeed my benefactress, dearest Caleen. I have been reading again the verses which I loved so well in those faraway days,—at least they seem far away now,—and I am not disappointed. It is only the *Poems of Childhood* that I care for in Eugene Field, & perhaps it is the association of memory which makes them so dear. It seems to me that in the comparatively small volume which I remember no others were included. Very likely that was the case. However, I find all my old favorites here (they are scarcely more than a dozen or so), and they are as sweet & fresh as ever.

Yes, I have read *French Windows*, thank you. I have all the books now that I want. I don't believe there are "lots of people who would like to give me things." At any rate, I don't wish for other things, & my library is now complete, with the four volumes which you have given me, & the two other little books which I mentioned. If I should ever wish for anything more, I will let you know; but it will be sure to be something inexpensive, & very likely it will be nothing at all, for I have not far to go.

The children that I have grown fond of are very simple, sweet things, the little family of the postman who carries letters in the region not far from our Church. He cannot bring any to us, for we are outside the proper district, & have to go to the Post Office "down town" to *get* ours, but I often meet him on his rounds, & *give* him letters,—e.g. mine to you. His name is Kaler, a German by descent, & his children are three little girls, Fay, Annie, & Eleanor, ranging in age from seven to eleven, barefooted, & not very wise, but they make me think of Longfellow's "Weariness,"—those "little souls, so pure & white, and crystalline as rays of light, Direct from heaven their source divine." To them, counting on your approval, I am going to give the volume of *Wonderful Adventures*, from the Swedish, which you have so lovingly sent me.

Good-bye again for a while, & may God's blessing be ever with you.

Yours in His love,
FIDELIS, C. P.

The days of his mission work were drawing to a close; one more letter to his Carmelite friend tells of the last days. It bears the date, February 3rd, 1919, and the writing is so clear and perfect that no one could suppose the writer was in his eightieth year.

Thanks for your letter, & calendar which was a consolation. And the little picture accompanying the calendar gives me the best idea I have had of your dear Carmel of Santa Clara. . . . We have been having strange weather. After three years of drought we have had two and a half months of cold rain and slush, which still continues. The influenza, which raged a while and passed on, came back with redoubled violence, and has carried off many of our best. Five priests in this little town were down with it, four of them side by side, and two of these, one the rector of the Cathedral and the other the chancellor of the diocese, died within twenty-five minutes of each other. Of the remainder two are recovering, we hope, and the other is still a doubtful case. The two who went were

fine young men in the thirties. It seems so strange that the Lord did not take me, who am old and "no good!"

So ends the record of those patient years of untold suffering and toil in the obscure corner of the south, where Father Fidelis practised his chosen virtues of utter poverty and profound humility. On July 1st, 1919, he went to Notre Dame, Indiana, and began the writing of his book, *An Awakening and What Followed.* This was at the earnest solicitation of Father Hudson, who realized the great importance of having some record of the life work of the heroic missionary. It was late in the day, however, and the task seemed almost impossible. On August 7th, 1919, he wrote to the same Carmelite religious, from St. Mary's Convent, Notre Dame:

. . . Your lovely letter written on St. James Day was very welcome, and I have put the little picture with Bossuet's prayer in my breviary. . . . I am pegging away at that book of mine, revising an old one, and adding to it, but I find that literary composition does not come so easily as it did fifty years ago. It is the revision that bothers me most. Perhaps the thing may never see the light. . . .

I wish you health and strength, and a long and useful life. I know that you will say a prayer for me when you hear that I have gone.

I do not know where I may be stationed when I get through with my work here. My Provincial will tell me. He came down from Chicago the other day on purpose to see me, and was very nice indeed.

Good-bye, for I know not how long in this world.

Ever yours in Our Blessed Lord,

FIDELIS OF THE CROSS, C. P.

The work of revision of the *Invitation Heeded* is the principal matter in *An Awakening and What Followed. The Invitation Heeded* was exceedingly popular, going

easily through four editions, and being translated into other languages. It was the cause of many conversions, the most notable perhaps being that of the well known Jesuit, Father Whitney, who found the book by accident when it had been dropped overboard, and recovered with some difficulty. He read it and became a Catholic in consequence. It is the most distinguished controversial work that has appeared in America, and it was most proper and timely that it should be revised, with new interest. Father Fidelis was brought to a realization of this, indeed it had been suggested to him years before, but his life of missionary activity made the matter well-nigh impossible. He was at the end of his physical energy, but the work was accomplished with remarkable rapidity. Its preface is singularly compelling in style, perhaps because of exceeding clarity and simplicity. *The Invitation Heeded* has been so carefully reviewed in these pages that it would seem unnecessary to make comment on the revision. Much that appealed to the scholarly mind had been omitted—anything that would show special classical research has been deliberately put aside, but even with these omissions the book is of great value, and the few chapters of missionary experience are singularly beautiful.

The calumnies against the Church in South America which were so widely circulated, are refuted with vigor in the concluding chapters where he says:

> More especially would I desire to say something for the sake of my fellow countrymen in the north, something positive and plain concerning the true state of Catholicity in this beautiful but little known continent of America. This brief word is to say that the years which I have spent here have left me edified and humbled. There are scandals—of course there are if we look for them. But there have been saints and martyrs here of whom the world knows nothing. There are saints still, heroes and heroines of charity. The history of the Catholic Church in South America has never been

written, may never be written; but it would be a great work; a story of devotion, of abnegation, of faith, both fascinating and true.

If the Passionist Missionary might have written this history, we find ourselves thinking, what a great work he would have accomplished for Catholic literature and the spread of the truth! But instead he chose to spend his strength in instructing the ignorant masses, wherever his voice could reach, wherever his humble steps could follow in the quest of souls. And who shall say he did not well?

Father Fidelis was able to give a freshness and charm in his book, to the old theme, so well treated in *The Invitation Heeded*, of his conversion from Anglicanism and the proofs of the Roman claims. The chapter on the Primitive Church is a masterly treatise on the logical force of the Catholic view. When this important work was finished he went to Norwood Park, Chicago, and from there he wrote on December 2nd, 1919, to his Carmelite correspondent:

God ever bless and keep you, dear sister in Jesus. Thanks from my heart for your dear letter, written on my birthday. So I am now in my 80th year, and as you see I am back again in the Monastery once more;—and may I never leave it, even for such blessed work as I had to do down in Texas. Father Mark was alone, at last accounts, but was hoping to get some one in my place.

My book is finished so far as I am concerned. I left it in the publisher s hands, last week; but what with strikes and other difficulties, I don't believe it will be out till after Easter, —or later. It is off my mind, anyhow and Deo Gratias!

Say a little prayer that your poor old friend may begin at last to be alone with God. I hope to remain here, unless obedience sends me elsewhere. Father Stephen (requiescat) and I selected this site some eighteen or nineteen years ago, if

I remember rightly. It was open prairie then; it is a fine suburb now, just within the city limits.

The winter has begun rather sharply,—something of a contrast to the weather I have been enjoying for the last nine years.

This is the last letter written with pen and ink in the marvellously clear, strong hand, so unchanging and familiar. Neuritis in his arm obliged him to use a pencil. He wrote on May 11th, 1920, to Fr. Maurice's sister, Grace:

Do not think that your beautiful letter was forgotten or lightly esteemed. I have had it with me constantly, and have wished, each day that passed, to answer it. I might have sent a brief, or formal line or two,—as I have to some others,—but I wanted to do better than that with you. But I am brought to the conviction that I had better write what I can now, be it ever so poorly, for God knows when I may "do better." After all, I can say very easily and quickly what is of chief importance,—that I love you, and thank you. And I love you *all* most dearly, for you have been such dear and faithful friends through all these years, friends after my own heart and my own mind, with the same training and tastes and sympathies, the same ways of looking at things, the same passionate devotion to all that is good and noble and true. And I may add that I share in no small degree your undying affection for those,—your own beloved ones,—who have gone on before us, and await us in that dear and blessed Country whither we ourselves are hastening, and where our hearts do dwell.

You want to know something about myself, I fancy. I have no disease that I know of, but the winter which is ending (spring has not really come yet!) has broken me, to a degree which amazes me. I may rally a bit with summer (which is so near!) but I do not expect to be again what I was until so recently. I have looked death in the face,—and am happy.

A few words about others. Ask Walter if he shall meet

Mgr. Kieran, to give him my love. . . . Do you know anything of Miss Katharine Brégy? I had an idea that she was in Philadelphia or near there. I saw her contribution to "Roads to Rome" in America, and thought it the best thing in the volume. Anna Dill Gamble's brochure ("My road to Rome") is very clever. She may do good literary work in the Church.

During that summer, Walter George Smith with his sister, went to Norwood Park, and saw their old friend for the last time. He was very thin, his eyes luminous, as though the Heaven light already filled his being. He talked with interest of the political situation, and the after War condition of Europe. He was unbent by age, but he moved very slowly, and insisted on walking with his friends part of the way along the avenue that leads from the Monastery Gate. He embraced them tenderly and then stood looking long and wistfully till they passed from his vision. He was beautiful, with the transfiguring beauty of his eighty years, which had made his hair white as snow, and had given an irresistible pathos to the winning sweetness of his glance, and an almost ethereal charm and dignity to the venerable figure.

On September 8th, 1920, he wrote:

At last I am able to send you an advance copy of my poor old book (old to me by this time!). The printer has bungled a Greek line, but I don't suppose you will mind much. The first part is made up of material taken from the old "Invitation" condensed and rearranged; but in the supplement you will find something more readable, I hope. I am confined to the Infirmary now with this blessed old ankle of mine; otherwise I am as lively as on that blessed day when you and Walter "dawned on us here."

With love to him, and the ever dear Caleen,

Ever your poor devoted old friend,

FIDELIS OF THE CROSS, C. P.

On June 14th, 1920, to the "ever dear Caleen" he wrote:

Your letter brought joy, as your letters always do. And you always say something about what is beautiful, and when Spring is here, or the "leafy month of June" or about the garden and the flowers. I laughed with pleasure when I found it this time in your letter, for I was sure it would be there, somewhere. . . . When I made out that little list of charming Philadelphians whom I had known in days of yore, asking what had become of them, I thought of a verse in one of O. W. Holmes' "College Poems":

> Where are the Kates, and the Anns, and Elizas,
> Loving and lovely of yore,
> Look in the columns of old advertisers
> Married and dead by the score.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Gone, like tenants that quit without warning
> Down the back alleys of time.

Margaret P. was one of the dearest children I ever knew. My first acquaintance with her was when she was two months old. Her mother brought her into the parlor, and laid her flat on her back on the floor; and she evidently aware that she was on exhibition, began at once to giggle & coo in the most hilarious manner. I could tell nicer stories than this about that beloved child, but I have tired you enough. And now she is married, and that is the end of the story, I suppose.

I am rather good for nothing. Haven't left this house since I came here, six and a half months ago. Am tired, but happy, and God is good. I can say Mass yet, thank God; and hope to be able to offer the Mass for you next Sunday.

Love to all,

F.

On August 15th, 1920, he wrote:

With all my heart I thank you for your letter. It was indeed a lovely letter, & every time I read it I feel as though I were walking with you in the garden, & sharing in your love of flowers & birds & trees. How I would have loved to hear your thrush sing the Angelus! It was so pretty of him to stay on when all his brood were hatched & gone, & to sing just for you. He was a "wise thrush," as Browning says; he knew you wanted him. You wrote to me once when I was in Argentine, & asked me about the birds there, & I was chagrined because there were no singing birds there at all,—only coarse, rude things,—land gulls, & buzzards, & hawks, and long-legged plovers that ran along the ground, & called *tero-tero*. In Texas, at least where I was, it was much the same. But there was one mocking-bird who came each Spring, & sang—so it seemed—for me. At least he made me think of *you*. He would sit on the gable of our little Church, opposite my window; & now and again, when he was trilling, he would dart straight up in the air, twenty or thirty feet, as if in ecstasy, & then drop like a plummet on to the precise point where he was before. You see, you made me observant of birds.

You were fond, not only of nature, but of art which interprets nature. Do you remember how we went through the gallery in Baltimore, with a memorable company? And again, you & I, through one in Philadelphia?

How I wish I could write you a longer letter, & a nice one like yours! But I am "done up" now. I went to pieces after that dear visit of Walter and Grace, and have been down ever since. Don't think, however, that I am miserable or unhappy, for I am not. I am really content. Perhaps in the Fall (if I am able to travel) I may go to our house in Kentucky. The winters are milder there.

On October 4th, of the same year, he wrote:

Thank you for your dear lovely letter. I am delighted that you like my poor old book;—only, your sweet enthusiasm makes you exaggerate "a lot." I wrote at once to the publishers to send you a copy, & it must be on its way. I have

had no copies to send; can't attend to wrapping & mailing; but the author always has the right to send complimentary copies, so please don't forward any "price," either to me or the publisher. I enclose a little slip, which you can put on the fly-leaf,—only I am afraid it is not nice enough.

The honeysuckle came, wonderfully fresh & fair. It is strange that just before your letter arrived, I had been thinking of the honeysuckle bush (it was a bush, not a vine), which I used to visit long ago out in Kansas, every morning while the dew was on the grass. It still seems to me wonderful that the flowers on that dear bush would keep on blooming, ever freshly, long after all the other honeysuckle plants on that lawn had ceased to put forth a single flower. Of course I noticed the mention of honeysuckles in the book which you so kindly sent me.

I have gone over that little volume, most of it, several times. There are some things in it that I like, but in general I loathe this "Modern American Poetry." These "insurgents," as they call themselves, or "imagists" are so infernally conceited, they think that they are the coming race, that they have quite done away with the old fogey poetry of the past, whereas when I had finished that book I felt as though I had spent a day in an insane asylum. Much of it is tommyrot, & none of it will *live*. Compare the "verses" (save the mark) of this book with most of the poetry,—true poetry,—of that other little volume which you gave me (treasured ever), the dear *Golden Treasury*, of the past! There are some pieces in this "modern" book which don't belong there; the compiler had no right to claim them, for they are not of his "Modernists"; I mean the little poems by Eugene Field, Edwin Markham, J. Whitcomb Riley, & Geo. Woodberry. These men were not "insurgents." Woodberry's Sonnet—"Immortal Love"—reminds one of Shakespeare. And Alan Seeger's "Rendezvous with Death" is not "Modernist" poetry, nor Joyce Kilmer's "Trees"; nor Margaret Widdemer's "Factories." The pieces (one can hardly call them poems) by the Moderns which I like best are those by Amy Lowell (a town's woman of mine by the way), Anna Hempstead Branch, & Sara Teasdale. Some of the things in this collection made me think of a volume of

verses which came out when I was a college boy, entitled "Rejected Addresses," one of whose absurd jingles ran thus:

Where, oh! where is Cupid's notion,—
Billowy ecstasy of woe?
Bear me on, meandering ocean,
Where the stagnant torrents flow.

There's a stanza which you can *remember!* It has more real melody in it than half the stuff in your "Modern American Poetry"! Walt Whitman is the real father of insurgent "poetry"; I wonder your Untermeyer doesn't give us some of *his!*

Have given up going to Kentucky.

FIDELIS OF THE CROSS, C. P.

On October 13th, 1920, he wrote:

You know I thank you from my heart for your dear and beautiful letter,—which has gone too long without acknowledgment, but I have been very weary these days. Walter also wrote me, *motu proprio* (as the Pope would say), a letter that is worth keeping, for his calm judicial periods have more weight from a high critical point of view than the rhapsodies of admiring friends (like yourself and Caleen) and they are more *quotable.* Don't get mad, you know I must have my little joke.

I enclose a little snapshot, which was taken by one of our students here the other day, in front of the Monastery, just beneath the window of the parlor, where we were *in illa die,*— on that memorable day.

Accept beloved friend, these few lines in lieu of the longer letter which I would gladly write were I feeling a little stronger.

What I like best about that old book is the cover (Our Lady's color, I selected it), and the general "get up" from a typographical point of view.

The same day he wrote to Walter George Smith:

DEAR WALTER:

Thank you for your letter, which came to me unexpected, and which I value highly.

I have just written to Grace, and I hope she will show you my letter, for in it I say some things about your appreciation of my poor old book, which will come better than if I said them directly to yourself.

I am getting along fairly well, though I spend most of my time in an easy chair, and just now am very tired.

Ever your devoted friend in Xt.

FIDELIS, C. P.

On November 15th, 1920, he wrote to the Rev. Andrew Kenny, C. P.

How gladly would I go to dear old Pittsburg, but I am done up, laid on the shelf, my dear, and must be resigned. You have made me out a trifle younger than I really am. However I have already passed the "extra ten"; 70 is the Scriptural limit. Look sharp at that verse when you strike it again in the Psalter.

My dear Father Andy, you are one of those whom I love to remember. Thank you for remembering me. Happy should I be to meet you once more, antiquam vedam, et non reverter.

Ever yr. devoted brother in Xt.

FIDELIS C. P.

CHAPTER XV

Last Days

WHEN we come to the last few months of this remarkable life we almost hesitate to tell the sacred story. It is very beautiful, very touching, in its manifestation of the evident Providence of God.

Father Fidelis had written his last message to the world in the epilogue of that book which cost great effort, mental and physical. "The personal element," says the *Irish Theological Quarterly* in criticism of *An Awakening*, "is kept very much in the background all through these discussions," which the critic compares to a treatise De Ecclesia, "and when it does come forward occasionally, it is mostly in the shape of a gentle appeal to the author's former fellow Anglicans to weigh well some consideration that has powerfully influenced the writer himself." But in the Epilogue he says sweetly and humbly of himself:

What matters it, O my soul, whether we be in Chile or in Texas, so long as we are serving in the Master's cause, and striving to do our part manfully, be it ever so small? The Lord has been good to thee, my soul,—unutterably good, through the long and sometimes weary way. There have been trials and sorrows, but they were in truth His dearest blessings. Failures and sad faults have marred the record, but I trust they were not the outcome of a perverted will and great though they may have been, I cherish the hope that they

have been covered by the Mantle of His still greater mercy.

And now what can we do, my soul, but wait, watching for that knocking at the gate of which Our Lord speaks, and which St. Gregory interprets as the kindly warning of One Who comes and bids us open.

When Father Fidelis came to Norwood Park in Chicago it was December of 1919, and as he said himself, he was at peace. He said the Midnight Mass, and the morning Masses in the big Polish Convent. He preached the whole Lenten course in his Monastery church, and sang the Exultet on Holy Saturday, after having preached a sermon the night before. He lived two years there, but he had a high blood pressure and hardening of the arteries, causing frequent agonies of headache, and making it very difficult to move about except slowly. His Superior wrote of him—

to climb a few stairs was a torture and to kneel a veritable penance—not a mortification. And yet edifying in the extreme was it to see the old man of God make his way upstairs to my room (I never knew when he would come) to go to Confession, "lest I should die tonight, for that head of mine is dreadfully painful" as he would say. Though I would insist and insist on his being seated, (and that he send for me), whenever he wanted to go to Confession—he would never yield, but with an Italian gesture of the hand, and shrug of his shoulders laugh it off: and then using my desk, or the back of my chair as a prop, get down slowly, and with such intense pain, upon his knees to prepare to meet his Lord, "Lest I should die tonight!" So that whether Father Fidelis died here or in California—you see—he had made sure his departure into Eternity.

He thought it was best to be a pilgrim and a stranger in this world. The saying of St. Teresa, "that he who does

not cease to walk will be sure to reach the end at last," he quoted, saying, "she does not say run, but only walk," and he felt that the great thing was to keep his heart entirely free, detached from all things, wishing to do anything, or not to do it, to go or to stay, to speak or to act or to suffer according as our Lord desired for him.

His eldest daughter, Mary, had married Mr. Charles de Cazotte, and was now a widow, and lived at Palo Alto, California, to be near her only son, Michel, who was studying at the Leland Stanford University. Her sister, Frances, lived with her Mother, Mrs. O'Connor at San Mateo. When *An Awakening and What Followed* was published, Frances O'Connor read it, and realized the great sacrifice her Father had made in giving up his children to follow his religious vocation. The little poem, *Valparaiso Bay*, told her the story of his heart's suffering and martyrdom. She did not know where he was, but she wrote to him, sending her letter to Corpus Christi, Texas. It was forwarded to Chicago, where he was ill and suffering, and he thought dying. On January 20th, 1921, that last year of his life, and his eighty-first year, he wrote to his child:

Frances, My Daughter—Dearest and Best:

Your letter has overwhelmed me. It carried me away with a rush of conflicting feeling. The fountains of the great deep have been broken. I did not expect it. It was a lovely letter, dignified, serene, yet gentle and loving. . . .

I am very weak, dear, I can scarcely guide the pencil, and the neuralgia is in my hand and arm. I have been through the valley of the shadow of death. . . . For the last twenty-four hours, since your letter came, I have been praying in an agony to our Blessed Lady, our dear Lady of Sorrows and of Good Counsel, to get me the strength which I need to answer you, my darling. She knows how much I need it. To her I gave you so long ago, and whenever during all these weary years I have been tempted to repine or to faint, I have gone

straight to her, and she has restored all my trust in her. I have never asked her for anything, never asked her to give you back (God forbid!), never asked her to put it into your heart to write to me; I simply told her that she knew it all—she who knows what it is to love her Only One with a love beyond our comprehension. She knew how poor and weak and worthless I am; I told her that I trusted her, and would always trust her; and that I knew she would keep you safe. And lately, when I knew that I was failing fast, I went and told her that I willingly and freely gave up all hope, the last hope, of ever hearing from you, or ever knowing that you cared.

There are several letters written in pencil with great effort to his dear daughter, from which these beautiful extracts are taken:

I have just had a sinking spell, but have rallied a bit, and am quite able to go on. In all my life I have had four great loves: My mother; my sister, Bessie; your mother,—and your sister, Mary Cornelia. And I think the last was the greatest. Her's was the name which I wrote upon the sand, and which the waves washed out. It was not of her mother I was thinking. And I used to fancy that some day I might publish the verses in a book, and that at last some day, when I should be long gone, and almost forgotten, she might come across the book, and might light upon the verses, and wonder whose the name could have been, and might come to the conclusion that it was probably her mother's—and she would be mistaken. Some day, if I live and gain a little strength, I may write out for you some little memories of her sweet babyhood and childhood which will show you how and why I loved her so dearly.

And you, my daughter, how is it that after all these long years . . . you who have been by me so long unnoticed, almost unperceived, should suddenly without warning take the place in my poor heart which no one had ever really filled? . . . Our dear and gracious Lord, through His ever Blessed Mother, gave you to me, as His best earthly gift, unasked for, un-

dreamed of, a gift that more than makes up for all that ever was, or was ever lost. I desire no more. I die happy. . . .

Last night I watched the sunset. The day had been overcast and gloomy; but at last the clouds broke away in the West and the sun was "sinking down in its tranquillity"; but ere it set there appeared high in the "daffodil sky" one tiny "diamond in the sky" which grew in silent beauty until it hung there alone,

"Fair as a star when only one is shining in the sky,"

and I said: O most gracious Lord, Thou through Thy most sweet Mother hast given even unto me my Evening Star, and now the night cometh and I die in peace.

. . . I have not been away from this house, this dear Monastery, since I came here fourteen months ago. I am in the Infirmary. I have enjoyed great peace. But I have *more* than peace now; I sing praises in my heart to God.

When I became a Catholic, you, all three (Ethel was living) received Catholic Baptism in the Chapel of the Sisters of Mercy at Manchester, N. H. I gave to all of you the name of Mary as a prefix to your previous names: Mary Cornelia, Mary Ethel and Mary Frances. I had already dedicated you all to our Blessed Lady, and wished you to bear her name. I had also in mind in your own case the name of a saint to whom I bore a certain devotion,—a devotion which had originated in the mere fact that she was canonized together with St. Paul of the Cross (Founder of the Passionists) but a short time, less than a year, I think, before your birth. She was a Franciscan Tertiary, a Neopolitan, and her whole life was simply a ministry to the poor and afflicted, in whose behalf she worked miracles. Towards the end she labored as an assistant to a pious old priest, himself a servant of the poor, doubtless also a saint, but an unknown one, for I could not learn his name. Now I did not of course intend to give you this humble saint as your patron, but I loved to associate you with her in my own mind and during the long fifty years that have passed since then, you have always been to me my dear

little Mary Frances. This is your true name, the name by which you are registered in the archives of Heaven, the name by which our Lady and the angels know you, and by which you will be known in the Day of Eternity.

DEAREST,

You may have wondered why I did not send you some relic of the past. I had none, dear. When I gave my children away, I destroyed everything. Household goods, furniture, etc. were stored at Geneva, N. Y., Hobart College; I wrote and gave orders to have everything sold by auction. The proceeds were given to the Sisters at Manchester. . . . Then I made a bonfire in the rear garden of the Paulist Fathers of everything combustible,—Mss., old letters, poems, etc. There were a few precious things left. (My books had been given to the College). I kept them in a rosewood box,—some simple jewelry, memento of the past, that would never return, —pictures of "Mama and Nellie and Ethel" (there were none of you, O my little one), and (Dear Lord help me!) *her ring*. I weighted the box with pieces of iron, locked it and then when darkness fell, I took it down to the end of the old abandoned pier, which in those days, ran out from the foot of 59th Street and then with a prayer, an anguished prayer, I dropped it into the Hudson River, where the waters were deep, and there it must be today, covered over, sunken in the silt of that river bed. After that, for fifty years, nothing broke the long sad silence.

The chapel is a revelation. I am so glad—thank God—that you have it. Opening out of the room which I occupy is our infirmary chapel, where I say Mass, or can hear it. It is dedicated to our little St. Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows, and is quite the counterpart of yours, the principal difference in detail being a statue of St. Gabriel, standing in the left hand corner. Before going further I must tell you something about our little Saint.

He was born in 1838; so were he living still, he would be only two years older than myself. He died February 27th, 1862, just before I entered the Army. I was present at his Beati-

fication in Rome, being the Provincial of our North American Province, and had the honor as Provincial of paying half of the entire expenses of the celebration. Afterwards I went back to South America. He was canonized on Ascension Day, the 13th of last May, while I was in this infirmary. Naturally I have a devotion to him.

I verily believe I have been nearer death than ever in my life. To illustrate this I will tell you my last dream, and I hope it may be indeed my last.

I became aware that I was sitting on the edge of my bed, and presently I heard myself say, (as though I were another person): "I am dying!" I looked across at the little alarm clock; it recorded 1.30 A.M. Soon I heard the same words repeated in a softer tone; and again a third time. And then I fell over on the pillow in a swoon. It may not be out of place to observe here that we sleep in our religious habit. When the Matin rattle sounds, it does not take us five minutes to get to our places in the choir. I have always worn my habit except on my journeys in this country. . . . It seemed as though I was slowly rising to the surface after a deep dive. And I became aware that some one was supporting me. It was not Brother Dennis; that arm beneath my head was too gentle, too tender. Then I heard what seemed like children's voices. Soon I made out that it was a single sweet voice, —which I did not recognize,—and it was repeating little prayers and ejaculations. Another moment, and I knew who it was, though I could neither see nor speak. From the depths of my soul I tried to repeat without words those dear familiar acts, and deep peace stole in upon me, peace ineffable, and I knew that the end of my long sad journey had come at last, and I tried to thank God, that through His Infinite Goodness and the love of His dear Mother, the last moment of my poor life was the best, the happiest of all. I remember no more.

On the margin of this letter his daughter, Frances, wrote, "This almost describes his death as it occurred six months later in San Mateo."

Frances O'Connor had been tenderly nursing her

Mother, who had now become an invalid, and whose memory was so impaired that she seldom recognized those around her. She could not be disturbed by the presence of a stranger, and Frances took the long journey from San Mateo to Chicago to see her Father, and if possible to bring him to her home in California. He had been so very ill that it was an uncertain project. They feared to tell him she had come, but her presence, and the great joy of seeing her whom he never hoped to see, gave him new life. On the night of May 9th, with the generous permission of the Father Provincial Eugene, Father Fidelis with his daughter took the Overland limited for the far West. He bore the journey through the high altitudes of the Rockies wonderfully well, and was able to say Mass on the Feast of Pentecost, the "Feast of Gladness," in the little chapel which Frances had described to him. Thereafter he said Mass there every day until within two days of his death.

He came to visit his children, to sojourn with them for a little while. He would never have his belongings entirely unpacked, because he wanted to be ready to go back to his Monastery when the time should come. He wore his habit habitually, and he sat on the terrace or in the garden through the long Summer days, his two beloved children at his side, and his dear grandson often near him.

The gentle figure of Mrs. O'Connor was there, courteous and deferential to the priest who honored her house by his presence, though she could not know he was the father of those two whom she loved so tenderly, and had guarded so well with even more than a mother's love. Then a day came when she yielded her pious and dutiful soul to her Creator, and Father Fidelis was there to comfort her daughters, and to close her anointed eyes, and say the Mass for her eternal repose.

He talked of the past with his children. He opened all the recesses of his great heart to their affectionate and

Father Fidelis at the Age of 81

With his daughters, Mme. Charles de Cazotte and Miss Frances O'Connor, and his grandson, Michel de Cazotte, in the garden at San Mateo, California

wondering vision. They knew what it was to be close in intimate converse with his holy spirit of sacrifice.

There was a dear cousin who had come to help Frances in her mother's illness, a niece of Mrs. O'Connor, and to her also the beloved presence of Father Fidelis became a source of untold joy and gratitude to God. There were a few intimate friends who witnessed the almost celestial happiness of these souls, separated so long for the love of God, and united so marvellously by His Providence, His unspeakable mercy.

The dearly loved and venerated Cardinal Gibbons had been a great friend and admirer of Father Fidelis, always listening to him with profound attention. One of the last letters he wrote from San Mateo to Father Felix Ward was of sympathy for the passing of the Cardinal:

I have been wishing, and hoping to write to you to assure you of my heartfelt sympathy at the passing away of your great and true friend, our beloved Cardinal.

I know that his death is a personal loss and grief to your Reverence. Yes, I wished to write; and now when I hope to be able to say something, that which I feared has come upon me. Something has given way in my head; my thoughts are scattered like sweet bells jangled out of tune, and the pain is too great. One thing I must say while I can yet hold a pencil, that looking over the past, I see and rejoice to know that I had two friends dearer to me than all the rest—yourself and dear Father Edmund of the Heart of Mary.

We are in God's Hands; I may rally, but I should be glad to go in peace. If this should prove to be a brief farewell, I know that I shall be remembered in your good prayers; and that by God's sweet mercy we shall meet in heaven. In Jesus and Mary,

Yours,

FIDELIS OF THE CROSS, C. P.

"Father Stone was the light of my soul," writes an Ursuline Religious, Mother Angela, who looks back over

many years of service to the poorest of mankind in Alaska, the farthest limit of space almost from the corner of Texas where the last days of labor of Kent Stone were passed.

I first saw him in Cincinnati when he came with Archbishop Purcell to visit my mother. He was radiant with zeal. I could but look at him, and listen, and long to love God as he did. His very presence fanned into resistless flame my young vocation for Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience. He came once to the Ursuline Convent of St. Martin, Brown Co., Ohio. It was St. Cecilia's day, the fourth anniversary of my profession. There were eighty religious in this convent, and they were all touched by the charm of the eloquence of Father Stone, and his courtly love of religious Poverty, and like St. Francis of old he cherished her as his bride.

Mother Angela had received many letters of value from Father Fidelis while he was in South America, but they were all destroyed when her convent in Alaska was burned to the ground.

By God's dear Providence she saw him at San Mateo, just a month before his death, when standing with his "little Frances" at his side he said to her "I must go back soon to the Monastery." She saw his exceeding joy, his foretaste of paradise in companionship with his children, she, who like many another, was his spiritual child. He was the father and comforter of many souls; all in all to hearts hidden in the Heart of God.

The Little Sisters of the Poor, The Good Shepherd Sisters, Sisters of Mercy who sheltered his little ones, the Sacred Heart which was home to him alike in North and South America, these and many more received the young lives he sent to fill their ranks for heavenly contemplation and work for souls.

There were a number of letters he wanted to write, and

he kept a list beside him, but he was never able through those last precious weeks.

A pension had been paid him, a small stipend, and this he always sent to a crippled girl in the Argentine. After his death, his dear daughter Frances found the envelope ready to go, and sent it.

The Carmelite Convent at Santa Clara welcomed him. He had converse there with the beloved friend, who had consoled him and written to him so often, and who knew his heart so well and its heroic and unusual sacrifice. She writes:

> He had dreamed of religious vocations for his children, and of years of spiritual communing with them, when he could be the Father of their interior life, . . . but it was not the Will of God for him, and that Divine Will was the bread of life to him. He was shaken to the core of his being when he saw the impossibility of all he most longed for, but he never wavered. It was the chalice of his agony, and he drained it to the dregs.

He found devotion and loyalty and truth in his children. Their sweet companionship sustained him and consoled him in the end.

All the lovely things of life were about him. He watched the glorious bloom of flowers along the garden paths, he gathered fruits from the laden trees, he heard the song of birds, he watched the shy quails in the evergreens. He saw the glorious pageant of the sky as the sun rose and set over the golden hills, and he knew that the star of death would rise soon for him in the eternal Heavens. He had prepared to go back to Chicago and had written to the Secretary of his Class of 1861 at Harvard, Mr. Charles Storrow, for he hoped to bring his beloved Frances with him to his friends in Torresdale, and he had long wished to go to Harvard for his Class reunion. A letter came to warm his heart from one of his classmates, —for to the end he loved the companions of his youth.

16 Fairfield Street,
Boston, Mass.
July 7, 1921.

My dear Kent Stone:—

Old friend of my remote school-boy days! I cannot let this formal Report, made by me to the Classmates of '60, go to you without sending with it a few lines of personal greeting.

What long, *long* years have passed since you and I were at once rivals and none the less warm friends,—rivals for the first place on the rank-list at Dixwell's; rivals also, perhaps, for a little while, as aspirants for the first place in the affections of Mamie Lawrence, good and kindly girl, who I thought gave you the preference,—and I am pleased to remember that I felt no unkindly jealousy towards you! What far-away memories!!

Well, in the long intervals since then, our lives and our interests have been wide enough asunder. Each has had his share of success, I suppose; you, I fancy, more than I; as should be the case, for you have been much more earnest and faithful than I, who have been rather of the "Careless Gallio" type, I fear. But I am sure that you have led the happier life, and now at the close are far the happier man,—and for good reason, for each is reaping the harvest of his own sowing. I say this because I can easily and surely see it as I have read your book, *An Awakening, and What Followed.* I read the book with the liveliest interest; it seemed to me so instinct with your personality, just as I remembered you. Your face and your bearing and manner rose before me as I turned the pages. The scholarly tastes of course have remained with you; but the deep feeling, the sincerity, the earnestness, the gentleness, the warm kindliness were what I especially noted with infinite pleasure. I was charmed by the spirit, which I so well recognized. Would that I had been given your happy capacity for faith! But it was not allotted to me; and if it is not given, it cannot be acquired. One's fundamental, original, implanted qualities, mental, temperamental, spiritual, abide with him,—they *are him*,—all his life. He may wish that the grouping had been different, but he cannot do more

than effect trifling and immaterial modifications. You will contradict this; but I shall answer: Credo xperto.

Well, my old friend, I shake your hand warmly, across the breadth of the Continent, and wish you God-speed on the long journey which we must both make—(at least, if your faith be indeed true),—before much more time has passed.

I *wonder* whether we shall really ever meet again! I should like to.

Most truly yours,
JOHN T. MORSE, JR.

From the report of the Secretary of the Class of 1860 the following is taken:

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

COMMENCEMENT DAY, JUNE 23, 1921

JAMES KENT STONE,—FATHER FIDELIS, Passionist.

I have not been in direct communication with Stone, but by letters written by him to Mrs. Spaulding I learn with regret that his strength seems to be failing,—although it is true that he has recently been able to make the journey from Chicago, where he has long been stationed, to California. He never has spared himself in labor and he never will. He had recently published a book: *An Awakening and What Followed.* It opens with the story of his awakening, or conversion, to Catholicism, and develops into an historical and argumentative vindication of that faith. Of its controversial value I have not the knowledge to speak; but I may venture to say that I have found the book to be very interesting, even for the inexpert reader. It is marked by the scholarship and the literary finish and grace which we should expect from Stone.

Even higher praise is won by the gentle, even tender atmosphere of kindliness which pervades his pages; one feels really pained that one is not persuaded by his friendly earnestness.

The last quarter of the volume is occupied by his letters, written for the most part from South America, and which

are very picturesque,—for, indeed, Stone has the poetic nature, as well as gift of expression.

It must ever be a source of regret to us that circumstances did not permit Stone to remain enrolled as a "'60 man" to the end.

That nothing on this earth might be lacking to the consolation and peace of the generous spirit so soon to seek and find his reward in Heaven, the Father General of the Passionists and the Father Procurator on their way to Australia, came to see him. He had the exceeding joy of conversing with his General, and of receiving his blessing.

And now the end had come. The brave soldier had finished his course. It came quickly. There was no struggle, he was conscious to his last breath, praying his favorite ejaculations, and the while holding in his hands his life-long companion, his little crucifix, and having about his neck his beloved rosary, while the arms of his daughter, Frances, supported him.

His Superior, Father Alphonsus wrote:

> That God should have directed that trip to San Mateo is undeniable. It was the special and personal reward of the Most High to the Father and Priest of God for severing the ties of flesh and blood to obey the call of the Master, many, many years ago, (next year would witness the Golden Jubilee of his Priesthood), as well as the special and personal reward of the Father of Fathers to Mary and Frances, the children, that both he and they should be reunited, before death, after so many and long years of separation, a sacrifice heroically mutual.

He said his Mass in the little chapel at his daughter's house every day, and could give full vent to his devotion. He had planned to say the Mass of Saint Teresa on her feast day, October 15th, at the Carmelite Convent of Santa Clara, but God called him on the eve of that day. The late Autumn flowers from the Convent Garden were

brought by loving hands and placed around him as he lay majestic and calm before the altar in that humble chapel.

Father Fidelis was taken to St. Louis, and on a fair day of marvellous beauty, the 22nd of October, he lay again in state in St. Ann's Church, where the beautiful office of the Dead was chanted, and the Mass sung, and his virtues told to the assembled people. They passed in solemn file, to look on his perfect repose; mothers lifting their little children to see the dear friend of childhood, whose tender arms were always extended to them in life, whose answering smile always met their own.

He was then taken to the Passionist Monastery at Normandy and buried there, in that place, which he spoke of as "a beautiful and quiet place, with ample grounds and stately trees," where he had taught rhetoric and sacred eloquence and prepared young priests for their missionary work, and where with trembling hand he wrote the record of his own experience after many days.

"We thank Thee for the quiet rest
Thy servant taketh now,
And for the good fight foughten well,
And for his crowned brow."

Frances

Frances' life was sweet and quiet. She had a fine mind and inherited from her distinguished father his gift for mathematics. Kent Stone had taken mathematics for his "elective," and gained a reputation by a volume of notes on "quaternions" and the "Fourth Dimension," which Professor Pierce borrowed from him for use in the class room. Frances was calm and had sound reasoning powers. She was a good musician and had artistic gifts; she was careful and painstaking and methodical; she had the fair coloring of her mother's family. Her father said, "the Fays were all fair, except that the daughter who married had shining black hair and black eyes with a complexion as fair as the fairest white flower." (That was her mother.) But Frances had fair hair, and her eyes were exactly her father's eyes, and as he said of them, "they were very dark, and very steady, and well apart, and her forehead was low and broad." She seemed to have almost an abnormal dread of putting herself forward in any way. That was her father's way. He would hide himself from all the world, and so would she. But when there was a duty to be done, or an emergency to be met, Frances was ready. "Staunch loyalty was perhaps her chief characteristic," her sister writes of her, "and a place once found in her heart was there forever."

She devoted herself, heart and soul, to her adopted mother, and was her constant companion, giving her a

loving and tender care, and from life long association there was a strong resemblance between them in manner and speech.

Her love for her newly found father possessed her whole being. Nothing could be more touching than her exalted sorrow when he died, so very shortly after she had brought him to her home. She wrote to one of his old friends:

> The sunset of his life was to him and to me almost heavenly happiness:—the crowning glory, that it was he who gave the final blessing to my dear mother when her beautiful life came to a peaceful close on July 26th.
>
> Frances, dearest [her father wrote to her] trust your poor father. He is never going to cause you any trouble or anxiety or embarrassment. He will never ask you or expect you to do anything but only what you do of your own sweet accord. He knows that you are brave and gentle and true, that you are humble and self-sacrificing, and that the sunshine of God's peace is ever upon you.

This is the truest description of her. Her father knew.

They would sit together in perfect understanding, in blissful content, while her little dog ran for the ball her father would throw to him, or while he fingered the leaves of his *Golden Treasury*, the constant companion of his days.

When he was gone from her, and she could see his face no more, nor see in his eyes the reflection of her own, she could not live without him. God's dear Hand was upon her. She wanted to live only long enough to give his life to the world. Her father, her saint, her priest of God! She wanted to tell his life; to herald his apostolic zeal, to publish his goodness; so she gathered all that she could of scattered papers, of pictures and letters. It is her helpful zeal that has made the present work possible. She never saw the early letters. They came after her death from relatives in Boston. She never knew that the kind,

trustworthy hand which guided her own, would so soon be taken; that the sympathy of her father's friend who had undertaken to write the life for her, would so soon follow her into the unseen land.

She had prepared her house, and made all things ready to cross the great Rocky Mountains again and come to her waiting friends in the East, when suddenly the summons came, and quietly and peacefully as she had lived, she died on October 7th, within a week of the anniversary of her father's death.

Her father's friend, John T. Morse, Jr., wrote to her this letter which she herself copied with careful exactness:

16 Fairfield Street,
Boston, Mass.
Nov. 17, 1921.

My dear Miss O'Connor:

Your note of the 11th inst., and photograph of your father, reached me yesterday, and I hasten to send you my most warm thanks for your kindness.

Your father and I were school-mates for many years at Mr. Dixwell's school, before we entered Harvard in 1856. We were rivals in scholarship, (for the first place, I am glad to say!) and none the less were the closest and dearest of friends. Later in life the currents of our respective lives swept us far apart, but my memory of him is as fresh as if I had seen him within a few days.

It is strange, and it is a noteworthy tribute to him, that while my recollection of the faces of all the other fifty boys in the school has grown dim, I recall him with life-like vividness. I used to think him the most beautiful boy I had ever seen; and I venture to take to myself some credit for having so fully appreciated his singularly tender, gentle and lovable character,—for boys are not always apt to appreciate such qualities.

I have studied the photograph with much interest. In spite of the changes wrought by so much more than sixty

years, I trace the familiar features, especially those beautiful eyes remain the same as ever. A more true and pure nature it has not been my fortune to meet in my journey through life.

I have, at intervals, heard of his useful and noble achievements with much pleasure; I knew that he would have a fine career, as he certainly has.

I have written a few lines of "tribute" to him, for the *Harvard Graduates Magazine.* Though he belonged to the Class of 1861, I thought that his year with the Class of 1860 entitled me to say a few brief words, and I could not resist the wish to do so. I will see that a copy is sent to you,—the June number.

I congratulate you on having had such a father! I read his "Awakening" with profound admiration, not only for his scholarship but for the charming kindliness of tone which pervaded it.

Very gratefully yours,

JOHN T. MORSE, JR.

It is fitting that the tribute of his friend should close these pages.

All regret for self depreciation, for lack of worldly success disappears in the last analysis of the character of the man of God whose humility had reached the verge of folly. He despised his genius, and insisted only on the one great aim of his existence, the preaching of the gospel of the Crucified; "not in wisdom of speech, lest the Cross of Christ should be made void. . . . Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world? For seeing that in the wisdom of God the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of our preaching to save them that believe."

Appendix

MODERATION AND TOLERATION IN THEOLOGY

A SERMON

Preached in

ROSSE CHAPEL, GAMBIER, O.

February 24th, 1867

By

JAMES KENT STONE
Professor in Kenyon College

Published by Request

Gambier, O.
Western Episcopalian Book & Job Office.
1867

Rev. Jas. Kent Stone, A.M.,

Dear Sir,—The undersigned, and many others, having heard with great pleasure the Sermon delivered by you in Rosse Chapel on last Sunday morning, and believing that the views and spirit of the same are eminently calculated to produce peace, harmony, and Christian Charity, not only among the members of our own beloved Church, but also among all, of every name, who love our Lord Jesus Christ, most respectfully ask a copy of said Sermon for publication.

Yours very truly,

M. White,
E. C. Benson,
A. Blake,
E. E. Kellogg,
Charles Short,
S. T. Bourne,
Joseph Leonard,
John Trimble.

Gambier, February 25th, 1867.

M. White, Esq., Rev. E. C. Benson, Rev. A. Blake, Rev. E. E. Kellogg, and others:—

Gentlemen:—I transmit herewith for your disposal a copy of my sermon as it was delivered in Rosse Chapel last Sunday morning.

In that sermon I attack no man, and no man's belief; on the contrary, the position taken is purely a defensive one. Painfully conscious of existing differences in theological opinion, I ventured an appeal for theological toleration;—it is strange that such a plea, however imperfectly presented, should have been misconstrued by any one into "an attempt to remove all the precious truths of Revelation into the debatable region of speculation." Such misapprehension, while it seems to argue a lack of theological appreciation, is, at the same time, too serious to pass unnoticed. Permit me, therefore, dear Sirs, to record the hope that a candid perusal of the sermon will be followed by as candid a retraction of such a judgment.

Special exception has been taken to the language used in reference to the doctrine of Justification. I can only say

that the words employed were chosen advisedly although, in so brief an allusion, I was forced to leave them undefended. In the original manuscript, (which, it is but fair to say, was written some time ago), the question was stated at considerable length. My first desire was to vindicate my position and language by submitting to you the omitted passage, to be printed, should you see fit, with the rest of the discourse. I have concluded, however, to let the words stand precisely as they were spoken. That there is no mystery in the matter of our Justification, they may maintain who will. How I treat that mystery is another question. As, however, I have declined to treat it at all, it is difficult to see upon what ground I am open to criticism.

I must crave pardon, dear Sirs, for trespassing thus far upon your courtesy. I have felt that a few words were due, for the sake of my own theological reputation, as well as for the cause of that truth which we all agree in holding.

Now that the words spoken are about to assume a more permanent form, suffer me to give expression to the feeling which alone prompted me to speak them,—the earnest hope that everywhere, and by every means, Christians may be drawn together, to "hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life"; that the dogma*tism* of dogmatic theology may be somewhat abated; and that, while we make it our first aim to follow Christ in our daily walk, we may be tempted to exclude from the high prerogatives which we claim for ourselves none, on either side of us, who profess to love Him and receive Him as the Saviour of the world.

I am, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

Jas. Kent Stone.

Kenyon College, March 1st, 1867.

Sermon

DEUT. xxix., 29. "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God: but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children."

It was a high speech of Pascal, that "the last step of reason is to know that there is an infinitude of things which surpass it." I say, this was a lofty saying; but how strained and rhetorical the great Frenchman's words appear when brought into comparison with the sublime simplicity of the text: "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God: but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children." We are truly wise just in proportion as we have fathomed the truth of these ancient words. And that man is wisest of all who has best proved the narrow limits of his own reason, who can best draw the dividing line hinted at in the sacred oracle, who can most surely tell what things they be which are "revealed," and what are the "secret things" which belong only unto the Lord our God. We all admit, for both philosophy and the Bible tell us so, that God is a Being in His absoluteness utterly incomprehensible by our finite minds; that He is known to us only through certain *relations*, and by certain attributes akin to those which we ourselves possess. "Canst thou by searching find out God?" is a question demanded in the earliest writing which the world possesses; and still that sublime interrogation stands in cloudy majesty, unanswerable; for God in His essence, yes, and in His ways, must forever be to

man "past finding out." Happy, then, is that man whose daily thoughts and studies are controlled, penetrated, and subdued by an abiding consciousness of his great truth. He who is infinite in wisdom, who "prepared it, yea, and searched it out," did not see fit to endow His creature with powers capable of comprehending His divine nature, or of fathoming the depth of His eternal counsels; but He set man in a narrow path, and made it plain before him, and said unto him, "This do, and thou shalt live," "The fear of the Lord, this" to thee "is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding."

In dwelling upon this thought this morning, dear friends, I propose to consider the former rather than the latter clause of the text. I shall endeavor with you to realize the truth that, while there has been given us an all-sufficient and an all-precious revelation, there are yet secret things which belong only unto the Lord our God. It is a truth which meets us at every turn of reason. It is a truth which has made many men,—some of them of brilliant minds, but all of them of narrow minds,—atheists. We cannot advance a step in any direction without coming upon problems shrouded in impenetrable mystery, and to finite minds involving hopeless contradictions. Why God, who is all holy and merciful, ever permitted sin to exist, seeing He could have prevented it; why, when sin came, He did not wholly instead of partially remove its curse and power; why the child derived it from its parent; why the unsinning brute creation is involved in pain and death, the wages of sin; "why, whereas one-half the infants who are born die before the age of reason and responsibility, yet God did cause all to die in infancy who, He foresees, will, if they live, live wickedly"; how God's irresistible will can govern all things, and yet the truth of man's free-agency and moral accountability stand unimpaired;—these, and many like them, are questions which baffle us in our conceptions of the omnipotence,

the justice, and the goodness of God. Neither Scripture nor philosophy will answer them. Concerning them Milton has described even angelic beings as lost in inextricable difficulty.

I. And here we mark off one line of thought suggested by the text. Expressed in modern phrase, it is this: *The limited nature of revelation, and the insuperable difficulties which confront us the moment we go beyond revelation.* I refer in general to the problems of what is called *natural* religion, problems which are not touched at all in the word of God, and which would have existed, just as they now exist, had the Bible never been given. The existence of evil, for instance, and the infinite suffering endured by the brute creation, which seem made but to prey upon one another, are phenomena which appear to impugn the power and goodness of God as conceived by mere reason, quite as much as they impugn his character as presented in revelation. Our highest wisdom in these matters is to bow in implicit, childlike trust. Then only shall we know that peace which comes by submission of the understanding to faith.

O, yet we trust that somehow good
  Will be the final goal of ill
  To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
  That not one life shall be destroyed,
  Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
  That not a moth with vain desire
  Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last to all,
And every winter turn to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

"Behold, we know not anything": but all that to us is contradictory, and full of painful mystery, is clear and right to Him who seeth the end from the beginning. "Now we know in part"; but, thank God, all will be clear to us also when at last we shall "see as we are seen, and know even as also we are known."

II. And now let us take another step in our subject. If the God of Nature be also the God of the Bible, we shall be prepared by analogy to meet with difficulties in the word of God, just as we have already met with them in the moral and physical world. And thus indeed we find it. It is true that of the dark parts of Scripture there are many which may be cleared up by the studious application of well employed talents; but there are others which, in the words of Bishop Warburton, "will recede within the shadow of God's throne, where it would be impiety to intrude." There is no contradiction here. It is not absurd to say that a thing may be revealed, and yet may be in some sense secret. The revelation may involve a mystery; it may lead us on and up into the inscrutable. We may have one point given of a locus whose equation is to us indeterminate. We may have a partial statement of a great law, whose complete development is far beyond our reach. We follow the thread a little way, and then we lose it in the trackless labyrinth of Infinity.

And thus we have given the second thought suggested

by the text;—namely, the limited sphere of our intelligence as shown by our ignorance of, I may say by our *inability* to comprehend, many things which naturally fall, not outside of, but *within the province of revelation.*

This is a profound subject, and one which could not be adequately treated in a sermon. It is not my design, therefore, on this occasion to enter into any lengthy discussion of this question, nor to attempt any full unfolding of its tremendous scope. I desire merely to touch briefly upon two or three familiar points, and to show by their instance how complete in many things is our ignorance of God's ways and purposes, and how feeble our attempts to fathom His infinite plans.

(a) First, then, let us take the question as to the future condition of those to whom the message of God's word has never come,—the Gentiles of the pre-Christian dispensation, the heathen of our own.

I hold that on this point God never intended in His word to give us satisfaction. And I cannot but think that if men had rightly interpreted the silence of the Bible in this matter, they would have been spared much painful questioning and profitless disputation. Few subjects have given rise to more speculation, and on few are the great names in theology more divided. To cite but two or three,—we have, on the one hand, Augustine, Luther, and Cranmer, stoutly maintaining the eternal damnation of all to whom the gospel has never come: and on the other we find Chrysostom and Zwinglius arguing that heathen as well as infants, might partake of God's mercies in Christ. Texts such as the 17th verse of the 9th Psalm,—"The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God,"—are used on the one side, and on the other, the remarkable passage in the second chapter of Romans,—"There is no respect of persons with God. For as many as have sinned without law shall also perish without law: and as many as have sinned in the law shall be

judged by the law; (for not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified. For when the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves: which show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another;) in the day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ"—this passage, I say, and certain expressions in St. Paul's speech on Mars' Hill, are alleged as proving that it is *not impossible* that heathens may be capable of salvation. But from indications so meagre and uncertain, and upon a subject of such profound importance and difficulty, no dogmatic inference can be drawn. And, in general, when theologians have reasoned on this subject, their arguments have been inferences deduced from other doctrines, and not express statements of Scripture. "Revelation is addressed to those whom it concerns, and tells us very little of the state of those to whom it is not addressed. Our business is to follow Christ, and not to ask, 'Lord, and what shall this man do?' There is a marked purpose in Scripture not to gratify man's idle curiosity."[1] Dr. Arnold says, in one of his letters,

> I hold it to be a most certain rule of interpreting Scripture that it never speaks *of* persons when there is a physical impossibility of its speaking *to* them. . . . So the heathen who died before the word was spoken, and in whose land it was never preached, are dead to the word; it concerns them not at all; but the moment it can reach them it is theirs and for them.

(b) For the second, and indeed the main illustration of our theme, I would gladly take a subject which, while it is the first to attract our attention in Scripture, is at the

[1] Harold Browne.

same time the most momentous which can occupy our thoughts,—namely, *the ground of our final acceptance with God*. I allude to the question of Justification by Faith and Justification by Works.[1] Practically there is no difficulty here. The way is plain on either side. The "things revealed" are in this case explicit and full and clear. And yet, I hold, with thoughtful and wise men of all ages, that there is an intellectual difficulty here which evades the grasp of most subtle speech or reason. When we attempt to follow it, this too "recedes within the shadow of God's throne." I say, I would gladly make this question the main illustration of the thought of the text; but into any discussion of this subject from this place, and at this time, I dare not trust myself to enter. With this allusion, therefore, I pass the matter by.

(c) Gladly also would I draw from another field, and one which offers a store of ready illustration,—the field, namely, of the unknown future, of *unfulfilled prophecy*. There are a few lofty truths,—I refer to the three or four summed up briefly in the prophetic articles of the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds, those grand epitomes of catholic truth,—there are, I say, a few outstanding facts of prophecy, which take their place among the "things revealed," and which "belong unto us"; but there are many "secret things" which *as yet* belong unto the Lord our God. We are travellers now across the plain of this world's history. Before us rise the mountain peaks which mark the end of time. How near or how distant those mountains may be, we know not; for the atmosphere of futurity gives no perspective. Only their majestic summits stand out sharp and clear, against the background of Eternity: all else is shrouded in the clouds and darkness which are round about their base. Now "we know in part, and we prophesy in part." But, "when that which is perfect

[1] Rom. iii., 28; James ii., 24.

is come," when the long calm of time shall be broken, when the wind of *fulfillment* shall have gone forth,—then it shall blow away the mists of time and sense, and in the sunlight of eternity that whole glittering mountain range shall stand transfigured. With this faint picture I pass this topic also by. Lord Bacon never wrote words of profounder wisdom than these:

> In Divinity many things must be left abrupt, and concluded with this:—Oh! the depth! . . . For the Inditer of Scripture did know four things which no man attains to know,—the mysteries of the kingdom of glory, the perfection of the laws of nature, the secrets of the heart of man, and the future succession of all ages.

(d) For our fourth and last point, let us take the question concerning *the nature of Predestination and Election*, and closely connected therewith, the question as to *the possibility of falling from grace.*

Historically, these problems, and others similar which hinge upon them, have, it may be safely said, given rise to more protracted and bitter dispute than any among the sadly frequent controversies of the Church. From the days of Augustine downward, a weary conflict has been waged, in which hard words have been bandied to and fro by followers of the same Prince of Peace, and in which such phrases as "Final Perseverance" and "Indefectibility of Grace" have been made a shibboleth to test men's orthodoxy, and their right to be considered members of a Catholic Church. It is hard to say on which side the greatest names are ranged,—or which has shown the other the less Christian charity. Certain it is that an amount of zeal and intellectual energy has been wasted in weakening and dividing Christ's Church which might have won glorious conquests in a warfare with the hosts of ignorance, error, and wrong.

The Calvinist, starting with the idea of the infinite perfection, the independence, the absolute sovereignty of God, deduces, by a chain of faultless logic, the doctrine of man's complete subserviency to an irresistible Will. The Arminian, laying as a foundation that God is just, holy, and merciful, builds thereupon, by reasoning equally without a flaw, the truth of man's Free-will, by which alone his actions become moral, that is, right or wrong, capable of reward or punishment. Both lay down general principles which cannot be disputed; and both argue justly from their first principles. The trouble is simply this,—we are not able to deal with these first principles; they are utterly beyond the grasp of our finite comprehension. We may use them as propositions, but not as premises; for any reasoning from such postulates would lead us we know not whither. The problems, indeed, we may evoke; but their solution lies with Him of whom these great first truths must equally be predicated.

On the question of Final Perseverance the Bible contains much on either side which may be used in argument. On the other hand, we have such passages as these: "This is the Father's will which hath sent me, that of all which He hath given me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day." "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." (John vi. 39; x. 27, 38.) And in the epistles of St. Paul: "The gifts and calling of God are without repentance." (Rom. xi. 29.) "Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall confirm you unto the end, that he may be blameless in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ. God is faithful by whom ye are called unto the fellowship of His son." (1 Cor. i. 7–9.) "Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ." (Phil. i. 6.)

"The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His." (2 Tim. ii. 19.) Again, St. Peter speaks of an inheritance "reserved in heaven for those who are *kept* by the power of God through faith unto salvation":—"kept," *guarded as in an impregnable fortress*, as the Greek word signifies. (1 Pet. i. 4, 5.) And St. John writes, "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him: and he cannot sin, because he is born of God." (1 John iii. 19.)

On the other hand, there is material yet more abundant. We have warnings against falling away, exhortations to stand fast, and prayers for perseverance;[1] there are declarations that those only who "*endure to the end*" shall be saved; those who "*keep their garments*" shall be blessed; that "*if we continue in the faith grounded and settled, and be not moved away,*" we shall be presented holy in the sight of God.[2] There are frequent statements of the rejection and condemnation of such as, having been in a state of grace, fall away from it,—and which it is hard to believe are only meant to frighten us from an impossible danger.[3] Then, too, we have the parables of the Sower, and of the Vine and the Branches; to say nothing of such positive statements as these: "For if, after they have escaped the pollutions of the world through the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, they are again entangled therein and overcome, the latter end is worse with them than the beginning. For it had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than, after they have known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them. But it is happened unto them according to the true proverb. The dog is turned unto his own vomit again, and the sow that was washed to her

[1] Rom. xi. 20, 21; 1 Cor. x. 1–12; 1 Cor. xvi. 13; Col. ii. 6–8; 1 Thess. v. 19; Heb. iii. 12; xii. 15; 2 Pet. iii. 17.

[2] Matt. x. 22; Col. i. 21–23; Heb. iii. 6; Rev. xvi. 15.

[3] Ezek. xviii. 24; xxxiii. 18; Matt. v. 13; Heb. x. 26–29, 38.

wallowing in the mire." (2 Pet. ii. 20–22.) "It is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance; seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame." (Heb. vi. 4–6.)

Is it not safe to say that the question of Perseverance is *left unsolved* in Scripture?—not apparently because beyond our comprehension if revealed, but because God's infinite wisdom saw best that it should be left undecided. It is as if He had given just warning and uncertainty enough to cause us to "work out our own salvation with fear and trembling," and just encouragement enough to suffice for comfort and sweet "assurance of faith." "O, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments and His ways past finding out."

III. The lessons to be learned from our subject are briefly three.

(1) First, *Humility.* As we meditate upon these divine mysteries, may the Holy Spirit beget in us a most devout and reverent temper of mind. "Faith," says St. Basil, "is competent to know *that* God is, not *what* God is." And St. Cyril declares that "in those things which concern God it is great knowledge to confess our ignorance." And in the same spirit our own Hooker writes,

> Dangerous it were for the feeble brain of man to wade far into the doings of the Most High; whom although to know be life, and joy to make mention of His name, yet our soundest knowledge is to know that we know Him not as indeed He is, neither can know Him.

(2) Secondly, we learn *Charity.* No man, however

high his authority, ought to be dogmatic, no man has a right to be domineering, in a matter of speculative theology. Alas, that men of letters and men of science should have learned to debate with modesty and kindly courtesy, while the bitterness of theological controversy,—the *odium theologicum*,—should have passed into a byword and a sneer! In the early ages the world paused a moment from its angry strife, and exclaimed, as Tertullian tells us, "See how these Christians love one another!" Alas, that now the deadliest shaft in the quiver of that world's scorn should be, "See how these Christians hate one another!" O, that mine eyes may yet behold the time when Christian brethren shall cordially agree to differ in *opinion*, while keeping lovingly "the unity of the *spirit*, in the bond of peace"! Most men are charitable; but alas, it is only *in one direction*. We all of us have our *leanings;*—I mean, that you and I may stand upon the same platform, and yet your *sympathies* may go forth one way, and mine the other;—and alas, it is *only in the direction of these our tendencies that we generally extend our charity*. Perhaps we give it lavishly, and then we pride ourselves in this, and take great comfort from the thought of our Christian liberality and broad sympathy,—quite overlooking the cruel wall of hatred and separation which we are doggedly building *on the other side*. O, let us strive to extend our charity in *both* directions, towards the side of our prejudices equally with that of our predilections. Let us strive to learn and to acknowledge that there are gradations of importance in religious truth and error, that there is an ascertainable distinction between things essential and unessential, and that many things which we have always classed with the former, really belong to the latter category. The general rule among theological combatants has been—and our own Church and our own time form no exceptions—that our first duty is to resist our supposed adversary, however excellent

in other respects, if he is outside our own pale, by widening the chasm between us, if he is inside our own pale, by striving to eject him from it. O, that an opposite spirit might prevail!—and I am thankful to believe that a better day is already dawning. I would that we might learn to look even upon evident error with a more charitable, yes, dear friends, with a more Christ-like spirit. It is a blessed thing to feel, with Mr. Robertson, a conviction that there is a truth below every form of error, that the strength of the error lies there, and that it is the province of Christian thought, not to fly in fury at the perversion, but to seek out the truth, and set it in its right place. It is a blessed thing to read such a sentiment as this, written by a theologian of the distant church of Russia,—

> Cicero maintains that there is no system of philosophy which is not based on some fundamental absurdity. I maintain, on the other hand, that there is no widely propagated error which is not based on some fundamental truth. See the point of view from which any error has arisen; then, and then only, will you understand it.

Who am I that I should judge my brother? Shall we not both "stand before the judgment seat of Christ?" "Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another;" things which lead, though indirectly, towards that true spiritual unity, in which, notwithstanding the sad divisions in the Church, all the saints, so far as they are sanctified, are one;—are one in their aims, one in their askings, one in their interests, one in their inheritance. Let us remember that the "things revealed," and in which we are all agreed, are many more and more considerable than the things in which we differ. "We are all of a mind concerning sin, that it is the worst thing in the world;

concerning Christ, that He is all in all; concerning the favor of God, that it is better than life; concerning the world, that it is vanity; concerning the word of God, that it is very precious."[1] Let us remember also, (to use the words of an eminent Nonconformist,) that "it is not the actual differences of Christian men which do the mischief, *but the mismanagement of those differences.*" In the light of our eternal destiny, the difference between Calvinist and Arminian,—yes, dear friends, and let me add, the difference between High Church and Low Church, Ritualist and Evangelical, Millenarian and old-fashioned Churchman,—is of infinitely less importance than the difference between charity and "envy, hatred, and malice." Out of the dark utterances of prophecy I may not be able to construct that elaborate framework which my brother finds no difficulty in building; yet it gives me joy to think that it is for the same Lord we both are looking, and that we both have learned to "love his appearing." God grant that when that Lord cometh, be it "at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning," we both may be found "watching." Truth is many-sided; my brother may behold one aspect, and I may see another; and yet it is possible there may be divinity in both. It has been well said by an eminent living theologian:

> Had the human mind the same power of holding fast points of agreement as of discerning differences, there would be an end of controversy. . . . If our Saviour were to come again to earth, which of all our theories would he sanction with his authority? Perhaps none of them; and yet all may be consistent with a true service of him. Who, as he draws near to Christ in the face of death, will not feel himself drawn towards his theological opponents? At the end of life, when a man looks back calmly, he is most likely to feel that he exaggerated in some things. . . . The truths about which

[1] Philip Henry.

we are disputing cannot themselves partake of the passing stir; they do not change even with the greater revolutions of human things. They are in eternity, and the likeness of them on earth is to be found, not in the movement on the surface of the waters, but in the depths of the silent sea. As a measure of the value of such disputes, we may carry our minds onwards to the invisible world, and there behold, as in a glass, the great theological teachers of past ages, who have anathematized each other in their lives, resting together in the communion of the same Lord.

(3) Lastly, we learn *Faith.* The great truths upon which we have been dwelling this morning are, indeed, to be approached by us only in a most reverent and self-renouncing spirit. Yet think not that these "deep things of God" are matters to be wholly avoided by us, as fraught with danger to our weak human understanding. Thank God, *they are among the most precious evidences of the divine origin of our religion.* For, a system of divinity all plain and simple, and expressible in the formulas of mere human logic, would be no revelation *from the Infinite to the finite.* These heavenly secrets are not stumbling-blocks, difficulties which harass and contradict our reason, and from which our moral instinct revolts; they are precious verities unfathomable, the richer in sweetness and divine comfort because beyond our grasp,—depths which the angels desire to look into, and to the contemplation and adoring study of which we may look forward through the ages of a blissful eternity.

The Vitality of the Church a Manifestation of God

Discourse Delivered November 13, 1889

By REV. FATHER FIDELIS, C.P.

"Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory, for Thy mercy and for Thy truth's sake; lest the Gentiles should say: Where is their God?" (Ps. cxiii, 9, 10.)

My Christian Friends and Fellow-Countrymen—

This is a day for us, not so much of effort in the initiation of a great work, but rather of wonder and thanksgiving, whilst we contemplate the things which the Omnipotent God has done for us and among us. It is ours to gaze upon the evolution of God's plan, becoming intelligible before our eyes. It is ours to stand still a moment, to stand like the rescued people of old, and behold what God hath wrought. We have been brought out of a land of bondage. Our fathers passed over the Red Sea of obstruction which girdled them round as with despair. They were led through the weary wilderness of trial and patient waiting. And now we, their children, have come into a goodly land, into this land of promise, into a plenteous inheritance. Here may we sit at ease, each under his vine and fig tree, with none to make us afraid, whilst roundabout on every side the old walled cities of antique prejudice are silently crumbling, as at the

touch of an unseen hand. Well may we raise our hearts to-day in solemn rejoicing, and break into the oftsung words of the psalm of deliverance:

When Israel came out of Egypt, the House of Jacob from a barbarous people, Judea was made His sanctuary, Israel His dominion. The sea saw and fled, Jordan was driven back. At the presence of the Lord the earth was moved, at the presence of the God of Jacob, who turned the rock into pools of water and the stony hill into fountains of water. Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory, for Thy mercy and for Thy truth's sake.

I shall not attempt, my friends, on this occasion any formal or academic discourse fit for the opening of a new university. I leave this task for those to whom it rightly belongs and to those who speak with authority. We stand only on the skirts of the assembly which has gathered together to honor this festal day. I address you, therefore, as one of yourselves, as one of the multitude, whilst I ask you to follow me in a few reflections which will be but carrying out of the idea already touched on in your hearing, as seeming to be the natural and irrepressible keynote of this harmonious celebration. I offer you this thought, that the vitality of the Catholic Church is a manifestation of God; that the spectacle of the Church's life and work, her majestic development, carries with it the conviction that the Almighty is operating by her, and that the finger of God is here. I shall not endeavor to prove this as a proposition, but rather to bring it home to you as a fact. Scholastic dissertation on such a subject would be not merely out of place, it would be to fall below the level of our theme, and to treat as a dead theorem what we would rather gaze at as a living reality. We are not discussing a doctrine; we are contemplating a great, a divine exhibition; it is there, before us; if we will but open

the eyes of our mind to behold it, we can catch its outlines looming out on the slow-moving canvas of time. And it will be mine to-day simply to point you to the picture, and then to leave you to your own meditations.

My friends, the only hope for humanity is that there is somewhere a revelation, a manifestation of God in time, a coming in of the Infinite into this world of ours. The woes of our race are too real, too deep, too inveterate to be healed by any but a Divine touch. And yet the world goes on, blindly seeking some outlet from its misery where, alas! there is none; it dreams fever-dreams of happiness, and starts up to find its condition more hopeless than before. Century after century passes, and still the "hungry generations" push each other on, and the cry of desperation grows wilder as civilization becomes more elaborate. You believe in a God, do you not? (I speak to those here present who may not be Catholics). Yes, I know you do, though sometimes you may have been tempted to doubt Him. Better an infinite personal Spirit, directing all things in spite of apparent contradiction and imperfection, than a blind impersonal force, whirling us onward, we know not whither. Materialism is too degrading a doctrine to be held by men conscious of the dignity of their own spiritual powers; it could find an advocacy only in those baser passions of our nature which would rise up to dethrone spirit, and with it truth and right and moral responsibility. Yes, you believe in God, you believe in Him rather than know Him; and this belief has been to you a solace in the midst of much that is dark and perplexing. It has gone before you, like the pillar of fire and cloud, of fire by night and cloud by day, brighter, more distinct, in the darkness of silence and sorrow that shuts out the landscape of this world, yet still there amid the activity of daily life, an obscure majestic column, pointing towards heaven. But if you believe in God, you cannot doubt that He has given us a

Revelation, aye, and more than a Revelation, that He has come to the rescue of His creatures, and supplied them with a remedy for their ills. Being such as we are, to hold that God made us and then abandoned us would be to increase a hundredfold the intellectual misery of our situation. Plato's "great hope" that a God would come and give us "some surer word" than that of human speculation is only the lofty expression of that mute instinct wherewith the whole human race looks upward with agonizing desire for help and for redemption. And help has come, in the fulness of time it came. Dear friends, there is but one institution which can be this manifestation of God in time. If the revelation has not been made already, it will never be made at all. After all these ages of human development, it is useless to expect any other. The heavens will not open again. The race of man has lived on too long, is too far advanced in its manhood and in its sufferings to look for a redeemer yet to come. And there is only one institution which claims, absolutely, unflinchingly, and to the uttermost, to be the solution of the difficulties that encompass our existence. Either the Catholic Church is God's agency set in operation and maintained by Him for the salvation of mankind, or else there is no hope from God—nothing but confusion, and struggle, and blind alarm, and ultimate despair.

Thinking men are everywhere seeing this, this solemn alternative; and nowhere are they seeing it more clearly than in this great country of ours, where, by the sweeping away of old forms of thought, intellectual activity has been stimulated into a boldness and accuracy hitherto unknown among the multitude. Nevertheless, there are, unfortunately, many whom this alternative is driving off into the blankness of negation, into the darkness and the cold. And why? Simply because they started in life with a presumption which rules out the claims of the Catholic Church, a presumption instilled into them

insensibly from the first opening of their reason—namely, that the old Church has been tried and found wanting; that she was cited at the bar of history and human experience and condemned centuries ago. Of Protestantism as such I cannot stop to speak. It has had its day and is passing, as all human systems of philosophy or religion must surely pass. It was an illogical effort of the human mind to put itself in possession of revelation without the aid of any authority, and all such fallacies are exposed in the end by the inexorable logic of time. But these clear-headed men of whom I speak, though not Protestants themselves, are the descendants of Protestants, and they are suffering from the mistakes of their forefathers; they have inherited what has been well called the Protestant tradition. And they form a large proportion, and, let me most willingly say it, some of the best material of this our Republic. To such as these, as well as to my Catholic brethren, I would address myself.

We often say that we are passing through a period of crisis, and that great events are hastening to their solution. The truth is, the world is always in a period of transition and always on the brink of something new. Nevertheless we may safely say it, the present age is one of unusual and momentous hesitation. Old things have passed away—what shall be the resultant of the new forces which have already gone into operation? Whether to be or not to be Christian, this is the question which is confronting our modern society; that is the problem which is being silently worked out in many minds, which looms up behind all political quarrels, and lies deeper than all social questions or the disputes of capital and labor. Whether to go off into final apostacy, or to cling still to the shreds of hope which flutter towards us from the torn garment of the past. Oh! the choice is a cruel one! and, I believe it, there are many who, not with inward satisfaction but rather with dire anguish, find themselves

forced by stress of reason into the abandonment of a creed which once was dear and still seems beautiful.

O, my brethren, look well to it, for the question, the choice is not such as you have supposed. To break utterly with the past, and cast it from us as a thing outworn, is folly, is madness. This is not the true philosophy of evolution. Real development implies continuity. And genuine progress, however swift its march, is not a cutting loose from the past nor a plunging into the darkness. We believe in an evolution more certain and a development more glorious than any which your modern scientists have dreamed of, because we believe that God is infinite activity and that the working out of His plans will bring order out of chaos and lead from darkness into marvellous light.

The problem of the present age is to find some system of thought and action which shall combine perfect stability with limitless progress; and this system is found and can be found only in the Catholic Church. She lays her hand upon the past, with all its treasures of experience, and all that is good in it is hers; she goes forward to meet the future without fear and with unalterable mien, for it also, with all its untold possibilities, shall be hers, to conquer, to inherit and to possess. And she is all this, and can do all this, because she comes from God and because the Divine Wisdom, which "reaches from end to end, directing all things strongly and sweetly," is with her and dwells within her forever. She, the Catholic Church, is the one thing in this world possessed of beauty "ever ancient and ever new"; she is the prudent householder of the Gospel who bringeth from her treasury "things new and old"; she is the bride of the Canticle who sings to her Spouse: "The new and the old, my Beloved, I have kept for Thee;" she is the holy city, the new Jerusalem, "coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband," and of her is heard the great voice from

the throne, saying: "Behold the tabernacle of God with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God Himself with them shall be their God. And He who sat on the throne said: Behold I make all things new." O loveliest vision! O fairest promise! O sweetest word of God, calling us away from our dull despondency, and bidding us look forward into the freshness of the morning, to the day-dawn of that future when our utmost craving for all that is new and beautiful in the perfection of our race shall be wholly realized!

Lift up your eyes, and look round about, and tell me, my friends, whether you can discern now in this Western World of ours the working of that vitality, that young life constantly renewed, of which I have been speaking. "Behold I make all things new"—this is the order of the Divine operation. The old order changes, and yet God Himself changes not. So it is with His Church. Her touch transforms, her spirit renews the face of the earth; but she herself remains the same. She is always the same in her character, her mission, her doctrines, her government; for these are all of God. But in her dress, her step and carriage, her mode of dealing with races and nations, she may vary, for in these things she is capable of an infinite adaptability.

She proves all things, and holds fast only that which is good; she shakes loose and casts from her that which time has shown to be outworn and worthless; she perpetually disencumbers herself, and clad in Divine panoply stands forth for combat or for suffering. She has waited in the wilderness, and crouched in the Catacombs; and from her throne of honor she has ruled the world with more than regal sway; she met the barbarian and curbed his rage; she organized a new civilization on the wide ruin of the old; she cleared the forest, and drained the marsh, and built the town; she covered Europe with her cathedrals and her colleges; she was the foster-mother of learning and

the patroness of art; and all the while she forgot not that which was ready to perish, but in meekness and voluntary poverty she went her ceaseless rounds of mercy; she entered the hovel, the dungeon, the slave-mart; she ventured forth, patient and alone, into the desert and the jungle, through cold and heat, through fire and martyrdom, pursuing the lost ones of our race even to the uttermost ends of the earth. All this she has done in the past, and much more. And now she is here in the midst of us. For a hundred years she has been here, and she is at home in this land. Look upon her, I say, and tell me, what think you of Christ's Church? Whose Spouse is she? Is her form bent and her forehead wrinkled? Are her sandals worn, or her garments moth-eaten: Is her gait halting and feeble, and does she walk with trembling steps? Think you, forsooth, that she is afraid to trust herself to our new civilization? that she clings reluctant to the mouldering fashions of an age that has passed? Oh, see! her face is radiant and her brow erect and starlit, and on her lips is the smile of peace; her robes are beautiful with variety and fragrant as with spices; and the step with which she advances is elastic with triumph. *Vera incessu patuit dea.* Her movement betrays her divinity. She is the Daughter of the King.

The work which the Catholic Church has accomplished in this country during the century which we are here bringing to a close is the same which she has done in other ages and in other lands, but she has done it in a new way. She has taken hold of new conditions of things and adapted herself to them; and the result of her work is a structure distinctive and typical of the age and country in which we live, and differing from anything that has preceded it, as truly as the Church of the Middle Ages differed from the Church of the Fathers. And mind you —for this is the point of all my discourse—she has done this, not by any prudence of human forethought, not by

any cunning adaptation of policy, but simply because she is a living force, capable of acting in all time and in all places, so that she has become American without ceasing for an instant to be Catholic; and, on the other hand, in endowing us with all that is truly hers, she has not thwarted or crippled, but rather appropriated and vivified all that is best and noblest in our national character. Therefore, in inaugurating to-day the work of this American Catholic University, we feel that we are the privileged agents of God in carrying on the operations of His Holy Church. If you have read history, however slightly, you know, my friends, that the great universities of Christendom were Catholic in their origin. Long before the outbreak of the sixteenth century, the old Cathedral and monastic schools had developed into seats of learning, which dotted every land, until the youth of Europe grew into an army of scholastic enthusiasts. Well, therefore, may we feel that in what we behold accomplished this day, there is nothing forced, or rash, or immature. Surely the time had come for such a work, and surely it was fitting that the Church in America should crown her first century of progress by calling into existence an institution which vindicates once more her claim to an undying vitality. The days of darkness are over; the long winter of poverty and struggle is ended. A brighter era has dawned at last. "Arise, shine, O Jerusalem, for the light is come, and the glory of the Lord has risen upon thee!"

And now, my friends, before we part, suffer me to bring home to your minds the subject we have been treating, and to do so in as brief and earnest a manner as I can. I admit fully that the Church makes no claim upon your faith which can compel your assent. It is quite possible to doubt her, to reject her. But are you justified in rejecting her? Are not the proofs of her claim sufficient? See, my friend, you believe in God; but God does not

compel your belief. He leaves you free to deny Him. He does not dazzle and confound your intelligence by a full manifestation of His glory. He veils Himself, leaving you proof enough for certainty, while the very obscurity wherewith He shrouds Himself makes of your faith a virtue. Now I say that as surely as there is a God in heaven, just so surely the Catholic Church is His representative on earth. The evidence in the one case is as abundant, as convincing as in the other. And the proof in either case is not direct; it is cumulative, and let me also add, is overwhelming.

Jesus Christ has said: "Will ye also go away?" And again: "Blessed is he whosoever shall not be scandalized in Me." Wherein lies the secret of this scandal, this offense? It lies in that very self-same thing which is the secret of the Church's life and power. I say it, my friends, with solemn emphasis, the scandal which turns so many backward is the offense of the cross. And it is the Cross, the imitation of the Passion, the life of sacrifice, the principle of heroism, which is not merely the Church's inheritance, but which gives her her glorious inspiration and constitutes her undying force. Outside of the Catholic Church the doctrine of the Cross has faded into a vague tradition. There are many who profess to believe in the Son of God, but the mystery of His Cross and Passion has become for them a sentimental abstraction or a cold philosophy. Oh that those whose hearts can still be stirred by the contemplation of the most wondrous tragedy the world has ever witnessed might come to learn that there exists on earth a kingdom of souls in which Jesus Christ is loved, and worshipped, and imitated with a passionate devotion unknown to them in their forlorn isolation! The life of Christ is the life of His Church, but it is a life purchased by suffering and death. He is risen,

and is with her still; and as He died and rose again, so she dies with Him continually, and rises into a life new and immortal. See! in this nineteenth century she has risen again before your very eyes! Death hath no more dominion over her.

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